

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## AMERICAN RURAL FESTIVALS.



most respectable antiquity is the custom of celebrating Nature's largess to Mother Earth, at midsummer, by a pageant in which the beneficiaries adorn themselves with garlands, to ride, drive, or walk in joyous procession. "O, 't is the merry time!" wrote old Stevenson in 1661, "wherein honest neighbors make good cheer, and God is glorified in his blessings on the earth." Variants of this custom were familiar in many parts of England, and, curiously enough, their gradual disappearance from the soil of the mother-country seems to have been followed by their appearance in full vigor in Puritan America. For some years past, our country, from Maine to California, has witnessed a series of summer rural fêtes, variously conceived, carried out with more or less attention to detail, each stamped vividly with the color of the region that gave it birth, and all seeming to have been fashioned without reference to a common original.

Of those which I have seen, and those of which I have been able to gather accounts, the one smacking most pleasantly of old-time rustic revelry, and therefore to be offered honorable precedence in this recital, is the "Salt Water Day," or "Wash Day," of the New Jersey farmers, that since time out of mind has been celebrated on the second Saturday in August, upon the coast at Sea Girt.

To make this Jersey holiday, assemble a thousand back-country vehicles, of all sorts, from the hooded farm wagon, which has not greatly altered its pattern for centuries, to

the rude buckboard and the pert sulky. The horses are withdrawn from shafts or pole to be tethered behind the wagons, or picketed at a little distance in the rear. Around the impromptu camp gather people enough to blacken half a mile of the sandy shore—people who for months have been looking forward to the occasion as the chief holiday of the year. Cedar chest and camphor-trunk and flowered bandbox have been called upon to disgorge their treasures; but there is no other attempt at costuming than the assumption of mere Sunday best. An odd feature of the great concourse is the seriousness with which it takes its pleasure. A solemn, even strained, expression of determination to revel or die sits upon the majority of faces. During the unharnessing of the wagons, which have been arriving upon the scene since early dawn,—camping overnight being not infrequent,—the good wives unpack their luncheon-baskets, take tally of their pies, and, if need be, while away the time by methodically administering punishment of the good old-fashioned variety to their impatient youngsters.

Around the outskirts of the concourse are seen the booths and rostrums of the fakirs attracted from New York by the promise of rich harvest from the farmers' wallets. There is also a rifle-range, a merry-go-round, and a doll target at which balls are thrown for prizes. Many another cheap diversion offers itself during the explorations of the farmer and his wife and clamoring progeny, and more than one pinch of dire experience falls to the lot of the paying member of the party. The na-

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sal cries of the Yankee Autolycus offering his inkles, caddises, and lawns, are continually heard above the swelling murmurs of Jersey joviality.

Fairing over, there is a general retreat to the tent dressing-rooms, improvised with shawls and canvas curtains in connection with the vehicles. The great annual bath of the pilgrims is next in order, and down to the shining reach of ocean, where the crisping billows hurry in, presently troop the queerest processions of bathers ever seen out of a caricature. Many of the men and boys, disdaining change of dress, go into the water in their ordinary clothes, sunning themselves afterward in the hot sand until toasted dry again. Others put on shirts from which sleeves have been removed, and trousers cut off at the knee. The bathing outfit of the women reveals droll miscellanies of bygone fashion in cut and texture, some of the more coy among the matrons including pantalets, sunbonnets, and gloves. With sober mirth, demure smiles, suppressed cries of excitement, the phalanx moves into the surf, taking hands to jump discreetly up and down in long lines, safe within the danger-line. To the greater number this venture into the sea is actually no more than an annual experience.

After the bath, noontime turns all thoughts dinnerward, and the camp settles down into one vast picnic. Pies of all kinds suggest the litany — chanted without taking breath — of the feminine hotel-waiter in the ear of the summer boarder: "Apple-pie, mince-pie, custard-pie, lemon-pie, squash-pie, and pie-plant-pie." Doughnuts (called "nuts" in the vernacular), cheese in liberal wedges, ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and pickles, supply the favorite menu; and lemonade and root-beer — perchance a stronger beverage — are produced in bottles each confessing by label to a different intention in its earlier career.

Then, while the summer sun slants in the cloudless heaven, the merriment goes on to its climax, more dips in the ocean are taken, more money changes hands, more solid food is consumed, till at last the shades of evening close upon the scene, and a general "hitching up" of teams betokens the end of Salt Water Day at Sea Girt.

In point of seniority, the Ice Glen Procession at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and the Tub Parade at Lenox should be awarded first place among the festival pageants of our country undertaken and carried out by the cultivated class of society.

That the Stockbridge affair dates back to long ago we were pleasantly reminded by a reference in Mrs. Hawthorne's letters published in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1894. It appealed

first to my sense of the beautiful and picturesque in the summer of 1874. We drove over to that "loveliest village of the plain" from Lenox, her rival loveliest village of the hills, to rendezvous at nightfall with a gay party of people in fancy costume, in an open grassy space at the entrance of the glen, amid an amphitheater of hills purpled with twilight and lighted by a youthful moon. The host of revelers was marshaled, I remember, by a fair leader clad in the bravery of stars and stripes, wearing a liberty-cap, and carrying a long alpenstock tipped with another American flag. I recall but one other costume — the filmy draping of an East Indian woman, through which faintly gleamed silver bangles and native ornaments. But in no ball-room, under no gas or lamp or candlelight, could have been produced the effect of that group of fantastic torch-bearing figures among the scattered boulders at the mouth of the glen, where in chill recesses ice can be found, it is said, even at midsummer.

A procession being formed, led by a band of musicians, we penetrated the forest gloom, to follow a steep, mossy path "thorough brake, thorough briar," the length of the glen, emerging finally in a meadow-path at the farther end. As the "fairies black, grey, green, and white," the "moonshine revellers and shades of night," defiled between the black tree-boles, the tender green of moss and leaves in the arcade turning to vivid emerald in the glare of the torches, the scene was wonderfully fine.

On another occasion I drove away from the meet of the masqueraders to a point in the village whence we had a view of the procession as it came out of the glen to wind like a fiery serpent over the meadow on its return.

Once a year the placid little Housatonic River, which beneath the elms of Stockbridge meadows contorts itself fantastically into the famous Ox-Bow bend, — a bit of American rural scenery that awoke enthusiasm in the gentle soul of Dean Stanley, — is bright with a charming procession of decorated boats. Tracking the mirror-like bosom of its narrow way hardly more than would a swan in its imperial progress, the flowery chain of boats glides between sheets of verdure sown with wild flowers and dotted with grazing cattle. To see it come and go, and finally vanish beneath low-hanging boughs of willow, is to sigh for the briefness of this glimpse of Arcady.

During a recent season Stockbridge added to the annual attraction of the Ice Glen Procession an outdoor play, — the "Masque of Comus," — given upon the lawn of a dwelling in the village. The play, revised for the use of modern amateurs, and accompanied by music part of which was from an original manuscript of 1634 lent by Harvard University for the





DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

ICE GLEN PARADE. THROUGH THE GLEN. (STOCKBRIDGE.)

occasion, is said to have furnished a picture of ideal beauty.

The famous Tub Parade of Lenox, in spite of its name, has nothing in common with the fêtes of the *lavandières* along the Seine in Paris. It is an array of decorated two-wheeled pony-carts equipped and driven by women and children, and is given in September, the first month of the Lenox season, partly that its adornment may include the first glory of autumnal leafage—the crown of Berkshire beauty.

Under the vaulted elms of the village street—the point of convergence for everything in Lenox—the dainty vehicles come trundling along in the wake of brisk little garlanded, cockaded, and beribboned ponies, which appreciate to the full their own importance and the confidence the public has in their good behavior. Upon the decking of these dainty chariots, and upon the harmonious toilets of their occupants, is bestowed such choice care as to make the whole array seem fit for the marriage of some prince of elf-land. At a given signal from a marshal on horseback, the procession is set in motion. Passing through the village twice or thrice, it goes out to some chosen spot in the environs, and back, the charioteers meeting afterward for tea and compliments in the drawing-room of one of their leaders.

Of late years a boating festival is given on Lake Mackeenac, or "Stockbridge Bowl," the pretty bit of water lying equidistant between Stockbridge and Lenox. Hard by, where in earlier days a willow grew "aslant a brook," that showed "its hoar leaves in the glassy stream," near a certain marshy spot where the first cardinal-flowers used to send their crimson beauty flaming into the air at midsummer, where lazy cows wending their way to the water and occasional fishermen trolling for black bass were usually the only figures within range, a smart new club-house has arisen. There, during the season, hosts of gay folk gather to embark in a fleet of flower-bedecked rowboats, and make the circuit of the lake with music, song, and laughter. But "the season" over, the club-house dismantled and locked, the summer visitors fled away to their distant homes, old Mackeenac remains, as long ago, in almost primeval solitude. The blue hills, denuded of their foliage, look down on her; the meadows around her take on—till snow comes to cover them—a silvery sage-green; the bright stars are reflected on her mirror; sometimes a wild furry creature, frightened from its haunts in summertime, returns to steal through the winter-bound landscape to her borders; farmers jog by in their traps and wagons, without giving a glance or a thought to the forsaken beauty. By and by, when ice locks in her waters, and skaters congregate, there is a renewal of life; but after this

again a blank till spring sap, stirring in woods and fields, gives cheerful promise of another gala-day to come.

Turning from Lenox and its environs to the far northeasterly end of our Atlantic coast-line, we find on the rocky shores of Mount Desert new and elaborate examples of the rural festival. Long years ago, before that rare and charming isle had been formally adopted as the chosen resort of summer pilgrims from all parts of the continent, athletic contests, foot-races, and canoe-races among the Passamaquoddy Indians, were known to Bar Harbor. By the descendants of those Indians was aroused the interest in canoeing shown by visitors of recent times, which resulted in the formation of the Canoe Club, now numbering hundreds of members.

The first public parade of the club was arranged in honor of an expected visit from Matthew Arnold, who, in discussing his anticipated expedition to that Eden of the Sea, had expressed a hope that he might there find some spectacle possessing the true local color which he had failed to discover elsewhere in America. Marshaled in line, with bows toward the south, upon a fortunately glassy stretch of Frenchman's Bay near the westerly point of Bar Island, gathered a number of flower-wreathed canoes to perform a series of maneuvers as dexterous in execution as ingenious in the planning.

The canoe parade, repeated the following year, was followed in another season by an illuminated fête. To this midsummer night's dream Nature lent herself in all graciousness. The sun had set upon a sea of opal. As the moon rose, and the tide flooded the bar, people living along the shore on each side of the Eden road sat in their verandas to wait for the coming of the boats, in an atmosphere as soft and caressing as that of a June night in Venice. From the starting-place at the chief landing of the village, out of darkness streaked with columns of light from the electric arcs above the town, and from the lamps of a flotilla of yachts and other boats at anchor in the harbor, came silently stealing a long train of mysterious black craft tossing lashes of fire-bubbles into the air, or wreathed from stem to stern with multicolored lanterns. Their destination was a dwelling situated upon the shore at some distance up the bay, where the performers in these mysteries of the expedition were expected ultimately to congregate at supper. For an hour the meanderings of the fire-laden boats gave delight to many watchers ashore. At last, answering the signal of dance-music from the house, the cortège fell again into line, and proceeded to disembark upon a floating wharf lighted by Bengal fires and strung with colored lanterns. The boats, deserted by their crews, were then strung together by boatmen, and towed back to the



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

ICE GLEN PARADE. AROUND THE BONFIRE.

starting-point, the revelers electing to return by the highways. Those who participated in this excursion had reason to congratulate themselves upon the absolute calm of the bay; for two nights later, when the same affair on a large scale was attempted at the club-house on Bar Island, the winds blew and the waters raved after a fashion that permitted no phillandering abroad in small boats. I saw last summer at Arrochar, upon the northernmost shore of Loch Long in the Highlands of Scotland, an affair of this kind; and looking up over

the file of lighted boats to the towering summit of the Cobbler outlined against the starry sky of an August night, it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy myself again at Bar Harbor, and in view of the rocky battlements of Newport Mountain.

The more frequent fêtes given every Friday in August by the Canoe Club are familiar to all visitors to Mount Desert. They are varied by athletic contests, and races in canoes by Indians and members of the club, and are followed by tea and dancing in the club-house.

Perhaps the most extensive pageant of the sea yet seen at Bar Harbor was held a few years ago, upon the afternoon of a day that dawned under a downpour of heavy, pelting rain. At four o'clock in the afternoon the clouds parted, and the heavens bestowed upon many faces a glimpse of the benignity for which they had ceased to hope. During the remainder of the day, notably at sunset, the cloud effects were of an unforgettable beauty, and the air took on a sparkling and inspiring quality. By five o'clock the waters of the bay west of the bar were thronged with pleasure-craft—steam launches, sailing-boats of various sizes and patterns, a steamer or two laden with passengers to see the show, and, amid all these, a host of rowboats and canoes bedight with flowers and flags and garlands, and filled with pretty girls and handsome youngsters. To complete the aquatic display, the admiral of the White Squadron, then in port, sent a dozen ships' boats, manned by sailors in holiday attire, to row races back to their ships. During the space of an hour there was a scene of brilliant beauty. With nature in such accord, with a background of wooded islets and far azure hills of the mainland, a sky overhead continually varying its canopy of gorgeous color, the eye had nothing more to covet. From the shore, lined with spectators, people tried to single out for admiration some boat or canoe more to their taste than any other—only to abandon the effort in the kaleidoscope of color that was at no moment seen at rest. To conclude the day, a band ashore clashed out an invitation to the watermen to come in and receive the congratulations of their friends. The disembarkation was followed by a dance upon a carpet of turf close to the water's edge, and incidental tea-drinking brought the affair to a merry close. To the beneficence of Dame Nature was accorded the chief credit of the success.

Another fête, now a recognized feature of the season's festivities at Bar Harbor, is the Flower Parade in mid-August, on the grounds of the Kebo Valley Club. Here, away from the water, girdled by hill-tops that close in the pretty valley, about an oval course inclosed by a paling, with the spectators grouped on verandas and hill-slopes and in trees near by, the yearly procession makes its rounds. Originally planned to reproduce the Tub Parade at Lenox, it outgrew intention with a bound, and is now seen on a scale of elegant elaboration. It includes buckboards—the Mount Desert vehicle *par excellence*—and coaches, four-in-hands, drags, private omnibuses, waggonettes, dog-carts, victorias, phaëtons—all the vehicles imported for summer uses by private owners, down to the tiny donkey-cart, or a trap drawn by a sheltie little bigger than a

Newfoundland dog, and guided by a happy and important baby charioteer.

In comparing this display with the "battles of flowers" at Nice and Paris, the advantage of the foreign fêtes is in the prodigal abundance of flowers used and the greater number of vehicles in line. But in elegance of equipages, originality of decoration, and general refinement of controlling taste, our American parade outranks both the others. In Paris, as everybody knows, the affair is not patronized by the most refined classes of resident society, and has become a rather cheap-Jack opportunity for showing off spring finery in the blooming alleys of the Bois. As I saw it, a year ago, it seemed to me rather a contest of rival milliners and not too choice wits, though some of the carriages were pretty enough, with a Théâtre du Châtelet fairy effect.

The Bar Harbor Flower Parade lacks animation. Its promoters, having done their duty by the show, look bored inside their moving bowers of goldenrod, or leaning back upon cushions of marguerites and bluets. Of all the vehicles, the good old Bar Harbor buckboard—a vehicle so intimately associated with the early artless joys of the place—seems to me to look best under its foreign lendings. One of these native chariots appeared beneath arches of pink and white, with masses of the sweet-peas that grow so profusely about the island. The maidens upon the seats wore pink gowns and hats; the horses were harnessed with chains of sweet-peas. Another buckboard was similarly decorated with mauve and yellow, a third with green and scarlet, with a wild-wood garniture of "bunch-berries" and moss, while a fourth had white horses, with clusters of white hydrangea, its occupants being also in white. Under these bewildering conditions, with galantry sustained by wisdom, the governors of the Kebo Valley Club have laid upon the table the question of awarding prizes in their annual Flower Parade. At Bar Harbor, also, the entertainments of the Village Improvement Society have of late taken the agreeable shape of outdoor parties. In a grassy square near the sea, surrounded by picturesque booths and tents for fairings, they have had village dances, encampments of gipsies, May-poles for the children, Dresden-china shepherdesses in attendance upon bona fide tethered sheep, with many like features of society at play after the manner of the Little Trianon—all good to see, and welcome successors to the usual hot and perspiring indoor efforts of amateurs in behalf of charity.

At Cazenovia, New York, a Flower Parade modeled upon that of Bar Harbor was successfully carried out, but with the difference that prizes were bestowed upon the carriages adjudged most original in adornment.



DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

THE "MASQUE OF COMUS" AT STOCKBRIDGE.





HARVEST PROCESSION AT ONTEORA.

DRAWN BY G. V. TURNER.

The Grass Parade, or Harvest Festival, at Oteora had the advantage of Mrs. Wheeler's inspiration, and the fostering care of Mrs. Keith and of Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, in placing a series of lovely *tableaux vivants* upon a background of the misty hills of the Catskills. What wonder the sylvan train of ox-carts—their meek conveyors harnessed with oak-leaf garlands or chains of daisies, their loads of yellow sheaves or newly cut grass surmounted by groups of figures in picture garb—transported bodily those who looked on into some bygone age of poetry? Leading the van of the procession, Savoyard musicians, fantastic with flower and leaf and ribbon, played upon flutes and violins. After them, harvesters and gleaners carried emblems of their toil; and then an embassy from fairyland—a band of gauze-winged sprites and saucy gnomes served as *avant-coureurs* to a tiny "Culprit Fay," who drove alone in a flowery chariot befitting his proportions. Next, a vision of maidens—Persephone and her attending nymphs, in classic drapery of saffron hue, carried stalks of tiger-lilies plucked in the garden of a veritable fairy godmother. And then, in sharp contrast to the suave lines and tender tints of its predecessor, came a presentment of old Hendrik Hudson and his swart rovers, in company with the "mild-eyed, melancholy" spirit of the Catskill Mountains, the immortal Rip Van Winkle. To them succeeded a cart-load of babies with their *bonnes*, a true "Bagage de Croque-mitaine" in its most enticing aspect of health and happiness out of doors. And when all had proceeded to the place of rendezvous, a halt was called for a dance "under the greenwood tree." Here elves and gnomes joined in a frolic ring around the musicians, and hidden choirs broke into music behind leafy screens.

At Pasadena, in southern California, at a season when we Easterns are hugging our fire-sides, or muffling ourselves in furs to go abroad into frosty and nipping air,—on the first day of the new year,—a carnival is held, called "The Tournament of Roses." By way of prelude to athletic contests, races, and revivals of ancient French and Spanish games played on horseback, there is a "battle of flowers" thrown from decorated vehicles. Here, as on the Riviera, nature comes royally to the aid of the celebrants. Orange-blossoms, lilies, golden wild poppies, the feathered foliage and scarlet berries of the pepper-tree, marguerites, carnations, and an inexhaustible variety of roses, are bedded on panel, wheel, and arch, or sent flying through the air. Across the way of the intending procession is erected a toll-gate presenting a solid façade of the welded blooms of the calla, the same flower being used in the same fashion

for the hurdles that serve in the fence-jumping at the races later on.

At East Hampton, the quaint village of green lanes and windmills on Long Island, a fête was given last summer which had the merit of combining estheticism with the joy of the inhabitants over their new watering-carts. This function had also the supreme recommendation of uniting all classes of the summer population. Nowhere in America is anything heartily enjoyed wherein the rich and leisurely pass by on wheels to be gazed upon by their less prosperous countrymen afoot. There is more carping than praise bestowed by such lookers-on upon the people who make the show and who are keenly alive to the spirit of the crowd. And where such celebrations are not the occasion of general merrymaking, the so-called rural festival is a failure.

For the Water-cart Parade cottagers and shopkeepers took pride in adorning their homes and places of business to enhance a general effect, and in lending originality to their individual efforts by producing vehicles typical of their several crafts. The result was astonishingly good. The procession was led by a marshal upon horseback, followed by a local band, after which came fifty wheelmen, men and women, their bicycles decked with flowers and ribbons, their phalanx attended by a clown. Some riders in Continental uniform were followed by the new watering-carts,—the latter announcing, with much bravery of bunting, that they had "come to stay." Next came the village fire-company surrounding their flower-trimmed hook-and-ladder truck. Eminently picturesque was the life-boat from the neighboring station on the coast. For this occasion it was mounted upon a float drawn by four horses, manned by the gallant captain with his crew of six, and drawn with holiday deliberation along the joyous village street. The members of the crew, sitting in place upon the thwarts, held oars tipped with signal-flags, which, at the captain's orders, were simultaneously lifted in salute.

Next, a succession of floats gave to view the mercantile and industrial side of East Hampton's population. Such scenes as a house in process of construction, a village smithy in full blast, a mason at work building a chimney, butchers' and grocers' shops, a mart for vegetables mosaicked with fine skill, passed before the eyes of bystanders, to be followed in turn by nearly a hundred decorated carriages. When one takes into account the time, temper, money, pains, and taste that go into such a display, should not the good people of East Hampton feel themselves well entitled to the pæans called forth by their charming *fiesta*? And should they not be encouraged to go on and make of their Water-cart Parade an annual affair that



DRAWN BY H. G. SMITH.

PARADE AT EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND: THE LIFE-BOAT

men and women from other parts of the country may journey far to see?

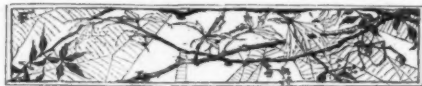
Of outdoor plays, besides the one mentioned as occurring at Stockbridge, we have had beautiful and elaborate presentations of Shakspeare's comedies at Manchester-by-the-Sea, and at Castle Point, Hoboken. At Bar Harbor has been given a charming performance of François Coppée's "Luthier de Crémone," acted by clever amateurs in a garden. And again, on that same delightful Mount Desert island, in the deep shadowed fir-wood above a little beach of powdered sea-urchins, where the sea murmurs in past the stern rocks of Great Head, some of the "Proverbs in Porcelain" of Austin Dobson have been charmingly rendered in costume, the scene lighted from above by shafts of summer sunlight falling upon fresh young faces, after a fashion not to be readily forgotten by those who, seated on mossy rocks, or couched upon pine-needles, made up the assemblage.

I have left till the last a spectacle to be enjoyed by New Yorkers—Jupiter Pluvius consenting—every May Day in Central Park. There hundreds of children of various nation-

alities mingle their tongues of Babel upon the green reaches, the rocky knolls, and around the lakelets of our city's chief pleasure-ground. Of this kingdom of May there are numerous queens, and their subjects indulge in the old-time ring-a-round games which the grown folks of to-day fancy must have died out because Time has carried them so far beyond such levities. When, in the afternoon, the hosts of white-frocked and knickerbockered invaders melt away into neighboring horse-cars, the park goes back again into the keeping of gray-coated guardians of the peace, who remain ruefully gazing upon the *disjecta membra* of many feasts.

What I have cited may at least serve as a vindication against the charge, so often made, that Americans are, before all, an artificial and city-loving people. Here we have certainly examples of a healthy willingness to give Nature her due meed of homage. Taken in conjunction with the fact that people among us who can afford to do so now spend the greater part of the year out of town, we may fairly claim to have been more than "breathed on by the rural Pan."

Constance Cary Harrison.



## ABANDONED.

THE hornets build in plaster-dropping rooms,  
 And on the mossy porch the lizard lies;  
 Around the chimneys slow the swallow flies,  
 And on the roof the locusts snow their blooms.  
 Like some sad thought that broods here, old perfumes  
 Haunt the dim stairs; the cautious zephyr tries  
 Each gusty door, like some dead hand, then sighs  
 With ghostly lips among the attic glooms.  
 And now a heron, now a kingfisher,  
 Flits in the willows, where the ruffle seems  
 At each faint fall to hesitate to leap,  
 Fluttering the silence with a drowsy stir.  
 Here Summer seems a placid face asleep,  
 And the near world a figment of her dreams.

Madison Carwein.



## A KITWYK STORY.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

### I.

IT was Jufrow Rozenboom's cast-iron conviction that Toni Defregge had done it on purpose. Kitwyk did not wish to be censorious, but who ever heard of a sensible young person walking along the highway in black satin shoes? As for Mynheer van Steen—but it is impossible to describe the rage of that worthy man. Since the day Mettje van Steen eloped to Rotterdam with young Laurens de Keyser, he had been very lonely in his house on the Kitwyk canal. In his loneliness his eyes wandered about, and rested on the round, rosy face of Jufrow Defregge, and this young spinster seemed worthy to fill an aching void.

Sundays, after church, Mynheer's stumpy legs invariably led him to the burgomaster's, where in a back room the sermon was discussed between sips of the best Dutch gin and puffs of long clay pipes. The gin was good, and Mynheer had long passed that age when its being poured out by Toni Defregge could enhance its merits; but she was aware, as she filled the glasses, of two prominent boiled gooseberries that looked at her in heavy approval through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

Jufrow Defregge was herself possessed of an aching void. Two blights, not unconnected with the town pump and a disappointing candidate, had settled on her. She grieved for Mynheer van Steen, and regretted that she was destined to blight his existence; and she looked at him in a way that he ought to have understood, only that Mynheer van Steen understood

nothing more intangible than gin, coffee, and herrings. Indeed, with the eye of her imagination she saw him much longer, much thinner, less given to gin and more to passion. But just as Jufrow Toni's imagination was languishing for want of sustenance, and Kitwyk was clamoring for a new dominie, another candidate was announced, and this time it was Mynheer van Steen's candidate.

Kitwyk was at this time in such a state of utter demoralization that it had to borrow its ministers; and indeed, the last little stranger in the family of the uncomplaining Duffels was still an unbaptized heathen. In this dilemma Mynheer van Steen wrote to the theological seminary in Sippken, and demanded a candidate by return of canal-boat.

"Let him not," he explained, "be too young, or so featured as to attract the eyes of women who are both weak and foolish. Suffice it that he is a godly man, and that he can well expound the Word."

So it was that Dominie Debray came to Kitwyk; and when Toni Defregge went to church that eventful Sabbath, she had so little confidence in the kind intentions of Divine Providence that she wore only her second-best cap.

It was afterward discovered that the theological seminary of Sippken had mislaid Mynheer's letter, and had sent the wrong candidate to Kitwyk instead of to another place that demanded something young and progressive. Indeed, he expounded the Word in a way which made Jufrow Defregge at the foot of the pulpit stare at him with devoted blue eyes, and drink



in his eloquence as the rose the dew. The very next Sunday — for the first time in the history of the church — the sexton had to put wooden stools in the aisles, such was the enthusiasm of the female worshippers; and Jufrow Rozenboom, who appeared in a marvelous new cap, had a spirited altercation with a mistaken sister who had basely captured her seat in the sanctuary. Never had there been in Kitwyk such a revival of active religious interest: female worshippers even stood on stools outside of the windows, and stared in during divine service. It was very inspiring.

In vain did Mynheer van Steen, with a prophetic sense of evil, deprecate his own candidate and his own judgment: it was all ascribed to an excess of modesty. Have him Kitwyk would, and so one summer's day the dominie made his triumphal entry in flapping black gown, muslin bands, and square cap; and Kitwyk was hung with garlands, and the mildewed pillars of the church were festooned with paper roses; and on one side of the market-place stood the school-children, and bobbed courtesies, pulled their flaxen forelocks, and sang a shrill song of welcome under the direction of the schoolmaster, who played the fiddle; after which there was a banquet in the state room of William the Silent (a little musty from disuse), of which such of Kitwyk as felt inclined to pay two guilders were at liberty to partake. Mynheer van Steen did not enjoy the auspicious occasion, nor, after that, a long visit from the new dominie while the parsonage was being refreshed with a coat of yellow paint. But Mynheer knew how to take advantage of his own enforced hospitality. As he wandered with his guest in the inspiring regions of the kitchen-garden, he sniffed the aroma of ripening vegetables, and felt so moved that he confessed his aching void and the future destiny of Jufrow Defregge.

"It is as good as settled," he explained — by which he meant to say that he had his own consent. "But youth has confidence in youth, and as you owe me much, young man, so in godly converse with Jufrow Defregge — a minister has so many opportunities — speak of me," and he mopped his head with a yellow bandana, "as a grateful heart would naturally dictate."

Alas! such is the natural perversity of the human heart that young Dominie Debray, who had hitherto overlooked the charms of Jufrow Defregge, was suddenly seized with an ungodly interest in that young person. Of all the excellent females who flocked to hear him preach it was the usual freak of fate that only the forbidden charms of Jufrow Defregge should haunt his thoughts as he saw her, her sunny face flushed, and her blue eyes upturned to him with

a devotion most praiseworthy. There was, to be sure, an upward tilt to her nose which, in his unrighteous self-communings, he was inclined to disparage; but when he considered her mouth, the two red lips touched by a wistful quiver, the sparkling eyes subdued to a proper devotion, and the sunny curls escaping from the little cap, he was inclined to be lenient; and it was, indeed, with a groan that he remembered that she was destined for his benefactor.

The parsonage stood in the shade of the chestnut-trees near the old church, and it had a queer triangle of a garden meandering into the market-place, from which it was separated by a linden hedge. Here, many and many a time, the dominie paced up and down in unrighteous perplexity, to the consternation of the parsonage cat, which retired under the hedge, her back well up, and followed the dominie with disapproving green eyes. He was against all tradition, and his legs were abominably long, and he paced the garden in the nearest approach to agitation that the parsonage cat had ever seen. Jufrow Rozenboom could just overlook him behind her muslin curtains.

"He is meditating on his discourse;" and Jufrow Rozenboom was much impressed. "So young and so godly! The old dominie never meditated." Which was partly true, for he had never meditated on the subject of Jufrow Defregge; and so it was that Dominie Debray earned a most undeserved reputation for piety.

## II.

It was at this time that Duffels's youngest was still a little unbaptized heathen. As the tenth olive-branch, Duffels tried not to look upon it with reproach; as for Mevrouw Duffels, she was convinced that it was born to greatness. Mevrouw Duffels had begun life in the establishment of Mynheer Defregge; to her had been confided the care of the Defregge geese, and it was while watching her drive her snowy flock to pasture, armed with a willow wand, stumping along in her wooden shoes, her red cheeks glowing like two apples, and her blue skirts whipped by the wind, that Duffels was captivated. She had great executive ability: never did the giddiest goose or gander stray out of the reach of that long willow wand, which recalled the most erratic fowl to the path of virtue. It was, indeed, this which had helped Mevrouw Duffels to cope successfully with nine little Duffelses; but it was when the tenth arrived that she was inspired with sudden ambition.

So one day Duffels knocked apologetically at the burgomaster's front door, the occasion being serious. Jufrow Defregge was in the kitchen, her arms deep in flour; for she



DRAWN BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

"AND SO THEY WALKED VERY SLOWLY DOWN THE SUN-PLASHED ROAD."

was rolling out a certain ancestral cake which had been made by Defregges from the same receipt since the days of the Spanish inquisition. The brass pots and pans on the walls, the waffle-iron, and the brass mortar, all reflected her; but not one did her justice, though her cap was on one side, and a dab of flour ornamented her cheek. A snowy linen apron was tied under her chin, and about her floated the fragrance of rich and spicy baking from the brass-bound stove that panted and throbbed, and ran a race with the June rose clambering in at the window, to see which could smell the sweetest. Duffels's mouth watered with longing, and it was with a sigh that he recovered his senses. Would Jufrow Defregge honor them by being godmother to the youngest? Mevrouw Duffels had discovered in him infallible signs (Duffels was privately unconvinced) that argued for future distinction.

Jufrow Defregge, her chin on the rolling-pin, gravely considered the serious responsibility of a godchild.

"We have our pride," Duffels urged; "and it being a new dominie, it will greatly raise us in his esteem."

So Jufrow Toni consented. However, Duffels's youngest remained a heathen; for the clamor of contending candidates left him unchristened. But salvation was at hand. Mynheer van Steen's candidate arrived, and one late autumn day Duffels again knocked at the burgomaster's front door.

"The dominie is coming out to us this afternoon for the christening," he announced.

A glow swept over Jufrow Defregge's face, and her blighted existence betrayed symptoms of reviving. It was that afternoon that she put on those little black satin shoes which aroused the resentment of Kitwyk. In those very shoes her mother had captivated the burgomaster in the days before he had nagged her into the tomb.

Far beyond the outskirts of Kitwyk, beyond the Van Loo woods (planted by a wise and dead Van Loo), a whitewashed dwelling, with a shabby settle before the door, stood in the embrace, as it were, of four ditches, where all manner of aquatic animals lived in great harmony, and where the bullfrogs kept up a lively thrum. The lonely road through the Van Loo woods was covered with withered chestnut-leaves; pine-cones fell with a soft thud; and great ragged chestnut-burs dropped from the branches through which the sunlight filtered and fell in golden splashes on the heaped-up, rustling leaves. The dominie, in his gown and cap, with his muslin bands under his chin, walked along the lonely path, lost in thought; and he gave a guilty start as he crossed the ditch before Duffels's house, for on

the settle by the door, beginning thus early to exercise her duties, sat a young person holding in her arms the newest Duffels baby, who was sucking his fingers, and staring foolishly into vacancy.

This was the first time that the dominie had ever been quite alone with Jufrow Defregge, who rose at sight of him, her eyes cast down, her rosy cheek against the baby's flaxen head. She said nothing. The dominie grasped his prayer-book, and looked past Mistress Defregge, and could think of nothing but Mynheer van Steen. So ghastly silent were they that the baby, with a prophetic sense of discomfort, began to kick his fat legs and to howl most uproariously, till Mevrouw Duffels flew to the rescue, and apologized for the ungodly conduct of her offspring, struggling as he seemed to be against the holy church. Whereupon she bore the sinner into the house, his chin resting upon her shoulder, whence he stared at his worship and his godmother with wet, round eyes.

But the youngest Duffels was not without a saving grace, for no sooner did the dominie take him in his arms than he cuddled contentedly against the black gown, and stared innocently at the muslin bands till suddenly he made a bold grab for them; and so, with the help of a cracked blue china bowl, he was made a Christian, and Jufrow Defregge, her eyes big with responsibility, promised to help him renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil.

So it was over, and the dominie put up his prayer-book, and looked uncertainly at Jufrow Defregge. Then it was that Duffels's understanding sank forever in the estimation of his wife.

"I will go home with Jufrow Defregge," he said, and wondered why she shook her head at him, and hitched her elbow toward the unconscious dominie, and why he was most unexpectedly sent to fetch peat. Then Mevrouw Duffels, her big hands on her big hips, and her face glowing with placid benevolence, watched the dominie and Jufrow Defregge cross the ditch, exciting to a few quacks the ducks that floated in the green water, while the bullfrogs twanged like a whole orchestra of bass fiddles, and Jufrow Defregge flushed and then grew pale at the touch of the dominie's hand. As if with one accord they walked very far apart on the level road, and between them trotted—at least to the spiritual vision of the dominie—a short, fat man with little, choleric eyes, who explained that it was as good as settled, and that he, Dominie Debray, owed him a debt of gratitude. At the remembrance, the dominie, with a frown, pulled his gown hastily about him, and proceeded to live up to his principles. As for Jufrow Defregge,

on the other side of the road, though her eyes were downcast, she could still catch a cornerwise glimpse of him; and very stately he looked, though very grave, and never a glance did he vouchsafe her.

If she could have her say — and she shook her head in deep meditation — she would have the long, black gown fuller on his broad shoulders, nor would she be satisfied with the set of the bands — if it were only her blessed privilege to make them! At the bare thought she sighed so deeply that the silent man on the other side of the road looked at her in surprise.

"As soon would I think of a rose sighing!" he cried; and then, feeling that the remark was not serious enough, he added hastily, "What ails you, Jufrow Defregge?" And because they were just entering the shade of the Van Loo woods he was spared the sight of Mistress Defregge's blushes.

The sunset was filtering with golden glory through the trees, and the road, which had grown narrower, was piled high with fallen chestnut-leaves. Sometimes a lonely bird darted through the branches, and far in the distance they could hear the sleepy tinkle of a cowbell. Truly it seemed as if they were all alone in the world. Suddenly the dominie stopped, bared his head, and took a long breath as if he had a great weight on his heart; and Jufrow Toni turned upon him, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"What ails you, Mynheer Debray?" and her heart beat very fast.

"Nothing, nothing," and the dominie's cheek flushed. "I—I—was thinking of Mynheer van Steen—a very worthy man—and a valued friend he has proved to me."

Jufrow Defregge stared at him, and then she laughed most melodiously.

"But why should the thought of Mynheer van Steen make you sigh?"

"It does not—it does not," he replied in great haste. "A man has many reasons for sighing. Life is truly wearisome. I—I—only wish to remark that though Mynheer van Steen has been younger, he is still in a great state of vigor."

"He is very fortunate," murmured Jufrow Defregge; "but I do not—"

"He is also a man of means," the dominie interrupted sternly.

"So I am told; but what of that?" she cried in sad perplexity; but the dominie was not to be interrupted.

"Youth"—and he strode angrily along, so that Toni had to skip briskly to keep pace—"youth is an unstable thing by itself; it requires the support of steadfast age. What cannot a man like Mynheer van Steen give a young

wife—not to mention his undying gratitude. Think of his undying gratitude!" he repeated; but he stared straight in front of him.

"But I don't want to think of his undying gratitude," and Toni pouted.

"No; between you there can be no such question," and the dominie relapsed into silent gloom.

"None—none," Jufrow Defregge nearly sobbed in disappointment, for they were nearing the end of the road; and with this she stamped her foot, and gave a sudden cry, and would have fallen had not young Dominie Debray sprung forward, and caught her in his arms, and for a moment her white face lay against his black gown and her blue eyes were closed.

"Oh, Mynheer van Steen!" the dominie groaned; and then Toni opened her blue eyes, and her face quivered with pain.

"My foot! oh, my foot!" she moaned, while the dominie looked up and down the lonely road for help; but nothing was to be seen but the sunlight stealing through the trees and a frightened hare scooting past.

"Oh, Mynheer van Steen!" his soul cried within him, and he felt that the burden was more than he could bear.

"Please set me down—please!" Jufrow Defregge sobbed, whether from pain or what, Heaven only knows. Her little mantle was all awry, and her hat was on one side, as he placed her tenderly against the foot of a gnarled old chestnut-tree; and there he stood and looked helplessly down at her and at the poor foot outstretched in a little shoe of black satin.

"I think"—and two tears dropped down Jufrow Defregge's round cheeks—"it is a thorn."

Vainly the dominie looked up and down the road for succor. Then he spoke with an effort. "Will you let me see?"

Never was there a sterner face as he took the little black satin foot in his hand. The little black satin shoes of Mevrouw Defregge! Oh, the vanity of woman! Age had made them very frail, and an ancient, hardened chestnut-bur had pierced the thin fabric. Sternly the dominie took off the shoe, but his hands trembled. He bowed his head—the world was spinning about—so little a foot!—what had become of his honor?—Mynheer van Steen!

The chestnut thorns still clung to the red stocking; he brushed them off gently—he did not know what he did.

"It is better," Jufrow Defregge faltered.

With a deep sigh he looked up.

"Toni! Toni!" he cried, and Mynheer van Steen was forgotten; "I—I love you!" and he rose, hid his face in his hands, and bowed his head.

"Mynheer Debray!" Toni whispered, and like a flash she saw that she was destined to make the muslin bands.

He did not move; his attitude was one of profound dejection.

Then a miracle was wrought. Jufrow Defregge rose to her feet. "Basil," she whispered, and clung to the old chestnut-tree for support, "why should you not love me, Basil?"

He turned on her. "To ask me that! Is there not Mynheer van Steen?"

"But what concern is it of Mynheer van Steen?" she cried; and a sudden smile broke over her face, and she looked away from his eager eyes, and her bodice rose and fell with the quick beating of her heart.

"Toni!" was all he said, and he looked neither up nor down the road, but he held her in his arms.

"Basil! Basil!" Jufrow Defregge murmured, "youth is an unstable thing, but it does not need the support of steadfast age." And because she was weak and needed support Basil put his arm about her, and so they walked very slowly down the sun-plashed road together; and the hare that had scooted across the road before lingered on the outskirts, and rubbed his whiskers in undisturbed serenity.

As for Kitwyk, it declared that no sensible maid had ever before walked through the Van Loo woods in black satin shoes. There were others, however, who were inclined to think that Jufrow Defregge had been very sensible. Jufrow Rozenboom even went so far as to declare that she had done it on purpose. As for the rage of Mynheer van Steen — but that cannot possibly be described.

*Anna Eichberg King.*



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitis?*

ONE like himself should praise him! Soul of grace,  
Untaintable white brightness, like a ray  
Of sunshine stainless ever, though astray  
'Mid stains; high honor, yet of pride no trace  
To flaw the manly sweetness of the face;  
Fair mirror of pure knightly to our day,  
Shaming the vaunted chivalry passed away.  
Could he run back the unreturning race —  
That certain, keen intelligence of truth,  
That quick, instinctive sympathy divine  
With nobleness, young in perpetual youth,  
That tongue, that pen, of tempered utterance fine —  
Then in what kindled words, how soft with ruth,  
Were there his like, his like gone hence should shine!

*William Cleaver Wilkinson.*



## CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XXXI.



HE brilliant winter morning had an intoxicating quality in it, after the heavy rain which had fallen in the night, and Paul Griggs felt that it was good to be alive as he threaded the narrow streets between his lodging and the Piazza Colonna. He avoided the Corso; for he did not know whom he might meet, and he had no desire to meet any one except Angelo Reanda.

Naturally enough, his first honorable impulse was to go to the artist, to tell him something of the truth, and to give him an opportunity of demanding the common satisfaction of a hostile meeting. It did not occur to him that Reanda would not wish to exchange shots with him, and have the chance of taking his life. Griggs was not the man to refuse such an encounter, and at that moment he felt so absolutely sure of himself that the idea of being killed was very far removed from his thoughts. It was without the slightest emotion that he inquired for Reanda at the latter's house; but he was very much surprised to hear that the painter had gone out, as usual, at his customary hour. He hesitated a moment, and then decided not to leave a card, upon which he could not have written a message intelligible to Reanda which would not have been understood also by the servant who received it. Griggs made up his mind that he would write a formal note later in the day. He took it for granted that Reanda must be searching for his wife.

It was necessary to find a better lodging than the one in the Via della Frezza, and to provide as well as he could for Gloria's comfort. He was met by a difficulty upon which he had not reflected as yet, though he had been dimly aware of it more than once during the last twelve hours.

He was almost penniless, and he had no means of obtaining money at short notice. The payments he received from the newspapers for which he worked came regularly, but were not due for at least three weeks from that day. Alone

in his bachelor existence he could have got through the time very well, and without any greater privations than his capriciously ascetic nature had often imposed upon itself.

He was not an improvident man, but in his lonely existence he had no sense of future necessities, and the weakest point in his judgment was his indiscriminating generosity. Of the value of money as a store against possible needs, he had no appreciation at all, and he gave away what he earned beyond his most pressing requirements, in secret and often ill-judged charities, whenever an occasion of doing so presented itself, though he never sought one. For himself, he was able to subsist on bread and water, and the meager fare was scarcely a privation to his hardy constitution. If he chanced to have no money to spare for fuel, he bore the cold, and buttoned up his old pea-jacket to the throat while he sat at work at his table. His self-respect made him wise and careful in regard to his dress, but in other matters many a handicraftsman was accustomed to more luxury than he. At the present juncture he had been taken unawares, and he found himself in great difficulty. He had left himself barely enough for subsistence until the arrival of the next remittance, and that meant but a very few scudi; and yet he knew that certain expenses must be met immediately, almost within the twenty-four hours. The very first thing was to get a lodging suitable for Gloria. It would be necessary to pay at least one month's rent in advance. Even if he were able to do that, he would be left without a penny for daily expenses. He had no bank account; for he cashed the drafts he received, and kept the money in his room. He had never borrowed of an acquaintance, and the idea was repulsive to him, and most humiliating. Had he possessed any bit of jewelry, or anything of value, he would have sold the object; but he had nothing of the kind. His books were practically valueless, consisting of such volumes as he absolutely needed for his daily use, chiefly cheap editions, poorly bound, and well worn. He needed at least fifty scudi, and he did not possess quite ten. Three weeks earlier he had sent a hundred, anonymously, to free a starving artist from debt.

His position was only partly enviable just then; but the bright north wind seemed to

blow his troubles back from him as he faced it, walking home from his ineffectual attempt to meet Reanda. It was very unlike the man to return to his lodging without having accomplished anything; but he was hardly aware of the fact. The face of the ancient city was suddenly changed, and it seemed as though nothing could go wrong if he would only allow Fortune to play her own game without interference. He walked lightly, and there was a little color in his face. He tried to think of what he should do to meet his present difficulties; but when he thought of them they were whirled away, shapeless and unrecognizable, and he felt a sense of irresistible power with each breath of the crisp, dry air.

As he went along he glanced at the houses he passed, and on some of the doors were little notices, scrawled in queer handwritings, and telling that a lodging was to let. Occasionally he paused, looked up and hesitated, and then went on. The difficulty was suddenly before him, and he knew that even if he looked at the rooms, he could not hire them, as he had not enough money to cover the first month's rent. Immediately he attempted to devise some means of raising the sum he needed; but before he had reached the very next corner the clear north wind had blown the trouble away like a cobweb. With all his strength and industry and determination, he was still a very young man, and perplexity had no hold upon him since passion had taken its own way.

He reached the corner of his own street, and stood still for a few moments. He could almost have smiled at himself as he paused. He had been out more than an hour, and had done nothing, thought out nothing, made no definite plan for the future. His present poverty, which was desperate enough, had put on a carnival mask and had laughed at him, as it were, and ran away when he tried to grapple with it and look it in the face. Gloria was there—upstairs in that tall house on which the morning sun was shining, and nothing else could possibly matter. But if anything mattered, it would be simple to talk it over together and to decide it in common.

Suddenly he felt ashamed of himself and of the confusion of his own intelligence. There was something meek and childish in standing still at the street corner, watching the people as they passed, listening to the regularly recurring yell of the man who was selling country vegetables from a hand-cart, and looking into the faces of people who went by, as though expecting to find there some solution of a difficulty which his disturbed powers of concentration did not clearly grasp. He could not think connectedly, much less could he reason sensibly. He made a few steps forward toward

his house, and then stopped again, asking himself what he was going to do. He felt that he had no right to go back to Gloria until he had decided something for the future. He felt like a boy who has been sent on an errand, and who comes back having forgotten what he was to do. All at once he had lost his hold upon the logic of common sense, and when he groped for a thread that might lead him, he was suddenly dazzled by the blaze of his happiness, and deafened by the voice of his own joy.

He went on again, and came to his own door. The one-eyed cobbler was at work, astride of his little bench, with a brown pot of coals beside him. From time to time, when he had drawn the waxed yarn out through the leather on both sides, he blew into his black hands. Griggs stood still, and looked at him in idle indetermination, and only struggling against the power that drew him toward the stairs.

"A fine north wind," observed Griggs, by way of salutation.

"It seems that it must be said," grunted the old man, punching a fresh hole in the sole he was cobbling. "To me my fingers say it. It has always been a fine trade, this cobbling. It is a gentleman's trade, because one is always sitting down."

"I am going to change my lodging," said Griggs.

The cobbler looked up, resting his dingy fists upon the bench on each side of the shoe, his awl in one hand, the other half incased in a leathern sheath black with age.

"After so many years!" he exclaimed. "The world will also come to an end. I expected that it would. Now where will you take lodging?"

"Where I can find one. I want a little apartment—"

"It seems that your affairs go better," observed the old man, scrutinizing the other's face with his one eye.

"No. No better. That is the trouble. I want a little apartment, and I do not want to pay for it till the end of the first month."

"Then wait till the end of the month before you move to it, Signore."

"That is impossible."

"Then there is a female," said the cobbler, without the slightest hesitation. "I understand. Why did you not say so?"

Griggs hesitated. The man's guess had taken him by surprise. He reflected that it could make no difference whether the old cobbler knew of Gloria's coming or not.

"There is a signora—a relative of mine—who has come to Rome."

"A fair signora? Very beautiful? With a little eye of the devil? I have seen. Thanks be to Heaven, one eye is still good! You are

dark, and your family is fair. How can it interest me?"

"What? Has she gone out?" asked Griggs, in sudden anxiety. "When?"

"I had guessed!" exclaimed the cobbler, with a grunting laugh; and he ran the delicate bristles which pointed the yarn in opposite directions through the hole he had made, caught one yarn round the knob on the handle of the awl, and the other round the leather sheath on his left hand. He drew the yarn tight to his arm's length with a vicious jerk.

"When did the signora go out?" inquired Griggs, repeating his question.

"It may be half an hour ago. Apoplexy! If your relatives are all as beautiful as that!"

But Griggs was already moving toward the staircase. The cobbler called him back, and he stood still at the foot of the steps.

"There is the little apartment on the left, on the third floor," said the man. "The lodgers went away yesterday. I was going to ask you to write me a notice to put up on the door. As for paying, the padrone will not mind, seeing that you are an old lodger. It is good, do you know? There is sun. There is also a kitchen. There are five rooms with the entry."

"I will take it," said Griggs, instantly; and he ran up the stairs.

He was breathless with anxiety as he entered his work-room, and looked about him for something which should tell him where Gloria was gone. Almost instantly his eyes fell upon a sheet of paper lying before his accustomed seat. The writing on it was hers.

I have gone to tell him. I shall be back soon.

That was all it said, but it was enough to blacken the sun that streamed through the windows upon the old carpet. Griggs sat down, and rested his head in his hand. With the cloud that came between him and happiness his powers of reason returned, and he saw quickly, in the prevision of logic, a scene of violence and anger between husband and wife, a possible reconciliation, and the instant wreck of his storm-driven love. It was impossible to know what Gloria would tell Reanda.

At the same instant the difficulties of his position rushed upon him and demanded an instant solution. He looked about him at the poor room, the miserable furniture, and the worn-out carpet, and the horror of poverty smote him in the face. He had allowed Gloria to come to him, and he knew that he could not support her decently. He had never found himself in so desperate a position in the course of his short and adventurous life. He could face anything when he alone was to suffer privation, but it was horrible to force misery upon the woman he loved.

Then, too, he asked himself what was to happen to Gloria if Reanda killed him, as was possible enough. And if he were not killed, there was Dalrymple, her father, who might return at any moment. No one could foretell what the Scotchman would do. It would be like him to do nothing except to refuse ever to see his daughter again. But he, also, might choose to fight, though his English traditions would be against it. In any case, Gloria ran the risk of being left alone, ruined and unprotected.

But the present problem was a meaner one, though not less desperate in its way. He reproached himself with having wasted even an hour when the case was so urgent. Without longer hesitation, he began to write letters to the editors for whom he worked, requesting them as a favor to advance the next remittance. Even then he could scarcely expect to have money in less than ten days, and there was no one to whom he would willingly turn for help. Under ordinary circumstances he would have gone without food for days rather than borrow of an acquaintance; but he realized that he must overcome any such false pride within a day or two, at the risk of making Gloria suffer.

In those first hours he was not conscious of any question of right or wrong in what had taken place. Honor, in a rather worldly sense, had always supplied for him the place of all other moral considerations. The woman he loved had been ill treated by her husband, and had come to him for protection. He had done his best, in spite of his love, to make her go back, and she had known how to refuse. Men, as men, would not blame him for what he was doing. Gloria, as a woman, could never reproach him with having tempted her. He might suffer for his deeds, but he could never blush for them.

#### XXXII.

MEANWHILE, Gloria had gone out alone, intending to find her husband, and to tell him that the die was cast, that she had left him in haste and anger, but that she never would return to his house. She felt that she must live through the chain of emotions to the very last link, as it were, until she could feel no more. It was like her to go straight to Reanda, and take up the battle where she had interrupted it. Her anger had been sudden, but it was not brief. She had left weakness, and had found strength to add to her own, and she wished the man who had hurt her to feel how strong she was, and how she was able to take her life out of his hands and to keep it for herself, and live it as she pleased in spite of him and every one. The wild blood that ran in her veins was free now, and she meant that no one but

herself should ever again have the right to thwart it, to tell her heart that it should beat so many times in each minute, and no more. She was perfectly well aware that she was accepting social ruin with her freedom; but she had long nourished a rancorous hatred for the society which had seemed to accept her under protest, for Francesca's sake, and she was ready enough to turn her back on it before it should finally make up its polite mind to relegate her to the middle distance of indifferent toleration.

As for Reanda, on that first morning she hated him with all her soul, for himself, and for what he had done to her. She had words ready for him, and she turned and fitted them in her heart that they might cut him and stab him as long as he could feel. The selfishness, with a tendency to cruelty, which was a working spring of her father's character, was strong in her, and craved the satisfaction of wounding. A part of the sudden joy in life which she felt as she walked toward what had been her home lay in the certainty of dealing back fourfold hurt for every real and fancied injury she had ever suffered at Reanda's hands.

She felt quite sure of finding him. She did not imagine it possible that after what had happened he would go to the Palazzetto Borgia to work, as usual. Besides, he must have discovered her absence by this time, and would in all probability be searching for her. She smiled at the idea, and she went swiftly on, keenly ready to give all the pain she could.

At her own door the servant seemed surprised to see her. Every one had supposed that she was still in her room, for it was not yet midday, and she sometimes slept very late. She glanced at the hall table, and saw her key lying among the cards where she had thrown it when she had left the house. The servant did not see her take it, for she made a pretense of turning the cards over to find some particular one. She asked indifferently about her husband. The man said that Reanda had gone out as usual. Gloria started a little in surprise, and inquired whether he had left no message for her. On hearing that he had given none, she sent the servant away, went to her own room, and locked herself in.

With a curious Scotch caution very much at variance with her conduct, she reflected that as the servants were evidently not aware of what had taken place, they might as well be kept in the dark. In a few moments she gave the room the appearance which it usually had in the morning. With perfect calmness she dressed for the day, and then rang for her maid.

She told the woman that she had slept badly, had got up early, and had gone out for a long walk; that she now intended to leave Rome for a few days, for a change of air, and must have

what she needed packed within an hour. She gave a few orders, clearly and concisely, and then went out again, leaving word that if Reanda returned he should be told that she was coming back very soon.

Clearly, she thought, he must have supposed that she was still sleeping, and must have gone to his painting without any further thought of her. Again she smiled, and a delicate line of cruelty was faintly shadowed about her lips. She left the house, and walked in the direction of the Palazzetto. Reanda always came home to the midday breakfast, and it was nearly time for him to be on his way. Gloria knew every turning which he would take, and she hoped to meet him. Her eyes flashed in anticipation of the contest, and she felt that he would not be able to meet them. They would be too bright for him. There was a small mark on her cheek still, where one of the sharp edges of the ivory slats had scratched her fair skin, and there was a slight redness on that side; but the bright red bar was gone. She was glad of it, as she nodded to a passing acquaintance.

She wished to assure herself that her husband was really at the Palazzetto, and she inquired of the porter at the great gate whether Reanda had been seen that morning. The man said that he had come at the usual hour, and stood aside for her to pass; but she turned from him abruptly, and went away without a word.

The blood rose in her cheeks, and her heart beat angrily. He had attached no more importance than this to what he had done, and had gone to his painting as though nothing had happened. He had not even tried to see her in the morning to beg her pardon for having struck her. Strange to say, in spite of what she herself had done, that was what most roused her anger. She demanded the satisfaction of his asking her forgiveness, as though she had no fault to find with herself. In comparison with his cowardly violence to her, her leaving him for Griggs was as nothing in her eyes.

She walked more slowly as she went homeward, and the unspoken bitterness of her heart choked her, and the sharp words she could not speak cut her cruelly. She compared the hand that had dared to hurt, though it had not strength to kill, with that other dearer, gentler, more terrible hand, which could have killed anything, but which would rather be burned to the wrist than let one of its fingers touch her roughly. She compared them, and she loved the one and she loathed the other with all her heart. And with that same hand Reanda, at that same moment, was painting some goddess's face, and it had forgotten whose divinely lovely cheek it had struck. It was painting — unless, perhaps, it lay in Francesca's. But Glo-



ria had not forgotten, and she would repay before the day darkened.

Her husband, since he was calm enough to go to his work, would come home for his breakfast when he was hungry. Gloria went back to her room, and superintended the packing of what she needed. But she was not so calm as she had been half an hour earlier, and she waited impatiently for her husband's return and for the last scene of the drama. When the things were packed, she had the box taken out to the hall, and sent for a cab. As she foresaw the situation, she would leave the house forever as soon as the last word was spoken. Then she went into the drawing-room and waited, watching the clock.

There, on the mantelpiece, lay the broken fan, where the fragments had been placed by the servant. Gloria looked at them, handled them curiously, and felt her cheek softly with her hand. He must have struck her with all his might, she thought, to have hurt her as he had with so light a weapon; and the whole quarrel came back to her vividly, in every detail, and with every spoken word.

She could not regret what she had done. With an attempt at self-examination which was only a self-justification, she tried to recall the early days when she had loved her husband, and to conjure up his face with the gentle light in it. She failed, of course, and the picture that came disgusted her, and was unutterably contemptible and weak and full of cowardice. The face of Paul Griggs came in its place a moment later, and she heard in her ears the deep, stern voice, quavering with strength rather than with weakness, and she could feel the arms she loved about her, pressing her almost to pain, able to press her to death in their love-clasp.

The hands of the clock went on, and Reanda did not come. She was surprised to find how long she had waited, and with a revulsion of feeling she rose to her feet. If he would not come, she would not wait for him. She was hungry, too: It was absurd, perhaps, but she would not eat his bread nor sit at his table, not even alone.

She went to her writing-table, and wrote a note to him, short, cruel, and decisive. She wrote that if her father had been in Rome, she would have gone to him for protection. As he was absent, she had gone to her father's best friend and her own—to Paul Griggs. She said nothing more. He might interpret the statement as he pleased. She sealed the note, and addressed it, and before she went out of the house she gave it to the servant, to be given to Reanda as soon as he came home. The man-servant went down-stairs with her, and stood looking after the little open cab; he saw Gloria speak to the coachman, who nodded,

and changed his direction before they were out of sight.

At the door in the Via della Frezza the cabman set down Gloria's luggage, and drove away. She stood still a moment, and looked at the one-eyed cobbler.

"You have given the signora a beautiful fright," observed the old man. "I told him you had gone out. With one jump he was upstairs. By this time he cries."

Gloria took a silver piece of two Pauls from her purse.

"Can you carry up these things for me?" she inquired, concealing her annoyance at the man's speech.

"I am not a porter," said the cobbler, with his head on one side; "but one must live. With courage and money one makes war. There are three pieces. One at a time. But you must watch the door while I carry up the box. If any one should steal my tools, it would be a beautiful day's work. Without them I should be in the middle of the street. You will understand, Signora. It is not to do you a discourtesy, but my tools are my bread. Without them I cannot eat. There is also the left boot of Sor Ercole. If any one were to steal it, Sor Ercole would go upon one leg. Imagine the disgrace!"

"I will stay here," said Gloria. "Do not be afraid."

The cobbler, who was a strong old man, took hold of the trunk, and shouldered it with ease. When he stood up, Gloria saw that he was bandy-legged and very short.

She turned, and stood at the threshold of the street door, as she had stood on the previous night. No one would have believed that a few hours earlier the rain had fallen in torrents, for the pavement was dry, and even under the arch there seemed to be no dampness. Looking up the street toward the Corso, she saw that there was a wine-shop a few doors higher on the opposite side. Two or three men were standing before it, under the brown bush which served for a sign, and among them she saw a peasant in blue cloth clothes, with silver buttons and clean white stockings. She recognized him as the man who had held his umbrella over her in the storm. He also saw her, lifted his felt hat, and came forward, crossing the street. His look was fixed on her face with a stare of curiosity as he stood before her.

"I hope you have not caught cold, Signora," he said, with steady, unwinking eyes. "We passed a beautiful storm. Signora, I sell wine to that host. If you should need wine, I recommend him to you." He pointed to the shop.

"You told me to ask for you at the Piazza Montanara," said Gloria, smiling.



"With that water you could not see the shop," answered Stefanone. "Signora, you are very beautiful. With permission, I say that you should not walk alone at night."

"It was the first and last time," said Gloria. "Fortunately, I met a person of good manners. I thank you again."

"Signora, you are so beautiful that the Madonna and her angels always accompany you. With permission, I go. Good day."

To the last, until he turned, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on Gloria's face, as though searching for a resemblance in her features. She noticed his manner, and remembered him very distinctly after the second meeting.

The cobbler came back again, closely followed by Griggs himself, who said nothing, but took possession of the small valise and bag which Gloria had brought in addition to her box. He led the way, and she followed him swiftly. Inside the door of his lodging he turned and looked at her.

"Please do not go away suddenly without telling me," he said in a low voice. "I am easily frightened about you."

"Really?"

Gloria held out her two hands to meet him. He nodded as he took them.

"That is better than anything you have ever said to me." She drew him to her.

It was natural; for she was thinking how Reanda had calmly gone back to his work that morning, without so much as asking for her.

The contrast was too great and too strong between love and indifference.

They went into the work-room together, and Gloria sat down on one of the rush chairs, and told Griggs what she had done. He walked slowly up and down while she was speaking, his eyes on the pattern of the old carpet.

"I might have stayed," she said at last. "The servants did not even know that I had been out of the house."

"You should have stayed," said Griggs. "I ought to say it, at least."

But as he spoke the mask softened, and the rare smile beautified for one instant the still, stern face.

#### XXXIII.

REANDA neither wished to see Gloria again nor to take vengeance upon Paul Griggs. He was not a brave man, morally or physically, and he was glad that his wife had left him. She had put him in the right, and he had every reason for refusing ever to see her again. With a cynicism which would have been revolting if it had not been almost childlike in its simplicity, he discharged his servants, sold his furniture, gave up his apartment in the Corso, and moved back to his old quarters in the Palazzetto Borgia.

But he did not acknowledge Gloria's note in any other way.

She had left him, and he wished to blot out her existence as though he had never known her, not even remembering the long two years of his married life. She was gone. There was no Gloria, and he wished that there never had been any woman with her name and face.

On the third day he met Paul Griggs in the street. The younger man saw Reanda coming, and stood still on the narrow pavement, in order to show that he had no intention of avoiding him. As the artist came up, Griggs lifted his hat, gravely. Reanda mechanically raised his hand to his own hat, and without a word passed the man who had injured him. Griggs saw a slight nervous twitching in the delicate face, but that was all. He thought that Reanda looked better, less harassed and less thin, than for a long time. He had at once returned to his old peaceful life and enjoyed it, and had evidently not the smallest intention of ever demanding satisfaction of his former friend.

Francesca Campodonico had listened in nervous silence to Reanda's story.

"She has done me a kindness," he concluded. "It is the first. She has given me back my freedom. I shall not disturb her."

The color was in Francesca's face, and her eyes looked down. Her delicate lips were a little drawn in, as though she were making an effort to restrain her words, for it was one of the hardest moments of her life. Being what she was, it was impossible for her to understand Gloria's conduct; but at the same time she felt that she was liberated from something which had oppressed her, and the color in her cheeks was a flash of satisfaction and relief mingled with a certain displeasure at her own sensations and the certainty that she would be ashamed of them by and by.

It was not in her nature to accept such a termination for Reanda's married life, however he himself might be disposed to look upon it.

"You are to blame almost as much as Gloria," she said, and she was sincerely in earnest.

She was too good and devout a woman to believe in dueling, but she was far too womanly to be pleased with Reanda's indifference. It was wicked to fight duels and unchristian to seek revenge. She knew that, and it was a conviction as well as an opinion. But a man who allowed another to take his wife from him and did not resent the injury could not command her respect. Something in her blood revolted against such tameness, though she would not for all the world have had Reanda take Gloria back. Between the two opposites of conviction and instinct, she did not know what to do. Moreover, Reanda had struck his wife. He admitted it, though apologetically and with every

extenuating circumstance which he could remember.

"Yes," he answered; "I know that I did wrong. Am I infallible? Holy Saint Patience! I could bear no more. But it is clear that she was waiting for a reason for leaving me. I gave it to her, and she should be grateful. She also is free, as I am."

"It is horrible!" exclaimed Francesca, with sorrowful emphasis.

She blamed herself quite as much as Reanda or Gloria, because she had brought them together and had suggested the marriage. Reanda's thin shoulders went up, and she smiled incredulously.

"I do not see what is so horrible," he answered. "Two people think they are in love. They marry. They discover their mistake. They separate. Well? It is finished. Let us make the sign of the cross over it."

The common Roman phrase, signifying that a matter is ended and buried, as it were, jarred upon Francesca, for whom the smallest religious allusion had a real meaning.

"It is not the sign of the cross which should be made," she said sadly and gravely, and the color was gone from her face now. "There are two lives wrecked, and a human soul in danger. We cannot say that it is finished, and pass on."

"What would you have me do?" asked Reanda, almost impatiently. "Take her back?"

"No!" exclaimed Francesca, with a sharp intonation, as though she were hurt.

"Well, then, what? I do not see that anything is to be done. She herself can think of her soul. It is her property. She has made me suffer enough—let some one else suffer. I have enough of it."

"You will forgive her some day," said Francesca. "You are angry still, and you speak cruelly. You will forgive her."

"Never!" answered Reanda, with emphasis. "I will not forgive her for what she made me bear, any more than I will forgive Griggs for receiving her when she left me. I will not touch them, but I will not forgive them. I am not angry. Why should I be?"

Francesca sighed, for she did not understand the man, though hitherto she had always understood him, or thought that she had, ever since she had been a mere child playing with his colors and brushes in the Palazzo Braccio. She left the hall, and went to her own sitting-room on the other side of the house. As soon as she was alone, the tears came to her eyes. She was hardly aware of them, and when she felt them on her cheeks, she wondered why she was crying; for she did not often shed tears, and was a woman of singularly well-balanced nature, able to control herself on

the rare occasions when she felt any strong emotion.

In spite of Reanda's conduct, she determined not to leave matters as they were without attempting to improve them. She wrote a note to Paul Griggs, asking him to come and see her during the afternoon.

He could not refuse to answer the summons, knowing, as he did, that he must in honor respond to any demand for an explanation coming from Reanda's side. Gloria wished him to reply to the note, giving an excuse, and hinting that no good could come of any meeting.

"It is a point of honor," he answered briefly, and she yielded, for he dominated her altogether.

Francesca received him in her own small sitting-room, which overlooked the square before the Palazzetto. It was very quiet, and there were roses in old Vienna vases. It was a very old-fashioned room, the air was sweet with the fresh flowers, and the afternoon sun streamed in through a single tall window. Francesca sat on a small sofa which stood crosswise between the window and the writing-table. She had a frame before her on which was stretched a broad band of deep-red satin, a piece of embroidery in which she was working heraldic beasts and armorial bearings in colored silks.

She did not rise or hold out her hand, but pointed to a chair near her as she spoke.

"I asked you to come," she said, "because I wish to speak to you about Gloria."

Griggs bent his head, sat down, and waited with a perfectly impassive face. Possibly there was a rather unusual aggressiveness in the straight lines of his jaw and his even lips. There was a short silence before Francesca spoke again.

"Do you know what you have done?" she asked, finishing a stitch, and looking quietly into the man's deep eyes.

He met her glance calmly, but said nothing, merely bending his head again very slightly.

"It is very wicked," said she, and began to make another stitch, looking down again.

"I have no doubt that you think so," answered Paul Griggs, slowly nodding a third time.

"It is not a question of opinion. It is a matter of fact. You have ruined the life of an innocent woman."

"If social position is the object of existence, you are right," he replied. "I have nothing to say."

"I am not speaking of social position," said Donna Francesca, continuing to make stitches.

"Then I am afraid that I do not understand you."

"Can you conceive of nothing more impor-

tant to the welfare of men and women than social position?"

"It is precisely because I do that I care so little what society thinks. I do not understand you."

"I have known you some time," said Francesca. "I had not supposed that you were a man without a sense of right and wrong. That is the question which is concerned now."

"It is a question which may be answered from more than one point of view. You look at it in one way, and I in another. With your permission, we will differ about it, since we can never agree."

"There is no such thing as differing about right and wrong," answered Donna Francesca, with a little impatience. "Right is right, and wrong is wrong. You cannot possibly believe that you have done right. Therefore, you know that you have done wrong."

"That sort of logic assumes God at the expense of man," said Griggs, calmly.

Francesca looked up with a startled expression in her eyes, for she was shocked, though she did not understand him.

"God is good, and man is sinful," she answered, in the words of her simple faith.

"Why?" asked Griggs, gravely.

He waited for her answer to the most tremendous question which man can ask, and he knew that she could not answer him, though she might satisfy herself.

"I have never talked about religion with an atheist," she said at last, slowly pushing her needle through the heavy satin.

"I am not an atheist, princess."

"A Protestant, then—"

"I am not a Protestant. I am a Catholic, as you are."

She looked up suddenly, and faced him with earnest eyes.

"Then you are not a good Catholic," she said. "No good Catholic could speak as you do."

"Even the apostles had doubts," answered Griggs. "But I do not pretend to be good. Since I am a man, I have a right to be a man, and to be treated as a man. If the right is not given me freely, I will take it. You cannot expect a body to behave as though it were a spirit. A man cannot imitate an invisible essence any more than a sculptor can imitate sound with a shape of clay. When we are spirits, we shall act as spirits. Meanwhile we are men and women. As a man, I have not done wrong. You have no right to judge me as an angel. Is that clear?"

"Terribly clear!" Francesca slowly shook her head. "And terribly mistaken," she added.

"You see," answered the young man, "it is impossible to argue the point. We do not

speaking the same language. You, by your nature, believe that you can imitate a spirit. You are spiritual by intuition and good by instinct, according to the spiritual standard of good. I am, on the contrary, a normal man, and destined to act as men act. I cannot understand you, and you, if you will allow me to say so, cannot possibly understand me. That is why I propose that we should agree to differ."

"And do you think you can sweep away all right and wrong, belief and unbelief, salvation and perdition, with such a statement as that?"

"Not at all," replied Griggs. "You tell me that I am wicked. That only means that I am not doing what you consider right. You deny my right of judgment, in favor of your own. You make witnesses of spirits against the doings of men. You judge my body, and condemn my soul. And there is no possible appeal from your tribunal, because it is an imaginary one. But if you will return to the facts of the case, you will find it hard to prove that I have ruined the life of an innocent woman, as you told me that I had."

"You have! There is no denying it."

"Socially, and it is the fault of society. But society is nothing to me. I would be an outcast from society for a much less object than the love of a woman, provided that I had not to do anything dishonorable."

"Ah, that is it! You forget that a man's honor is his reputation at the club, while the honor of a woman is founded in religion, and maintained upon a single one of God's commandments—as you men demand that it shall be."

Griggs was silent for a moment. He had never heard a woman state the case so plainly and forcibly, and he was struck by what she said. He could have answered her quickly enough. But the answer would not have been satisfactory to himself.

"You see, you have nothing to say," she said. "But in one way you are right. We cannot argue this question. I did not ask you to come in order to discuss it. I sent for you to beg you to do what is right, as far as you can. And you could do much."

"What should you think right?" asked Griggs, curious to know what she thought.

"You should take Gloria to her father, as you are his friend. Since she has left her husband, she should live with her father."

"That is a very simple idea!" exclaimed the young man, with something almost like a laugh.

"Right is always simple," answered Francesca, quietly. "There is never any doubt about it."

She looked at him once, and then continued

to work at her embroidery. His eyes rested on the pure outline of her maidenlike face, and he was silent for a moment. Somehow, he felt that her simplicity of goodness rebuked the simplicity of his sin.

"You forget one thing," said Griggs at last. "You make a spiritual engine of mankind, and you forget the mainspring of the world. You leave love out of the question."

"Perhaps—as you understand love. But you will not pretend to tell me that love is necessarily right, whatever it involves."

"Yes," answered the young man; "that is what I mean. Unless your God is a malignant and maleficent demon, the overwhelming passions which take hold of men, and against which no man can fight beyond a certain point, are right, because they exist and are irresistible. As for what you propose that I should do, I cannot do it."

"You could, if you would," said Francesca. "There is nothing to hinder you, if you will."

"There is love, and I cannot."

#### XXXIV.

PAUL GRIGGS left Francesca with the certainty in his own mind that she had produced no impression whatever upon him, but he was conscious that his opinion of her had undergone a change. He was suddenly convinced that she was the best woman he had ever known, and that Gloria's accusations were altogether unjust and unfounded. Recalling her face, her manner, and her words, he knew that whatever influence she might have had upon Reanda, there could be no ground for Gloria's jealousy. She certainly disturbed him strangely, for Gloria was perfect in his eyes, and he accepted all she said almost blindly. The fact that Reanda had struck her now stood in his mind as the sole reason for the separation of husband and wife.

Gloria was far from realizing what influence she had over the man she loved. It seemed to her, on the contrary, that she was completely dominated by him, and she was glad to feel his strength at every turn. Her enormous vanity was flattered by his care of her, and by his uncompromising admiration of her beauty as well as of her character, and she yielded to him purposely in small things that she might the better feel his strength, as she supposed. The truth, had she known it, was that he hardly asserted himself at all, and was ready to make any and every sacrifice for her comfort and happiness. He had sacrificed his pride to borrow money from a friend to meet the first necessities of their life together. He would have given his life as readily.

They led a strangely lonely existence in the little apartment in the Via della Frezza. The

world had very soon heard of what had happened, and had behaved according to its lights. Walking alone one morning while Griggs was at work, Gloria had met Donna Tullia Meyer, whom she had known in society, and thoughtlessly enough had bowed as though nothing had happened. Donna Tullia had stared at her coldly, and then turned away. After that, Gloria had realized what she had already understood, and had either not gone out without Griggs, or, when she did, had kept to the more secluded streets, where she would not easily meet acquaintances.

Griggs worked perpetually, and she watched him, delighting at first in the difference between his way of working and that of Angelo Reanda; delighted, too, to be alone with him, and to feel that he was writing for her. She could sit almost in silence for hours, half busy with some bit of needlework, and yet busy with him in her thoughts. It seemed to her that she understood him; she told him so, and he believed her, for he felt that he could not be hard to understand.

He was as singularly methodical as Reanda was exceptionally intuitive. She felt that his work was second to her in his estimation of it, but that, since they both depended upon it for their livelihood, they had agreed together to put it first. With Reanda, art was above everything and beyond all other interests, and he had made her feel that he worked for art's sake rather than for hers. There was a vast difference in the value placed upon her by the two men in relation to their two occupations.

"I have no genius," said Griggs to her one day. "I have no intuitions of underlying truth. But I have good brains, and few men are able to work as hard as I. By and by, I shall succeed and make money, and it will be less dull for you."

"It is never dull for me when I can be with you," she answered.

As he looked, the sunshine caught her red auburn hair, and the love-lights played with the sunshine in her eyes. Griggs knew that life had no more dullness for him while she lived; and as for her, he believed what she said.

Without letting him know what she was doing, she wrote to her father. It was not an easy letter to write, and she thought that she knew the savage old Scotchman's temper. She told him everything. At such a distance, it was easy to throw herself upon his mercy, and it was safer to write him all while he was far away, so that there might be nothing left to rouse his anger if he returned. She had no lack of words with which to describe Reanda's treatment of her; but she was also willing to take all the blame of the mistake she had made in marrying him. She had ruined her life before it had begun,



she said. She had taken the law into her own hands, to mend it as best she could. Her father knew that Paul Griggs was not like other men—that he was able to protect her against all comers, and that he could make the world fear him if he could not make it respect her. Her father must do as he thought right. He would be justified, from the world's point of view, in casting her off and never remembering her existence again, but she begged him to forgive her, and to think kindly of her. Meanwhile, she and Griggs were wretchedly poor, and she begged her father to continue her allowance.

If Paul Griggs had seen this letter, he would have been startled out of some of his belief in Gloria's perfection. There was a total absence of any moral sense of right or wrong in what she wrote, which would have made a more cynical man than Griggs look grave. The request for the continuation of the allowance would have shocked him, and perhaps disgusted him. The whole tone was too calm and business-like. It was too much as though she were fulfilling a duty, and seeking to gain an object rather than appealing to Dalrymple to forgive her for yielding to the overwhelming mastery of a great passion. It was cold, it was calculating, and it was, in a measure, unwomanly.

When she had sent the letter, she told Griggs what she had done; but her account of its contents satisfied him with one of those brilliant false impressions which she knew so well how to convey. She told him rather what she should have said than what she had really written, and, as usual, he found that she had done right.

It was not that she would not have written a better letter if she had been able to compose one. She had done the best that she could. But the truth lay there; for the letter was composed as an expression of what she knew that she ought to feel, and was not the actual outpouring of an overful heart. She could not be blamed for not feeling more deeply, or for her inability to express what she did not feel. But when she spoke of it to the man she loved, she roused herself to emotion easily enough, and her words sounded well in her own ears and in his. To the last, he never understood that she loved such emotion for its own sake, and that he helped her to produce it in herself. In the comparatively simple view of human nature which he took in those days, it seemed to him that if a woman were willing to sacrifice everything, including social respectability itself, for any man, she must love him with all her heart. He could not have understood that any woman would give up everything, practically, in the attempt to feel something of which she was not capable.

In reply to her letter, Dalrymple sent a draft for a considerable sum of money through his banker. The fact that it was addressed to her at the Via della Frezza was the only indication that he had received her letter. In due time Gloria wrote to thank him, but he took no notice of the communication.

"He never loved me," she said to Griggs as the days went by, and brought her nothing from her father. "I used to think so when I was a mere child, but I am sure of it now. You are the only human being that ever loved me."

She was pale that day, and her white hand sought his as she spoke, with a quiver of the lip.

"I am glad of it," he answered. "I shall not divide you with any one."

So their life went on, somewhat monotonously after the first few weeks. Griggs worked hard, and earned more money than formerly, but he discovered very soon that it would be all he could do to support Gloria in bare comfort. He would not allow her to use her own money for anything which was to be in common, or in which he had any share whatever.

"You must spend it on yourself," he said. "I will not touch it. I will not accept anything you buy with it—not so much as a box of cigarettes. You must spend it on your clothes or on jewels."

"You are unkind," she answered. "You know how much pleasure it would give me to help you."

"Yes; I know. You cannot understand, but you must try. Men never do that sort of thing."

And, as usual, he dominated her, and she dropped the subject, inwardly pleased with him, and knowing that he was right.

His strength fascinated her, and she admired his manliness of heart and feeling as she had never admired any qualities in any one during her life. But he did not amuse her, even as much as she had been amused by Reanda. He was melancholic, earnest, hard-working, not inclined to repeat lightly the words of love once spoken in moments of passion. He meant, perhaps, to show her how he loved her by what he would do for her sake, rather than tell her of it over and over again. And he worked as he had never worked before, hour after hour, day after day, sitting at his writing-table almost from morning till night. Besides his correspondence, he was now writing a book, from which he hoped great things—for her. It was a novel, and he read her day by day the pages he wrote. She talked over with him what he had written, and her imagination and dramatic intelligence, forever grasping at situations of emotion for herself and others, suggested many variations upon his plan.



"It is my book," she often said, when they had been talking all the evening.

It was her book; and it was a failure because it was hers and not his. Her imagination was disorderly, to borrow a foreign phrase, and she was altogether without any sense of proportion in what she imagined. He did not, indeed, look upon her as intellectually perfect, though for him she was otherwise unapproachably superior to every other woman in the world. But he loved her so wholly and unselfishly that he could not bear to disappoint her by not making use of her suggestions. When she was telling him of some scene she had imagined, her voice and manner, too, were so thoroughly dramatic that he was persuaded of the real value of the matter. Divested of her individuality, and transferred in his rather mechanically over-correct language to the black and white of paper and ink, the result was disappointing, even when he read it to her. He knew that it was, and wasted time in trying to improve what was bad from the beginning. She saw that he failed, and she felt that he was not a man of genius. Her vanity suffered because her ideas did not look well on his paper.

Before he had finished the manuscript, she had lost her interest in it. Feeling that she had, and seeing it in her face, he exerted his strength of will in the attempt to bring back the expression of surprise and delight which the earlier readings had called up; but he felt that he was working uphill and against heavy odds. Nevertheless, he completed the work, and spent much time in fancied improvement of its details. At a later period in his life he wrote three successful books in the time he had bestowed upon his first failure, but he wrote them alone.

Gloria's face brightened when he told her that it was done. She took the manuscript and read over parts of it to herself, smiling a little from time to time, for she knew that he was watching her. She did not read it all.

"Dedicate it to me," she said, holding out one hand to find his, while she settled the pages on her knees with the other.

"Of course," he answered; and he wrote a few words of dedication to her on a sheet of paper.

He sent it to a publisher in London whom he knew. It was returned with some wholesome advice, and Gloria's vanity suffered another blow, both in the failure of the book which contained so many of her ideas, and in the failure of the man to be successful; for in her previous life she had not been accustomed to failure of any sort.

"I am afraid I am only a newspaper man, after all," said Paul Griggs, quietly. "You will have to be satisfied with me as I am. But I will try again."

"No," answered Gloria, more coldly than she usually spoke. "When you find that you cannot do a thing naturally, leave it alone. It is of no use to force talent in one direction when it wants to go in another."

She sighed softly, and busied herself with some work. Griggs felt that he was a failure, and he felt lonely, too, for a moment, and went to his own room to put away the rejected manuscript in a safe place. It was not his nature to destroy it angrily, as some men might have done at his age.

When he came back to the door of the sitting-room he heard her singing, as she often did when she was alone. But to-day she was singing an old song which he had not heard for a long time, and which reminded him painfully of that other house in which she had lived, and of that other man whom she never saw, but who was still her husband.

He entered the room rather suddenly, after having paused a moment outside, with his hand on the door.

"Please do not sing that song!" he said quickly, as he entered.

"Why not?" she asked, interrupting herself in the middle of a stave.

"It reminds me of unpleasant things."

"Does it? I am sorry. I will not sing it again."

But she knew what he meant, for it reminded her of Reanda. She was no longer so sure that the reminiscence was all painful.

#### XXXV.

IN spite of all that Griggs could do, and he did his utmost, it was hard to live in anything approaching to comfort on the meager remuneration he received for his correspondence, and his pride altogether forbade him to allow Gloria to contribute anything to the slender resources of the small establishment. At first it had amused her to practise little economies, even in the matter of their daily meals. Griggs denied himself everything which was not absolutely necessary, and it pleased Gloria to imitate him, for it made her feel that she was helping him. The housekeeping was a simple affair enough, and she undertook it readily. They had one woman servant as cook and maid-of-all-work, a strong young creature, not without common sense, and plentifully gifted with that warm, superficial devotion which is common enough in Italian servants. Gloria had kept house for her father long enough to understand what she had undertaken, and it seemed easy at first to do the same thing for Griggs, though on a much more restricted scale.

But the restriction soon became irksome. In a more active and interesting existence she

would perhaps not have felt the constant pinching of such excessive economy. If there had been more means within her reach for satisfying her hungry vanity, she could have gone through the daily round of little domestic cares with a lighter heart, or, at least, with more indifference. But she and Griggs led a very lonely life, and, as in all lonely lives, the smallest details became important.

It was not long before Gloria wished herself in her old home in the Corso, not indeed with Reanda, but with Paul Griggs. He had made her promise to use only the money he gave her himself for their housekeeping. She secretly deceived him, and drew upon her own store, and listened in silence to his praise of her ingenuity in making the little he was able to give her go so far. He trusted her so completely that he suspected nothing.

She expected that at the end of three months her father would send her another draft; but the day passed, and she received nothing, so that she at last wrote to him again, asking for money. It came, as before, without any word of inquiry or greeting. Dalrymple evidently intended to take this means of knowing from time to time that his daughter was alive and well. She would be obliged to write to him whenever she needed assistance. It was a humiliation, and she felt it bitterly, for she had thought that she had freed herself altogether, and she found herself still bound by the necessity of asking for help.

It seemed very hard to be thus shut off from the world in the prime of her youth, and beauty, and talent. To a woman who craved admiration for all she did and could do, it was almost unbearable. Paul Griggs worked and looked forward to success, and was satisfied in his aspirations, and more than happy in the companionship of the woman he so dearly loved.

"I shall succeed," he said quietly, but with perfect assurance. "Before long we shall be able to leave Rome, and begin life somewhere else, where nobody will know our story. It will not be so dull for you there."

"It is never dull when I am with you," said Gloria; but there was no conviction in the tone any more. "If you would let me go upon the stage," she added, with a change of voice, "things would be very different. I could earn a great deal of money."

But Paul Griggs was as much opposed to the project as Reanda had been, and in this one respect he really asserted his will. He was so confident of ultimately attaining success and fortune by his pen that he would not hear of Gloria's singing in public.

"Besides," he said, after giving her many and excellent reasons, "if you earned millions, I would not touch the money."

She sighed for the lost opportunities of brilliant popularity, but she smiled at his words, knowing how she had used her own money for him, and in spite of him. But for her own part, she had lost all belief in his talent since the failure of the book he had written.

The long summer days were hard to bear. He was not able to leave Rome, for he was altogether dependent upon his regular correspondence for what he earned, and he did not succeed in persuading his editors to employ him anywhere else, for the very reason that he did so well what was required of him where he was.

The weather grew excessively hot, and it was terribly dreary and dull in the little apartment in the Via della Frezza. All day long the windows were tightly closed to keep out the fiery air, both the old green blinds and the glass within them. Griggs had moved his writing-table to the feeble light, and worked away as hard as ever. Gloria spent most of the hot hours in reading and dreaming. They went out together early in the morning and in the evening, when there was some coolness, but during the greater part of the day they were practically imprisoned by the heat.

Gloria watched the strong man, and wondered at his power of working under any circumstances. He was laborious as well as industrious. He often wrote a page over two or three times, in the hope of improving it, and he was capable of spending an hour in finding a quotation from a great writer, not for the sake of quoting it, but in order to satisfy himself that he had authority for using some particular construction of phrase. He kept notebooks in which he made long indexed lists of words which in common language were improperly used, with examples showing how they should be rightly employed.

"I am constructing a superiority for myself," he said once. "No one living takes so much pains as I do."

But Gloria had no faith in his painstaking ways, though she wondered at his unflagging perseverance. Her own single great talent lay in her singing, and she had never given herself any trouble about it. Reanda, too, though he worked carefully, and often slowly, worked without effort. It was true that Griggs never showed fatigue, but that was due to his amazing bodily strength. The intellectual labor was apparent, however, and he always seemed to be painfully overcoming some almost unyielding difficulty by sheer force of steady application, though nothing came of it, so far as she could see.

"I cannot understand why you take so much trouble," she said. "They are only newspaper articles, after all, to be read to-day and forgotten to-morrow."

"I am learning to write," he answered. "It takes a long time to learn anything, unless one has a great gift, as you have for singing. I have failed with one book, but I will not fail with another. The next will not be an extraordinary book, but it will succeed."

Nothing could disturb him, and he sat at his table day after day. He was moved by the strongest incentives which can act upon a man, at the time when he himself is strongest; namely, necessity and love. Even Gloria could never discover whether he had what she would have called ambition. He himself said that he had none, and she compared him with Reanda, who believed in the divinity of art, the temple of fame, and the reality of glory.

In the young man's nature Gloria had taken the place of all other divinities, real and imaginary. His enduring nature could no more be wearied in its worship of her than it could be tired in toiling for her. He resented only the necessity of cutting out such a main part of the day for work as left him but little time to be at leisure with her.

She complained of his industry, for she was tired of spending her life with novels, and the hours hung like leaden weights upon her, dragging with her as she went through the day.

"Give yourself a rest," she said, not because she thought he needed it, but because she wished him to amuse her.

"I am never tired of working for you," he answered, and the rare smile came to his face.

With any other man in the world she might have told the truth, and might have said frankly that her life was growing almost unbearable, buried from the world as she was, and cut off from society. But she was conscious that she should never dare to say as much to Paul Griggs. She was realizing, little by little, that his love for her was greater than she had dreamed of, and immeasurably stronger than what she felt for him.

Then she knew the pain of receiving more than she had to give. It was a genuine pain of its kind, and in it, as in many other things, she suffered a constant humiliation. She had taken herself for a heroic character in the great moment when she had resolved to leave her husband, intuitively sure that she loved Paul Griggs with all her heart, and that she should continue to love him to the end, in spite of the world. She knew now that there was no endurance in the passion.

The very efforts she made to sustain it contributed to its destruction; but she continued to play her part. Her strong dramatic instinct told her when to speak, and when to be silent, and how to modulate her voice to a tender appeal, to a touching sadness, to the strength of suppressed emotion. It was for a good object, she

told herself, and therefore it must be right. He was giving his life for her, day by day, and he must never know that she no longer loved him. It would kill him, she thought; for with him it was all real. She grew melancholy, and thought of death. If she died young, he would never guess that she had not loved him to the very last.

In her lonely thoughts she dwelt upon the possibility, for it was a possibility now. There was that before her which, when it came, might turn life into death very suddenly. She had moments of tenderness when she thought of her own dead face lying on the white pillow, and the picture was so real that her eyes filled with tears. She would be very beautiful when she was dead.

The idea took root in her mind; for it afforded her an inward emotion which touched her strangely and cost her nothing. It gained in fascination as she allowed it to come back when it would, and the details of death came vividly before her imagination as she had read of them in books—her own white face, the darkened room, the candles, Paul Griggs standing motionless beside her body.

One day he looked from his work and saw tears on her cheeks. He dropped his pen as though something had struck him unawares; and he was beside her in a moment, looking anxiously into her eyes.

"What is it?" he asked, and his hands were on hers and pressed them.

"It is nothing," she answered. "It is natural, I suppose—"

"No; it is not natural. You are unhappy. Tell me what is the matter."

"It is foolish," she said, turning her face from him. "I see you working so hard day after day. I am a burden to you—it would be better if I were out of the way. You are working yourself to death. If you could see your faces sometimes!" And more tears trickled down.

His strong hands shook suddenly.

"I am not working too hard—for me," he answered; but his voice trembled a little. "One of your tears hurts me more than a hundred years of hard work. Even if it were true—I would rather die for you than live to be the greatest man that ever breathed—without you."

She threw her arms about his neck, and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"Tell me you love me!" she cried. "You are all I have in the world!"

"Does it need telling?" he asked, soothing her.

Then all at once his arms tightened so that she could hardly draw breath for a moment, and his head was bent down, and rested for an



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

"THE HORROR OF POVERTY SMOTE HIM."  
(SEE PAGE 342.)



instant upon her neck, as though he himself sought rest and refuge.

"I think you know, dear," he said.

She knew far better than he could tell her, for the truth of his passion shook the dramatic and artificial fabric of her own to its foundations; and even as she pressed him to her, she felt that secret repugnance which those who do not love feel for those who love them overmuch. It was mingled with a sense of shame which made her hate herself, and she began to suffer acutely.

When she thought of Reanda, as she now often did, she longed for what she had felt for him, rather than for anything she had ever felt for Paul Griggs. In the pitiful reaching after something real, she groped for memories of true tenderness, and now and then they came back to her from beyond the chaos which lay between, as memories of home come to a man cast after many storms upon a desert island. She dwelt upon them, and tried to construct an under-life out of the past, made up only of sweet things among which all that had not been good should be forgotten. She went for comfort to the days when she had loved Reanda, before their marriage — or when she had loved his genius as though it were himself, believing that it was all for her.

Beside her always, with even, untiring

(To be continued.)

strength, Paul Griggs toiled on, his whole life based and founded in hers, every pen-stroke for her, every dream of her, every aspiration and hope for her alone. He was splendidly unconscious of his own utter loneliness, blankly unaware of the life comedy — or tragedy — which Gloria was acting for him out of pity for the heart she could break, and out of shame at finding out what her own heart was. Had he known the truth, the end would have come quickly and terribly. But he did not know it. The woman's gifts were great, and her beauty was greater. Greater than all was his whole-souled belief in her. He had never conceived it possible, in his ignorance of women, that a woman should really love him. She, whom he had first loved so hopelessly, had given him all she had to give, which was herself, frankly and freely. And after she had come to him, she loved him for a time beyond even self-deception. But when she no longer loved him, she hid her secret, and kept it long and well; for she feared him. He was not like Reanda. He would not strike only; he would kill, and make an end of both.

But she might have gone much nearer to the truth without danger. It was not his nature to ask anything or to expect much, and he had taken all there was to take, and knew it, and was satisfied.

F. Marion Crawford.

## BOOKS IN PAPER COVERS.

### NOTES OF A BOOK-LOVER

WHEN the soliloquizer in the "Spanish Cloister" wished to consign *Brother Lawrence*, his heart's abhorrence, to sudden and certain damnation, he determined to put within his enemy's reach his "scrofulous French novel," to glance at which is the ruin of the soul. Although the poet does not so declare it in as many words, I have always believed that this scrofulous French novel was loosely clad in a cover of yellow paper, flimsy beyond question, and as easily destroyable as the soul of *Brother Lawrence*. Whether it be due to the French fiction which the British bard declared to be afflicted with the king's evil, or whether it be due to our American stories, sentimental and adventurous, of the kind familiar since the war as "dime novels," or whether it be due to some more recondite cause, there is no denying the fact that "yellow-covered literature" is not in good odor with book-lovers. Even the collector, who nowadays despises nothing, be it never so humble, treats with contempt books stitched into paper covers — mere *bro-*

*chures*, as the French call them. So far as I know, not any book-lover is now gathering the books of all sorts which go forth to swift oblivion guarded against hard usage only by a wrapper of paper. There are collectors of book-plates, of postage-stamps, of pictorial posters, but I have never heard of a collector of paper covers. And yet, as the paper cover must needs be the work of a typographer or of a color-printer, of a lithographer or of a designer in black and white, there seems to be no reason why it should be scorned when all else is cherished. The reasons for this neglect are not easy to declare when we consider the many wrappers prepared for magazines, for catalogues, for novels, and for children's books, by artists like Messrs. Elihu Vedder and Stanford White, Will H. Low and Joseph Pennell, Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott, Luc-Olivier Merson, Carloz Schwabe, and Jules Chéret.

In one of the pleasantest essays of "As We Were Saying," Mr. Warner discusses the "Clothes of Fiction," and remarks on the sum-





DESIGNED BY MARGARET HEILSON ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

mer and the winter apparel of romance. "As certainly as the birds appear, comes the crop of summer novels, fluttering down upon the stalls, in procession through the railway trains, littering the drawing-room tables, in light paper covers, ornamental, attractive in colors and fanciful designs, as welcome and grateful as the

girls in muslin. . . . In the winter we prefer the boards and the rich heavy binding, however light the tale may be; but in the summer, though the fiction be as grave and tragic as wandering love and bankruptcy, we would have it come to us lightly clad — out of stays, as it were." The publishers understand this



DESIGNED BY GEORGE AURHOL.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. S. HOLDEN.

PARIS: MAY & MOTTEROZ.



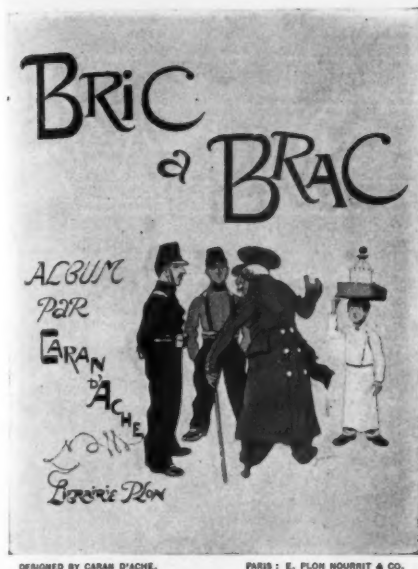
DESIGNED BY CARLOS SCHWABE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. B. HOLDEN.

PARIS : E. FLAMMARION.

desire of the public, and they send forth their summer novels in loosely fitting garments—fancy flannel shirts, so to speak, and striped blazers. Sometimes the outside is adorned with an illustration taken from the inside of the book, as were Mr. Janvier's "Uncle of an Angel," made attractive by Mr. Smedley's alluring picture of Narragansett Pier, and M. Daudet's "L'Immortel," brightened by M. Rossi's pert

ballet-dancer. Sometimes the wrapper is treated with decorative sobriety, as was Mr. Howells's "Hazard of New Fortunes," with its somber symbol of fate. Sometimes, indeed, the outside cover is merely an external title-page, having a chaste typographic beauty quite distinct from the pictorial and from the decorative: such, for example, is the stiff paper casing of Mr. De Vinne's "Plantin and the



Plantin-Moretus Museum," as it was sent forth by the Grolier Club. But this typographic severity would seem a little austere, perhaps, if applied to a summer novel: yet it is thus that the popular Scribner yellow-covered series is attired. Akin to this, and yet not wholly similar, are the side-stamps designed by Mr. Stanford White and by Mr. Francis Lathrop for the successive collections of proofs from this magazine.

In England the railway novel is incased in boards sheathed with paper; and this cover is adorned more often than not with a crude and hard illustration of some scene in the story, printed in three colors generally, and woefully void of art or charm of any sort. Mr. William Morris has reminded us that "to give people pleasure in the things they must perforce use, that is one great office of decoration; to give people pleasure in the things they must perforce make, that is the other use of it." Possibly the man who must perforce use the ordinary British railway novels is so demoralized by them that he can take delight in the staring and vulgar pictures on the covers of these tales; but surely no man could have found pleasure in making anything so grotesquely inartistic.

Perhaps the reason for this stupidly violent lack of art is to be found in a blind following of a tradition established long before the recent revival of the decorative arts in Great Britain. I have "A Comic Alphabet, designed, etched, and published by George Cruikshank, No. 23 Myddleton Terrace, Pentonville, 1837," the paper cover of which has a hint of humorous

suggestion in it, perhaps, but which is emphatically empty and awkward. To discover the advance made by the British in knowledge of the principles of decoration and the development of their skill in the application of these principles, it needs only a setting of this Cruikshank cover over against the wrapper designed by Mr. Walter Crane for the catalogue of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition held at the New Gallery in London in 1888. This is indeed a pleasure to the user, as it was obviously a pleasure to the maker. (To Mr. Walter Crane's services to children, also a labor of love, I shall return again.)

Another admirable wrapper made in England—although by an American this time—is the fresh and characteristic cover which Mr. Joseph Pennell devised for the cheaper British edition of Mr. Laurence Hutton's invaluable "Literary Landmarks of London." As quaint as Mr. Pennell's, and in its way as original, is Miss Armstrong's suggestion of a daintily embroidered napkin in which was wrapped Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick's pleasant advice as to "The Little Dinner."

These designs of Mr. Pennell's and Miss Armstrong's were printed in colors; and it is in colors that the most attractive of recent French paper covers have been printed, sometimes by one of the more modern processes of chromo-



DESIGNED BY LOUIS MORIN. PARIS: L. CONQUET. FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. B. HOLDEN.



DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE.

BY PERMISSION OF EDMUND EVANS.

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

typography, and sometimes by the elder method of chromolithography. Here the paper cover of the published book has been influenced by the extraordinary development of the pictorial poster in France. Many of the best of the colored wrappers of recent French books have been but pictorial posters seen through the small end of the opera-glass. More than once in these cursory papers on various phases of the complex art of the bookbinder has there been occasion to dwell upon the interdependence of the arts, and upon their reflex action one on the other. And here is another instance. The French pictorial poster was developed by M. Jules Chéret and his followers and rivals just in time to be of use to the publishers who wished to send forth their books clad in paper coats of many colors. The same artists—M. Chéret, M. Grasset, M. Willette—were called upon, and the book-covers which they designed were

conceived wholly in the spirit of the pictorial poster.

Indeed, the alliance between these two forms of chromatic decoration had been close for some time. Certain of M. Chéret's boldest and most vigorous compositions were for the purpose of advertising new books or new editions—M. Robida's "Rabelais," for example, and the "Three Musketeers" of the elder Dumas. Perhaps the point of contact is to be sought in the wrappers for sheet-music and for the scores of operas. The drawing prepared by M. Georges Clairin for M. Massenet's opera "Le Cid" had been enlarged to serve as a poster; and M. Willette's delightfully characteristic design of the old and young Pierrots for the pantomime of "L'Enfant Prodiges" did double duty in like manner. And in a little paper on the development of the pictorial poster (printed in this magazine in September, 1892) I have already

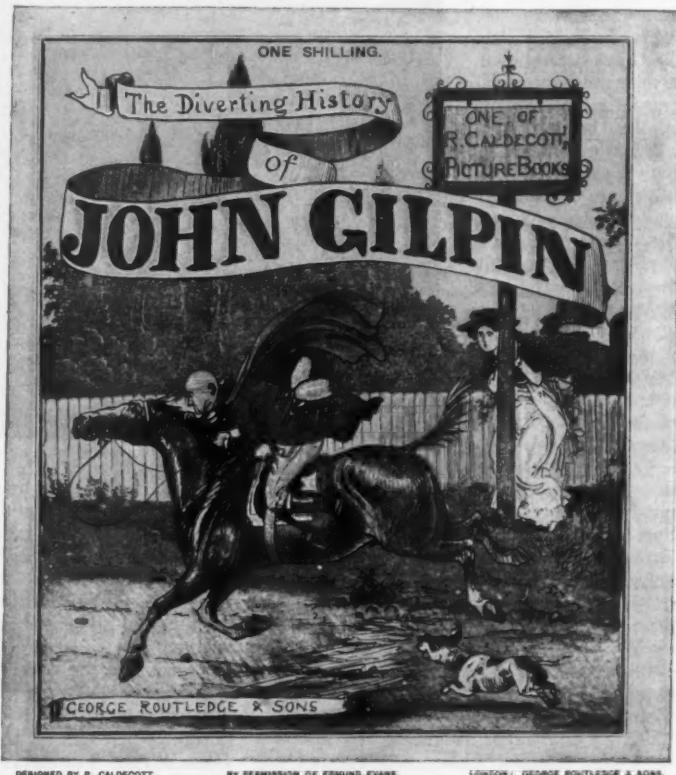
hinted at the influence exerted on this art by the brilliant school of chromolithographic draftsmen to whom we owe the dazzling colored covers of Milanese sheet-music.

In M. Chéret's book-covers we see the same freshness of touch, the same Japanese freedom of design, the same fantasy of invention, the same exceeding skill in the combination and contrast of simple colors, which delight us in his pictorial posters. We see also the same ingenuity in the adapting of the means to the end. M. Chéret's decoration, when he has been most inspired, consists of a single design covering the back and both of the sides of the wrapper, and adroitly devised so that each side has its own ornament. An excellent example of this is his cover for a sensational novel called "Pile de Pont," with its single stalwart figure of a man projected blackly within the light circle made by an arch of the bridge and its reflection in the water flowing placidly beneath, while the bridge extends its successive arches one behind the other across the back and around the other side of the wrapper. Another example is the cover of M. Lefèvre's "Scaramouche," with its Mephistophelian figure silhouetted sharply above the joyous trio of Pierrot, Columbine, and Harlequin. This wrapper is unusually effective and harmonious in color.

Of M. Willette's cover for "L'Enfant Prodigue" I have already made mention. Of M. Grasset's cover for the "Dix Contes" of M. Jules Lemaitre I have no space to speak at length. It is one of the most elaborate and sumptuous of French paper covers, and, like M. Grasset's pictorial posters, it suggests the rich and solid translucency of stained glass. Modern and French as are both M. Grasset and M. Chéret, one seems to have found his inspiration in a medieval cathedral, and the other in a

Japanese theater. In the rich polychromatic design made by M. Aurioi for M. Octave Uzanne's "Contes pour les Bibliophiles," perhaps the first thing to strike us is a certain rigidity of the reading figures which pass before us in "stained-glass attitudes." In the equally unusual and effective decoration which M. Carloz Schwabe devised for M. Émile Zola's ecclesiastical tale, "Le Rêve," probably what we note before anything else is the strange complication of the design and its elaborate symbolism.

Of M. Steinlen I know no pictorial poster; but none the less is he the author of two of the most novel of recent French book-covers. One is for a book of M. Aristide Bruant's unconventional and unspeakable songs of the Paris streets, "Dans la Rue." It consists of a file of sandwichmen, beginning with a weather-worn old fellow (on the front), and extending (around the back) out into the gas-lit darkness of a damp and wintry boulevard. The other was made for one of M. Jules Moinaux's humorous legal year-books, "Les Tribunaux Comiques." Here the artist makes a clever and novel combination of figures colored naturally with solid silhouettes extending in pan-





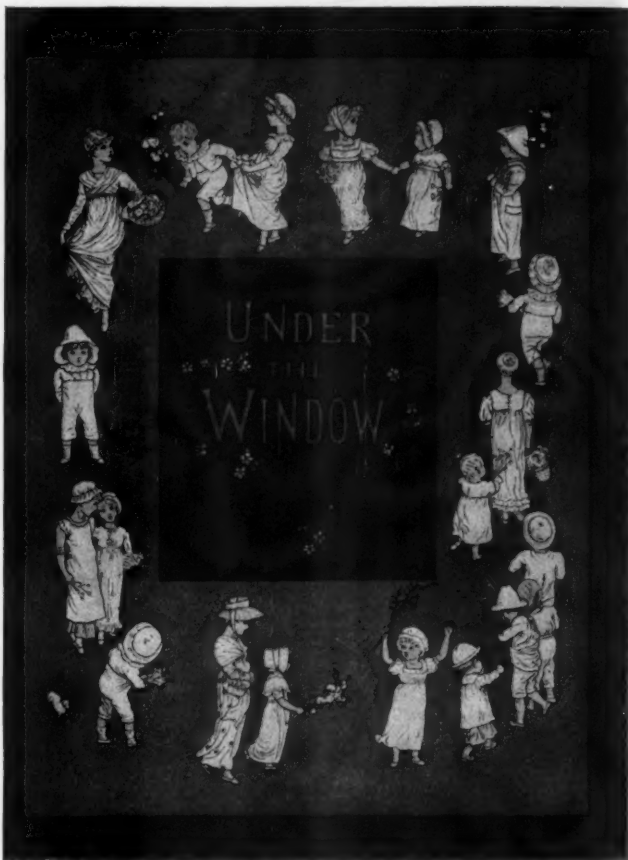
oramic procession around the back of the volume.

Less unexpected are two other French paper covers herewith reproduced. Full of character is that which appears on the outside of "Bric-à-Brac," an album of comic sketches by that delightful pictorial humorist, the Franco-Russian who calls himself Caran d'Ache. Pleasantly rococo is the eighteenth-century flavor of the design with which M. Louis Morin has adorned the cover of a recent illustrated edition of Gautier's "Le Petit Chien de la Marquise."

One of the most amusing of M. Chéret's covers is that prepared for the illustrated catalogue of the "Exposition des Arts Incohérents" in 1886; it is as artistic and as incoherent as any of the studio jokes which may have been shown in the exhibition itself. Specially noteworthy is the humor with which the pictures on both the sides and the back are combined and yet kept separate. Mr. Harry Furniss confined his design for a British pamphlet about the "Pictures of 1891" to the front of the wrapper, which had for its center a palette with portraits of the best-known artists of London.

Covers of exhibition catalogues seem closely akin to covers of magazines, except that the former may be sportive, while the latter are condemned to greater seriousness by reason of their longer permanence. Many of the leading artists of the day have designed wrappers for magazines. The former cover of THE CENTURY was invented by Mr. Stanford White, and redrawn by Mr. Elihu Vedder, and the present cover was devised by Mr. Stanford White; that of the new "Scribner's" by Mr. Stanford White; that of the "English Illustrated Magazine" by Mr. Walter Crane. Messrs. Abbey and Parsons pre-

pared the cover for the British edition of "Harper's"—to my mind far more appropriate than the cover of the American edition, a reminiscence of the old "Bentley's Miscellany." Mr. Francis Lathrop drew a dignified cover-design for the dead-and-gone "Manhattan"; and M. Luc-Olivier Merson made a design equally



DESIGNED BY KATE GREENAWAY.

BY PERMISSION OF EDMUND EVANS.

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

dignified for the equally defunct "Paris Illustré." Mr. Bertram Goodhue's wrapper for his quarterly "Knight-Errant," with its vague suggestion of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," is worthy to be compared with the "Century Guild Hobby-Horse"—also the organ of authors and artists dissatisfied with their environment and with their epoch. To be noted also are certain of the covers made by Mr. W. H. Bradley for the Chicago "Inland Printer"; and not to be omitted is the graceful and classic design by Mr. Will H. Low now seen on "The Book Buyer." The German "Daheim" changes

its cover with every issue; and of course it is only now and again that the result of the change is altogether an improvement.

A former cover of "St. Nicholas," the children's magazine, was designed by Mr. Walter Crane, to whom, for that and for other things, the gratitude of the nursery is forever due. Its present cover was drawn by Harold B. Sherwin. When Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in "A Child's Garden of Verses," sings of "Picture-Books in Winter," he tells us that

All the pretty things put by,  
Wait upon the children's eye,  
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,  
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are  
Seas and cities, near and far,  
And the flying fairies' looks,  
In the picture story-books.

These illuminated horn-books, these tomes of youthful joy, are the guerdon of the children of the present. The children of the past knew them not. "The New England Primer" had a cover of the utmost typographic severity, and as scornful of vain delights as the "Bay Psalm Book" itself. Learning was not made alluring for the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers, not for their grandsons. I doubt not that Jonathan Edwards would have denounced "Reading without Tears" as a pestilent and irreligious work.

Yet a score of years before the American metaphysician was born, a French metaphysician had published a book on the "Education of Daughters," in which he advised that the young be taught to read in cheerful fairy-tales, so that the labor might be lightened. Fénelon even ordered that a well-bound book be given to the child—a book with gilt edges and fine illustrations. But the treatise of the Archbishop of Cambrai had been written originally for his friends the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers; and only in the households of the rich could the children be gratified and incited by well-bound books with gilt edges and fine engravings.

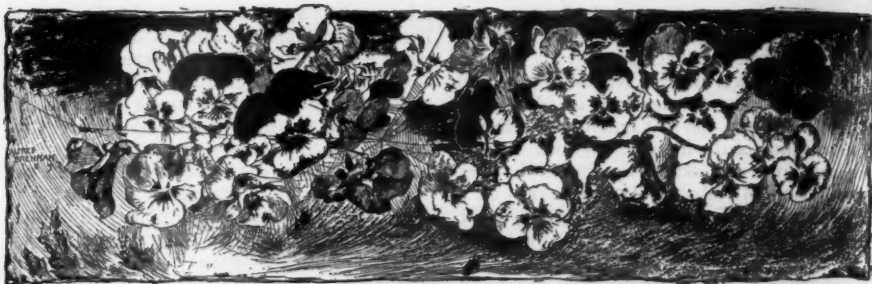
For the most part the little volumes prepared for the use and behoof of the young were but shabby things, and often little better than chap-books. The first edition of Goldsmith's "Goody Two Shoes"—if indeed it be Goldsmith's of a surety—is rudely manufactured; and so were most books for the young until within a quarter of a century ago. They were vilely illustrated, and they had colored covers crude and violent in outline and tint. Then—it was in 1865—Mr. Walter Crane began designing children's toy-books in association with Mr. Edmund Evans, engraver and color-

printer. In 1870 was published "This Little Pig went to Market," with its strong, definite outlines, and its flat, bright colors, and with its cover as seemly, as decorous, and as decorative as any baby, however fastidious, might wish. In 1875 began another series of eight larger toy-books, with a uniform wrapper; among these were "Beauty and the Beast" and "An Alphabet of Old Friends." Then, in 1876, came "The Baby's Opera," and in 1879 "The Baby's Bouquet," and in 1886 "The Baby's Own Æsop," all attired in printed paper covers mounted on pasteboard, harmonious in color and inventive in design. And all these books and many more were devised by Mr. Crane, not for the children of the rich only, not for the daughters of the Duchess of Beauvilliers, but for the children of the poor, able to pay only a sixpence, it might be, for the beginning of the baby's library.

After Mr. Crane had shown the way, Miss Kate Greenaway began to follow in his footsteps with her exquisite little books for little people; and so did the late Randolph Caldecott, with his more robust drawing. It was in 1878 that Caldecott published the first of his picture-books—"The House that Jack Built"; and in the same year came out the second—"John Gilpin." Fourteen more appeared in the next seven years, ending with "The Great Panjandrum Himself," which bore the date of 1885. It was in 1879 that Miss Greenaway published the first of her picture-books, the well-known "Kate Greenaway's Little Folks' Painting-Book," and in the same year came also her "Under the Window." The "Kate Greenaway Birthday-Book" bears the date of 1880, and the "Mother Goose" appeared the year after.

I have been able to give only a hasty glance over a field where there is much to be gleaned by the patient laborer; but I trust I have succeeded in showing that the paper cover is not a thing to be despised, that it may be a thing of beauty, and that it may be a thing of value. One word of warning, and I have done: never destroy the paper cover of a book, even of the least important pamphlet. The integument is an integral part of the book; and if the book is worth keeping, so is its cover, which should be bound in always. The wrapper may contain advertisements or other information, or it may have a portrait or some other illustration not contained within the book itself; and then if you remove the wrapper your book will never be perfect. To the expert it will seem always to be short of something, defective, incomplete, even though it should be in the binding of a Trautz-Bauzonnet or of a Cobden-Sanderson.

*Brander Matthews.*



## CORINNA'S FIAMMETTA.

**Y**ES," said my cousin Corinna, as we finished our coffee; "if I ever join another society, it will be for the education of the cultivated classes."

"And for the evangelization of Christians," I added, as I knew her hobbies, "and the enrichment of the lives of the wealthy."

"Certainly," said Corinna; "but it is all the same thing. The main trouble is ignorance. Our rich people would be better Christians and have a better time if they knew more about the world they live in."

"But I know all you can tell me about our rich people," I protested; "so we may as well go into the drawing-room and talk about something else."

My cousin Corinna—more exactly, my father's cousin Corinna—is nearly fifty years old; but she is handsome still, and charming, and from the way she looks I think she must always be very well dressed. She has a good house, in which she lives by herself, and a good income, every particle of which she spends. Her husband died many years ago, and her child. Now her love is humanity's, and her babies are the children of the poor. Nevertheless, she likes to amuse herself, and finds amusement even in that kind of society which, when it speaks of itself, pronounces its name as though it were spelled with seven large capital letters. She abuses it in the way I have noted; but she says she is not inconsistent. To be called a conscientious appraiser of human beings teases her terribly; what she calls herself is a student of human nature. Human nature, she explains, can be studied best where it reveals itself most clearly; and this means among the very poor, who have never learned the value of reticence, and among fashionable folk, who forget it in their narrow assumption that your point of view must be precisely like their own. Here, says Corinna, you may really read what lies at

the bottom of people's minds, while among widely experienced men and women of other sorts you are kept at a distance, for they realize that your standpoint may not be theirs.

These are her theories. Her instinctive practice is to make herself so very agreeable to every one she meets that she is soon in a position to plant home-thrusts without offense. And, indeed, it would be wrong to take offense at Corinna's home-thrusts, for they are not malicious: they are affectionately conscientious. There are plenty of people whom she does not like; but I think she loves them all in a broad kind of way, and understands them all. If she has most indulgence for the sins of the humblest, that, she would tell you, is because congenital blindness excuses many missteps.

When I had found my cigar in the drawing-room, and she had seated herself cozily with her hands in her lap,—for Corinna knows that a useful woman should not waste herself upon useless trifles of labor,—she recited a few of the exasperating anecdotes which she delights to bring home from the dinner-tables of her high-placed friends.

"I sometimes think," she declared, "that the most exact science pursued in this town is the science of shutting one's eyes to facts. One of my neighbors at dinner last night told me that no 'worthy' person could really want for food in New York. I asked him how he knew, and what he meant by worthy, and he began to talk to the woman on the other side. On my other side there was a nice old gentleman who talked about the cholera, and said it came only from bad water, and, fortunately, purified water sells by the demijohn for twenty-five cents, which, of course, even the poorest people can afford. I asked him how they could all afford twenty-five cents for water when thousands have not always five cents for beer."

"You flippant Corinna!" I exclaimed.

"Flippant—yes," said Corinna; "but it does no good to be serious with people who

don't believe a word you say, first, because they would rather not, and secondly, because their minds are n't flexible enough. I offered to take my old gentleman to see two women who live and pay rent on three dollars a week. He thought that was a joke, too, and when he found I was in earnest, he only laughed the louder. And then, after we left the table, there was a young woman who said that she could n't take any personal interest in poor people, because they have no 'finer feelings'—they care only about things to eat and to wear."

"You seem to have kept your friends pretty closely to uncongenial subjects," I remarked.

"Don't be silly. You know I never follow up such subjects. I only try to throw out what my school-mistress used to call 'suggestive hints which may lead one to the roots of things.' But this woman did exasperate me, for she herself had n't feeling enough even to care about things to wear. I wanted to tell her about a girl who lives on Avenue A, but she would not have understood: I never saw a more unintelligent gown than the one she had on. The story would have been appropriate, too, because they had just been lamenting over Mary Cannon—the girl you met here last winter."

"I remember. She married a man who died a month afterward, did n't she?"

"Yes; they said last night that she married him because she would have had to earn her own living if she had n't, and that she was n't in love with him, but that she liked him very much, and that it was hard on her that he should die. I felt like saying there were harder things than that, as she does n't have to earn her living now. But I kept still. They would have called me cynical. And I am not cynical; I merely know about the harder things."

"Tell me about the woman on Avenue A," I begged.

"No; I don't want to bore you," said Corinna.

When Corinna says this, I know she wants to tell her tale whether she bores me or not; and she was persuaded in this instance by the thought that I might write it out.

"When you are an editor," she remarked, "you will have lots of conflicting things to attend to; while you are a reporter you should devote yourself to telling truths. Only, you cannot really tell about my Italian girl, and I cannot either, because she herself is the main thing. And one has to see her to appreciate her."

"She is an Italian, is she?" I asked, to start Corinna straight.

"A hybrid," she explained; "half Italian, and wholly indescribable. There are not very many grown-up half Italians in New York yet.

The whole ones have n't been coming here long enough. But once in a while you find them, and they always are queer. This girl—I can't help calling her a girl—had an Italian mother and a German father. Her name is Fiammetta."

"That 's nice," I said.

"But for a time it was also Frau Klump, which was n't so nice. I wish you could hear her talk. She speaks Italian best, but with German and English mixed in; and she prefers to struggle with English because her children speak that. Really, you have to know the very worst of all three languages to understand her. Of course, things like 'Da lahdy iss sehr, sehr good-a,' any one can grasp; but if she goes any deeper than this she flounders dreadfully, and so do her hearers. That is why I was told about her. I can speak Italian. She was n't one of my people; mine are almost all Irish. But a woman who nurses sick people in the tenement-houses on the East Side—"

"Do you mean Mrs. Alleyn?" I asked.

"Yes; but how on earth do you know anything about Mrs. Alleyn?"

"Oh, it's my business to know all the earth. I often cross Mrs. Alleyn's beat, and she has told me some very amusing things."

"Some of those she tells me," said Corinna, "might be a great deal more amusing. I was not a bit amused by her account of Fiammetta Klump. She was not simply a woman in trouble, but a 'case,' and one that promised to be chronic. She could n't support herself, and was getting to be a confirmed pauper. Mrs. Alleyn did not use this term, though; she likes it no better than I do. Just then Fiammetta had some special trouble on her mind: Mrs. Alleyn could not make out what, because of her jargons; and so my wider accomplishments were called in. I went to see her in a day or so. I wish you could see her—or, rather, I don't, for you might fall in love with her, she is so sweet, and touching, and irresponsible, and altogether fetching. And the best of her is that she has no idea she is fetching. It is harder to deceive Mrs. Alleyn than me, even; and she thinks, as I do, that a more modest, gentle, docile, good, innocent, ignorant little donkey does n't live. Heaven knows how she came to be so sweet and to stay so innocent. But Heaven does that sort of thing sometimes. It seems to know less about 'heredity' and 'environment' than we do.

"Is Fiammetta pretty?" I asked.

"Prettier than you can imagine. She looks like an Italian—all but her expression. She is three or four beautiful shades of brown, and her eyes are as big as tea-cups. But she does n't laugh all over her face like an Italian; she only smiles or giggles, and then she looks as Gretch-



eny as though she had blonde pigtailed instead of brown curls. She has no brothers or sisters, and her father and mother are dead; so one can't really study heredity in her. And her environment has been about like other people's on Avenue A; only, one can see that her mother never let her run in the street or go to the public school; if she had, she would speak English better. Before her father died he married her to a German a good deal older than herself. He must have been a decent fellow, for she burst into tears when she talked about him. He died, too, about a year and a half ago; and then the baby died. That was when Mrs. Alleyn found her. But she has four children still—seven, six, five, and four years old; and she is only twenty-five herself. There was nothing she would n't tell me. She did n't ask me for money, but she did n't conceal the fact that she was getting it from other people. Her husband's brother helped her as much as he could, she said, but it was 'varra small-a.' And there were several societies—a German Half-orphan Society and an Italian Widows' Society among them; that shows the advantage of being a hybrid. She got only a dollar or two a month from each, and it was wonderful how she lived even among so many. But of course it was all wrong."

"If she was so awfully good," I inquired, "why did n't she work?"

"She could n't," Corinna explained. "She would have tried anything if I had told her to—tried to paint pictures if I had shown her how. But she did n't know how to do the simplest thing. She could cook very well, as such people do cook; but that was all. She could n't sew, or keep her rooms tidy, much less keep her children in order. She was n't lazy; she was forever fussing at the rooms and correcting the children, but it was perfectly useless. Dirt and infancy were both too much for her. A society agent had tried to set her at work at something,—she did n't exactly know what,—putting the children in a day-nursery. But the children would n't go to a day-nursery. She argued with them about it the first day I saw her, and it was awful, the way those mites stood up against her. 'I won't go,' they said, Four, Five, Six, and Seven all together; 'I won't go, and you can't make me, nor nobody else, nuther'; and they stuck up their chins, and she began to cry, and I saw that that was the end of it. You cannot have agents to carry children every morning to day-nurseries, and you cannot expect mothers to leave them when they insist upon staying at home. There was nothing hybrid about the children; they were real little New Yorkers, and spoke the real New York language. Not one of them was as big a baby as Fiammetta herself—a grown-

up brown baby, with four cleverer real babies hanging on to her. What could any one do about it?" And Corinna sighed at the retrospect.

I was moved to sighing, too, as I considered Fiammetta's husband. "What do you suppose he thought of an ineffectual wife like that?" I asked.

"Adored her, of course," said my cousin, "just as men of our class adore just the same kind of woman. Men don't mind incompetence when it is sweet, or stupidity when it is n't actively idiotic. And Fiammetta is very far from idiotic. She can't do an intelligent thing, but she could n't do a downright silly one. She simply does nothing. Her children won't mind her, but they are forever hugging and kissing her. She can't keep them out of the street, but they run in every five minutes to tell her what is happening. When I think how charmingly happy she must have made Klump, I am very sorry, for his sake, that he is dead. And I told you she knows how to cook."

"I suppose that answers," I acknowledged. "But what was the special trouble Mrs. Alleyn could not understand?"

"About a man, of course," said Corinna; "a cousin of hers—a whole Italian—Paolo Something-or-other. As I made things out, he had been in love with her when she was a little girl, and had wanted to marry her before she married Klump. But her father would n't allow him to, and she herself did n't want him to. She 'like-a Paolo'—oh, of course—he was her cousin; she 'like-a Paolo, ah, varra mach-a'; but he was rough, she explained, and rude and cross, and most cross when he made love to her most. And he made love to other girls, too, and drank sometimes, and she was afraid of him. Evidently she had been very glad of Klump as a protection against his tragic rival. As long as Klump lived Paolo did not trouble her—Klump must have been a good deal of a man, I think; and when he died Paolo was away, peddling in the country. But now he had come back to New York, and was selling fruit down by the newspaper offices. And he was annoying her terribly when Mrs. Alleyn came to me."

"Did he want to marry her?" I inquired.

"I asked Fiammetta that, and she said, 'Ah, non, non, non!' and opened her eyes in amazement. Not Paolo—how should he? He was too selfish and too lazy. Paolo had got over his wish to marry anybody. He boasted all the time how well he was getting on, and how much money he had in the bank, and all because he had n't married any one, and had n't any children to feed. And he boasted, too, that he went where he chose and was questioned by nobody; and instead of



having one woman scold him, every girl in New York smiled at him. Marry Fiammetta and her four naughty *bambini*! No; not Paolo! But he bothered her all the same, protesting that she had no one else to 'protect' her. His way of protecting her was to come to her rooms, which discredited her with the neighbors; to scold her till she cried, because she did not go to work; to goad her with his fat bank account; and to break her soft little heart by telling her that although he himself did not care for her any longer, he was glad, all the same, that Klump was dead. Then one day he tried to kiss her. That was when she poured out her woes to Mrs. Alleyn."

"Pleasing party!" I commented. "What did you do about him?"

"Oh, that was easy," replied Corinna. "One of the children pointed him out to me at his fruit-stand, and I had a little talk with him. I told him that I was a friend of Fiammetta's,—no, that Fiammetta was a friend of mine,—and that he must let her alone, never go near her place, and never speak to her if he could not speak civilly. I said that if he did n't behave like a gentleman I would have his license taken away; and that was an effectual truth. He seemed to be doing a magnificent trade, and so he was sensible, if surly. He did n't bother Fiammetta again, though she told me he watched her, and used to speak to her in the street now and then.

"That was the worst of Fiammetta's troubles just then," continued my cousin, after a pause which I utilized in regretting that such fine simplicities of interference are not possible in higher social circles. "But it was not the worst of mine. I could see nothing ahead for the Klump family but plain 'pauperism,' and that meant ruin for the children. Not for Fiammetta—you might as well talk about ruining a kitten by giving it milk for nothing. A person has to have some intelligence to be depraved by charity, and Fiammetta has n't a shred of anything except affections, and pretty, gentle, grateful instincts."

"And all that did n't exasperate you?"

"Of course it did; but I don't exactly know with what. Certainly not with Fiammetta. She did n't create herself, and she had n't made herself any worse since she was created. She knew she ought to work, because everybody else did, and it was the normal way to get food for her children. But she did not know, and no one could have shown her, that she ought not to take money which she had n't worked for. People had it, and gave it; she had n't it, and took it. It was perfectly simple. And she did n't complain when she had to take, or even when there was nothing to take. She cried when the children were hungry, but never

grasped the idea that the world owed her or them a living. You felt like that when you were five years old, and nobody blamed you. And Fiammetta is not more than three, and won't be if she lives to be ninety-three. So I just let things go on in the same way for several months, helping her a little myself, of course, for they sometimes came pretty near starving. And then I heard about a place on Staten Island where they take widows with little children, and teach the children something. I hate institutions, but they are not so bad when they take the mothers too; and this seemed better than getting perpetual scraps of charity, and letting the children run wild. So I arranged to have the Klump family admitted, and went to persuade Fiammetta. It took about half an hour of my very worst Italian to make her understand what the scheme was, and then she by no means jumped at it. She did n't say that she would not go—such energy and insubordination were quite beyond her. And she acknowledged that it would be a 'varra loffa t'ing' for the children. But would she have to go with them? I asked her whether she would like to part from them, and the tears came into her eyes, but she did not answer. Then she asked whether, if she did go, she could ever get out again. I said, certainly; whenever she wished; but she would hardly wish it until the children were big enough to work for her. 'You know, Fiammetta,' I told her, 'you are much too silly to take care of yourself.' Yes, she knew this; but—there might be some one else to do it without waiting till the children got big."

"Oh, ho! Another man to the front!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; I told you Fiammetta was that kind. It was another German this time, a friend of her husband's, but even older—very old—'forta, fort-a-fife'—quite antique. Until just lately she had not seen him since her husband died. They had lived in the same house before that, and the men had worked together in a brewery. This one—his name was Schmaus (Fiammetta has n't been lucky in surnames)—had a wife then, an invalid. I asked Fiammetta whether he had been fond of her even then, and I felt wicked and brutal enough when I saw her expression. Ah, non, non, non! How could that be? How could the 'dear lady' think? He was married, and he loved his wife, and was very, very kind to her. No, no, indeed. He had just been Klump's very good friend; and when Klump died—he was scalded at the brewery—he had been Fiammetta's good friend, and had arranged things for her, and managed the funeral—and paid for it, too, I divined. Then Fiammetta had moved away, and had moved again two or three times since; and the

Schmauses had lost sight of her. But Mrs. Schmaus had died three months before she told me all this, and a few days before Schmaus had appeared, and had asked her to marry him. Not just at once, of course; he ought to wait, and he wanted to wait, until his wife had been dead six months. But he had to think of the children and of himself, too, and he had never forgotten Fiammetta, and with a good deal of trouble had traced her out; and would she let him know pretty soon whether she would consent at the end of the time which respect for the first Mrs. Schmaus prescribed? And Fiammetta was in a most confused condition of mind. Should she? Ought she to? Would it be 'nice'—or, as we should say, the proper thing? That was the question—not whether it would be to her worldly advantage. This was indisputable. Schmaus had only ten dollars a week, and he had two daughters, and ten dollars among eight is n't much; but it is a good deal more than no dollars among five, and a man to take care of you is a great thing—a quiet, steady man who is sure to be good to you and to look after the children. I did not wonder Fiammetta was tempted, and I was perfectly delighted myself at the thought of this honorable way out of her tangle. It may seem odder to you that Schmaus was tempted, but you don't know Fiammetta. However, her 'finer feelings' stood in the way. She had never thought of marrying again, and was afraid it might not be delicate under the circumstances—her husband's good friend, and she had been fond of his wife. And so soon—only six months! And would n't he get tired of the naughty *bambini* when he found how naughty they were? She could n't ask the priest about such things: he had n't any *bambini*, and did n't know anything about getting married. I don't think, by the way, that Fiammetta ever made much of her priest, perhaps on account of her German blood. Would the 'dear lady' say what she thought, for she herself could not decide? Any one could see that she could not; she could only stammer and blush, and perplex her empty little brain-box, and let two big tears roll down her cheeks. But the 'dear lady' decided at once. A solid treasure like Schmaus, I told her, was not to be missed. I did not tell her it was wrong to live on charity if one could help it, even in an institution; but I said it was very disagreeable, and might make the children grow up to be idlers; bad things of Paolo's sort would probably be coming in view if she were not in an institution and did not get married; and so, if she did not dislike Mr. Schmaus—No, no, no! she exclaimed; she did *not* dislike him—certainly not; not by any means! He reminded her of Klump, and he never was cross, and never drank too much.

She would actually 'lofe mach-a' to marry him, if the 'dear lady' approved and thought Klump would not have minded. I told her he certainly would not if he had been the man I thought him; and so when Mr. Schmaus came for his answer—

"He got a promise, good at three months," I broke in. "And they were married, and lived happily ever after, ten dollars a week among eight, and no pauperization at all. Thank you, Corinna. It is a nice little story, and I wish I could see your nice little Fiammetta."

"Do you call that a story?" asked Corinna. "It is n't finished yet. Yes; they were married; and before they were I had some funny interviews with Fiammetta: she was so afraid of not being nice enough to Schmaus, and just as much afraid of not being discreet enough in the eyes of the world. She asked me how often he ought to come to see her in the evenings, and how late he ought to stay. It was hard to advise her—standards are so different! And one day there was a very grave question indeed. It was just after they were engaged, and good old Schmaus evidently had twinges of conscience, thinking that Fiammetta might regret her hasty bargain. He had asked her to come on Sunday, with all four children, to spend the day with him and his two. The elder daughter was twelve, and could cook the dinner. Then Fiammetta could see whether she wanted to ratify the bargain; and meanwhile she need not consider it binding. Fiammetta was not afraid about this, but she wished very much to see her future establishment; only, would it be 'nice-a' to go?—good form, as Miss Mary Cannon might have said in a similar case. Would her future neighbors think the less of her? I told her I thought they might, although in the bottom of my heart my reason was that, on general principles, it is not well to do everything your future husband suggests. So she never saw the new home till after the wedding; and when I saw her in it, a few days later, she was prettier than ever. Perhaps the surroundings helped; for, really, the way those Schmaus children could scrub and wash and polish and dust would have been a lesson to my servants. And of course they were enchanted to do it for Fiammetta: it is n't everybody that has such a beautiful new mama, who not only lets you do things, but lets you do them just as you choose. But this was about the last of Fiammetta's good luck."

"You don't mean to say that she has had any more bad luck?" I asked.

"Yes, I do," said Corinna. "That is the story. I was sent for in a hurry early one morning. The little Schmaus girl came for me, and told my maid that something terrible had happened; the child was too upset to tell what, but

something about her father. I got there as soon as I could. The house was n't tidy that day. The six children were crying in a heap in one corner. Fiammetta was on the bed in another corner, making no noise, but with tears streaming down her face. On another bed in the inner room was Schmaus — dead, with a stab-wound in his back. And about twenty neighbors were pushing and lamenting and chattering in a dozen different languages. They went out when they saw me, all but two or three women; and from them I got exclamatory explanations — enough to tell the main facts. It was Paolo. He had raged, an Italian girl said, when he heard Fiammetta was married. He did n't dare to go to her place, but he had insulted her on the street, and had finally ventured to insult Schmaus, too, when he met him at night. He would n't have met him if he had not been looking for him, for it was not his part of the town. Of course no one knew how often this had happened (for Schmaus had said nothing to Fiammetta), or knew what had passed between the two men. But, the night before, this Italian girl had been standing near when Paolo brushed against Schmaus and spoke to him. She did n't hear what Schmaus growled back, but when Paolo answered, she saw Schmaus hit him a blow on the side of the head, and turn to go in the doorway. He might have known that the fellow would pull out his knife."

"Oh, I remember now!" I exclaimed. "It was n't my assignment; but I heard the man who had it talking at the office. Only, his version was a little different — with regard to Fiammetta."

"Oh, of course, of course!" cried Corinna. "You need n't tell me what he said — and put in the paper, probably. But what I say is the truth. Paolo was locked up, and they will hang him, I suppose. But that will only make it worse for Fiammetta, because she blames herself for the whole thing. I don't suppose she ever blamed herself for anything before; but this was enough to make a woman even of her. Not a sensible woman, of course, — a poor little plaintive, vaguely remorseful thing,

saying that if she had n't married Schmaus so soon it would n't have happened, and if she had n't married Schmaus at all it would n't have happened, and if she had n't been so nice to Paolo it would n't have happened, and if she had been nicer to Paolo it would n't have happened — over and over again in her pitiful jargons. And then she would throw herself on the bed beside Schmaus, and beg him to forgive her, and beg his children to forgive her, till she nearly frightened them to death. It was horrible — horrid — awful!" said Corinna. "It happened two weeks ago, and Fiammetta is just the same still. She will get over it after a while, and be a vague, peaceful baby again. But it is not pleasant to see her now. I saw her yesterday, just before I went out to dinner. I suppose that was what made me so impatient with those people." There were tears in Corinna's voice as she finished.

"Yes," I said; "it was awful — it must be horrid. But I don't think you are impatient, dear. I wonder you have any patience at all with any of us. What are you going to do about Fiammetta now?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" cried Corinna. "Don't ask me. What *can* I do? There are seven of them now instead of five. Fiammetta would not know how to take care of them if I were to die and leave her all my money. And the place on Staten Island is full. What can any one do? We are all just as foolish and ineffectual as Fiammetta. She does n't know how to take care of herself, and we don't know how to take care of her. If only the powers above did not seem as unwise too! Think of the good that the power we call death might do, and the evil it actually does! It kills the one among eight who is the life of them all; and we have to kill a devil like Paolo ourselves, because it refuses to. Then — then — oh, there are millions of children in the world whom nobody knows what to do with; and only one comes to a woman who might know — and it —" And now there were tears on the hands that lay in Corinna's lap.

*M. G. Van Rensselaer.*

## THE CHANGELINGS.

WHO are the friends that draw anear,  
Whose coming fills my soul with cheer?  
The foes whom once I feared to meet —  
Old Age and Death? How changed! How sweet!

*Jeannie Oliver Benson.*

## BRYANT AND THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN.



AN and nature have both done their part to give to the Berkshire region of Massachusetts a charm and character peculiarly its own.

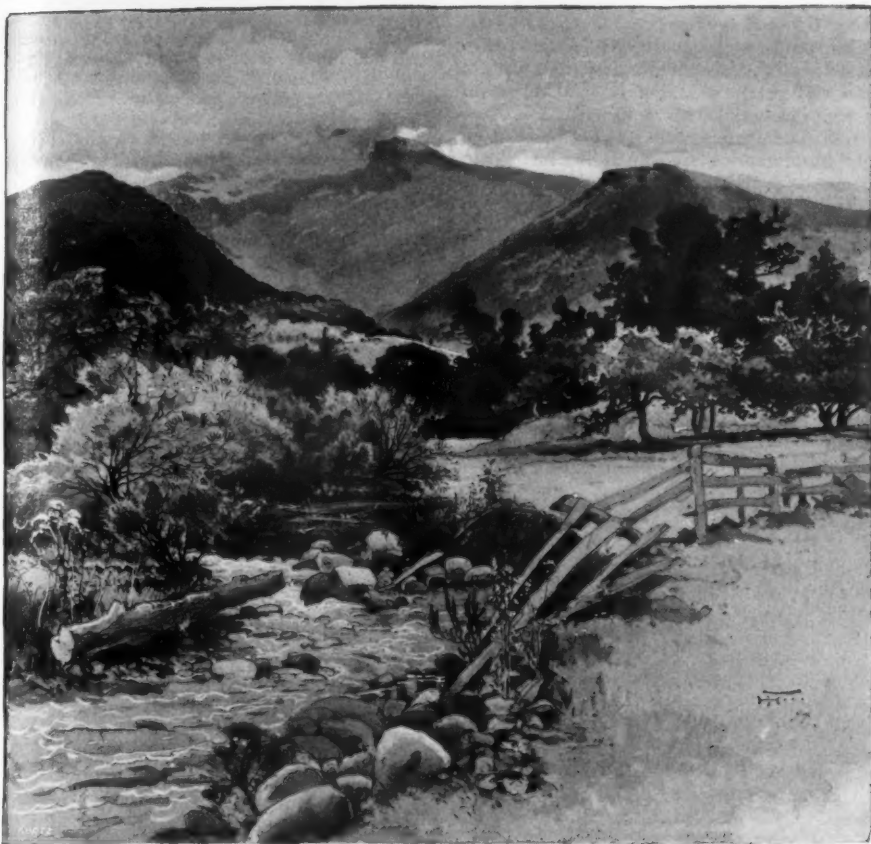
A spur of the Green Mountains, running down through Massachusetts and losing itself in Connecticut and New York, gives to the country dignity at least, if not grandeur. In the north, Saddleback, the loftiest mountain in the State, overlooks the college village of Williamstown and the manufacturing towns of Adams and North Adams, while Mount Everett, otherwise called the Dome, dominates the south. The Housatonic River, rising near Pittsfield, winds in many and beautiful curves through the valleys; and meadow, mountain, and river lend their several charms to a diversified and satisfying landscape. In no other part of America do the wildness of nature and the finish of cultivation more beautifully blend: nowhere do they lie in closer contact. A severe but invigorating climate gives energy to mind and body; the somber grandeur of the winter alternates with a wealth of summer life, when the laurel clothes the hillsides with its tender glow and the bobolink floods with song the meadows, which the blossoms fill with beauty; abundant water-power tempts enterprise into varied industries, and a not infertile soil affords a livelihood to a sturdy farming race, always the basis of a strong and stable community. It is a region for which nature has done much, blending both her sterner and her kindlier forces to produce a country the charm of which has long appealed to many of the most observant and cultivated minds both in the Old World and the New. It has been called the Piedmont of America.

And this region, so favored by nature, owes much of its character and interest to its history as well. Settled later than the sea-coast, the western part of the State was in its beginnings made up of more varied elements than the eastern. From the valley of the Connecticut colonists pushed through the mountain-gaps into that of the Housatonic; the hills attracted settlers from the flat and sandy lands of Cape Cod; while the Dutch from New York have left in name and character their impress upon the Berkshire people of to-day. Spiritual and intellectual forces were largely prominent in the laying of its foundations, and such forces have

contributed and continued their influences ever since. Missionary zeal, represented by such names as Eliot and Sargeant, founded Stockbridge. Jonathan Edwards here spent the years which represented the prime and fullness of his powers. Ephraim Williams, the fighter in the French and Indian war, dying on the battlefield, left his fortune to plant and endow the college which bears his name. Mark Hopkins, Berkshire born and bred, another Arnold of Rugby, set his stamp upon a whole generation; throughout its history, soldiers, saints, and scholars have both represented and impressed its life. The reasonings of Jonathan Edwards, which for good and evil have had so great an influence upon theological thought, found their most powerful expression in his treatise on the will, which was written while he lived in Stockbridge. Lenox heard the last public utterances of Channing; his successor, Orville Dewey, born a hundred years ago (1794), at Sheffield, long made that place his home; and there, too, were born the two Barnards, one the president of Columbia College, the other the soldier scholar of our Civil War. Oliver Wendell Holmes lived for years at Pittsfield. Catharine Maria Sedgwick drew around her at Stockbridge and Lenox a distinguished circle of the best literary society of our own country, and many cultivated wanderers from the Old World. Fanny Kemble here made for years her home. Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Beecher, G. P. R. James, George William Curtis, Matthew Arnold, and others lingered among and loved the beauty of these hills, where plain living and high thinking have found noble expression in the past, and where here and there they still survive, spite of the inflowing tide of wealth and luxury that floods the Berkshire of to-day.

It is a little land, but one which has contributed more than its share to the forces which have shaped and are shaping the life of our country and our time. Before the Philadelphia Congress of 1776, or the famous Mecklenburg Convention of 1775, a congress of deputies from the several towns in Berkshire met at Stockbridge, John Ashley being president, Theodore Sedgwick secretary, and some sixty delegates being in attendance. A covenant was agreed upon, to be signed by the people of the country, engaging "not to import, purchase, or consume, or suffer any person for, by, or under them, to import, purchase, or consume





DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

GREYLOCK FROM THE NORTH, NEAR WILLIAMSTOWN.

in any manner whatever, any goods, wares, or manufactures which should arrive in America from Great Britain, from and after the first day of October next, or such other time as should be agreed upon by American Congress; nor any goods which should be ordered from thence from and after that day until our charter and Constitutional rights should be restored." Before the battles of Concord and Bunker Hill a regiment of minute-men had been formed, and the Berkshire men were on the march for Cambridge and Bunker Hill the day after the news of the battle of Lexington was received. In the trying times and critical periods which followed the Revolution, the hardest blow which was struck at Shays's rebellion was at Sheffield. It was Mumbet, the ex-slave and faithful servant in the Sedgwick family, whose case drew forth the judicial decision that the soil of Massachusetts could not hold a slave. Under the haystack at Williamstown began the movement

which has girdled the world with a chain of American missions, while in Stockbridge was born and now lies buried the man over whose grave are carved the simple and significant words, "Cyrus West Field, to whose courage, energy, and perseverance the world owes the Atlantic cable." In a little study, hardly larger than a closet, looking out upon Bear Mountain was done much of the work of the codifying of procedure and of laws which the civilized world associates with the name of David Dudley Field. Yale University boasts that three of the nine judges who sit upon the Supreme bench of the United States are her graduates; one third of those nine judges went to school in the single village of Stockbridge. The esthetic movement which finds expression in numberless village improvement societies all over the land began in Berkshire; the Laurel Hill Society of Stockbridge is the oldest of them all. The wood pulp on which the modern



printed page so much depends was first made in the town of Lee.

And so we might go on, were it not that we might seem to be wandering from our subject, which is literary Berkshire. But it is not easy to speak of literary Berkshire merely. The forces which have made it what it is are so complex, its natural charms are so blended in their influence with the conditions of its moral, intellectual, and social life, that its literature is an expression and outcome of that life, and difficult to consider as a thing apart.

The great name which we associate with Berkshire is that of Bryant. At Williams College his only college days were passed. Though he cannot be called with exactness a Berkshire man, he was born in sight of the Berkshire Hills across the Hampshire border, at Cummington. There was spent most of his life up to his twentieth year. He entered Williams as a sophomore in 1810, but remained only seven months. The beauty of his person, his reputation for genius, and the dignity and grace of his manner made him a marked figure among his fellows; and had he chosen, he might have won their affection as a comrade and made his mark as a scholar. But he was not content, and in May, 1811, he retired. Something in the atmosphere of the place and of his surroundings he found uncongenial, and he betook himself once more to the retirement of his father's house at Cummington, with a Parthian shot behind him as he left, in the shape of a satiric poem upon the town and college, which his friends, out of regard for the fame both of his college and himself, did not for half a century permit to see the light or know the touch of printer's ink. He lived in West College, the oldest of the colleges, and room number eleven on the third floor is reputed to be the one which he occupied. Years later the college gave him degrees, and enrolled him among her graduates. His desire was to enter Yale, and it is pathetic to know that it was the narrowness of his father's means—himself a scholar and a cultivated gentleman—which prevented him from carrying out his earnest desire.

To this part of his life belong "*Thanatopsis*" and the "*Ode to a Waterfowl*." Bryant was only seventeen or eighteen years old when he wrote the former. It was composed, not, as tradition at one time had it, in *Flora's Glen*, a ravine not far from Williamstown, but in the woods at Cummington shortly after his return. It is interesting to trace the course of his thought which found utterance in "*Thanatopsis*." His biographer says, quoting from his autobiography:

He had been engaged, as he says, in comparing Blair's poem of "*The Grave*" with another of the same cast by Bishop Porteus; and his mind was also considerably occupied with a recent volume of Kirke White's verses—those "*Melodies of*

*Death*," to use a phrase from the ode to the Rosary. It was in the autumn; the blue of the summer sky had faded into gray, and the brown earth was heaped with sere and withered emblems of the departed glory of the year. As he trod upon the hollow-sounding ground, in the loneliness of the woods, and among the prostrate trunks of trees, that for generations had been mouldering into dust, he thought how the vast solitudes about him were filled with the same sad tokens of decay. He asked himself, as the thought expanded in his mind, What, indeed, is the whole earth but a great sepulcher of once living things; and its skies and stars, but the witness and decorations of a tomb? All that ever trod its surface, even they who preceded the kings and patriarchs of the ancient world, the teeming populations of buried cities that tradition itself has forgotten, are mingled with its soil. All who tread it now in the flush of beauty, hope, and joy, will soon lie down with them, and all who are yet to tread it in ages still unknown, . . . will join the innumerable hosts that have gone the dusky way.

While his mind was yet tossing with the thought, he hurried home, and endeavored to paint it to the eye, and render it in music to the ear. . . . This poem, for which he coined a name from the Greek, was, says the poet Stoddard, "the greatest poem ever written by so young a man." . . . And as it came out of the heart of our primeval woods, so it first gave articulate voice to the genius of the New World, which is yet, as the geologists tell us, older than the Old.

To these early years belongs also the "*Ode to a Waterfowl*." That, too, was written amid these Northern hills. When the time had come for Bryant to begin his work as a lawyer, his first venture was at Plainfield, a hamlet only seven miles from his father's home. On December 15, 1815, says his biographer,

He went over to the place to make the necessary inquiries. He says in a letter that he walked up the hills very forlorn and desolate indeed, not knowing what was to become of him in the big world, which grew bigger as he ascended, and yet darker with the coming on of night. The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies; and while he was looking upon the rosy splendor with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whither it had come and to what far home it was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night, his mind was still full of what he had seen and felt, and he wrote those lines as imperishable as our language, "*The Waterfowl*."

But at Plainfield he stayed only eight months, and then Berkshire once more claimed him. He was invited to a partnership with a young lawyer named George H. Ives of Great Barrington, and at once accepted the invitation, making the journey, probably, on foot. He

writes to Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick in after years:

The woods were in all the glory of autumn, and I well remember, as I passed through Stockbridge, how much I was struck by the beauty of the smooth, green meadows on the banks of that lovely river, which winds near the Sedgwick family mansion, the Housatonic, and whose gently flowing waters seemed tinged with the gold and crimson of the trees that overhung them. I ad-

His health improved, however, and he worked faithfully and diligently at his profession. But his heart was not in it, nor did the improvement in his income keep pace with that of his health. He had not yet found his life-work, and he was destined to be dissatisfied until he had. He writes to an old friend:

You ask whether I am pleased with my profession. Alas! Sir, the Muse was my first love,



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

GREEN RIVER, NEAR GREAT BARRINGTON, WHERE THE POEM OF THAT NAME WAS WRITTEN.

mired no less the contrast between this soft scene and the steep, craggy hills that overlooked it, clothed with their many-colored forests. I had never before seen the southern part of Berkshire, and congratulated myself on being a resident of so picturesque a region.

His health had probably something to do with his removal to Great Barrington. It is hard to realize, as one recalls the astonishing vigor and vitality of his old age, that as a young man he should have apparently been a consumptive. He says of himself that he had been wasted to a shadow by a complaint of the lungs, probably a pulmonary weakness that had already assailed his father and a young and favorite sister, whose death occurred a year or two after her marriage, and was probably the occasion of the poem beginning,

Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine  
Too brightly to shine long.

and the remains of that passion which is not *rooted out* nor chilled into extinction, will always, I fear, cause me to look coldly upon the severe beauties of Themis. Yet I tame myself to its labors as well as I can, and have endeavored to discharge with punctuality and attention such of the duties of my profession as I am capable of performing.

And so he did, and not only performed the duties of his profession, but was faithful to his responsibilities as a citizen. Once more we quote his biography:

On the 9th of March, 1819, he was elected one of its [Great Barrington's] tithing men, whose duties consisted in keeping order in the churches, and enforcing the observance of the Sabbath. I may add that soon afterward he was chosen town clerk by a vote of 82 out of 102. His principal function in this capacity was to keep account of the town's doings, such as the appointment of selectmen, sur-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN WHICH BRYANT WAS MARRIED, GREAT BARRINGTON.

veyors of the highway, fence viewers, field drivers, and hog reeves. One may still see his records at Great Barrington, where they form an object of considerable curiosity to summer visitors. Written in a neat and flexible hand, it is remarked that almost the only blot is where he registers his own marriage, and the only interlineation where in giving the birth of his first child he had left out the name of the mother. . . . His salary as clerk was five dollars per annum, at which rate he held the place for the period of five years—all the time that he remained in the village. A more important dignity, conferred upon him by the Governor of the Commonwealth, was that of Justice of the Peace, empowered to hear and try small causes as an inferior local court. In this character, it appears, he performed the marriage ceremony twice, for contracting parties who objected to the service of the usual clergyman because they differed from him in religious opinion. An old gentleman still living makes it a boast that he was "joined to his first old woman by Squire Bryant."

One little incident may not be without interest. It was Mr. Bryant's duty as town clerk to publish the banns of marriage in the church, which was generally done by reading them aloud; but in his own case he pinned the required notice on the door of the vestibule, and kept carefully out of sight.

It is not easy, after all these years, to learn very much as to the details of his Great Bar-

ington life. His biographer says that he "was commonly gentle, courteous, and polite; but he allowed of no familiarities, and impertinence or vulgarity he rebuked on the spot, no matter who the offender. He was punctual in going to church, owning half a pew in the Congregational Church, but he was terribly prone to pick the sermon all to pieces." He was courteous, and in a way social, but had few intimates, and lived much by himself and among his books. He loved out-of-door life. He was fond of going into the woods, by himself or with some congenial friend. The best botanist in Berkshire, he knew every tree and shrub and flower; with an exquisite sense of all that was grand and beautiful in nature, he was able in a rare degree to read her secrets and understand her mysteries and to divine those harmonies of hers too fine for human ear. He loved to people in his imagination the surrounding solitudes with their earlier occupants, and to dwell upon the legends and histories of their Indian possessors.

Monument Mountain has preserved one of these legends; the "Indian at the Burial-place of his Fathers" is full of the spirit of that past.

It is the spot I came to seek—  
My fathers' ancient burial-place,  
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,  
Withdrew our wasted race.

It is the spot—I know it well—  
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out  
A ridge toward the river-side;  
I know the shaggy hills about,  
The meadows smooth and wide,  
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,  
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

He used often to make his way across the hills from the village to a spot upon the banks of Green River in what is now the estate of the late J. Milton Mackie, where his favorite seat was upon the twisted roots of a large tree which overhung the stream, and there it was that he wrote the poem "Green River." The

And gaze upon thee in silent dream,  
For in thy lonely and lovely stream  
An image of that calm life appears  
That won my heart in my greener years.

The Green River seems always to have lingered in his memory. As late as June 19, 1869, he wrote to his friend Mr. John H. Gourlie:

You spoke of going to Green River the day after writing your letter. If you had given me more notice I would have sent my compliments, for we were once well acquainted, though I dare say Green River has forgotten me by this time.

There is a touch of reality in the first lines of the stanza last quoted which throws light upon his frame of mind. His aversion to the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN WHICH BRYANT LIVED, GREAT BARRINGTON.

illustration by Mr. Harry Fenn on page 371 gives an admirable idea of the place as it now is.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright  
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,  
And clear the depths where its eddies play,  
And dimples deepen and whirl away,  
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot  
The swifter current that mines its root.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men  
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,  
And mingle among the jostling crowd,  
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—  
I often come to this quiet place,  
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,

practical side of his profession was steadily growing. The love of letters was ever stronger with him than the love of the law, and he felt deeply the contrast between the theory of the majesty of the law and its actual workings in the courts. The outcome of a particular case in which he was engaged did special violence to his sense of right and justice; and at last, after five years' residence at Great Barrington, he flung down his law-books, and set his face toward New York, specially encouraged thereto by one for whom he felt the greatest admiration and reverence, Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, though he had been tempted to make his home in Bos-



ton, where Allston, Pierpont, Sprague, Dana, and others drew him toward a circle whose poetic and literary charm had strong attractions for him. But New York presented on the whole the stronger inducements, and to New York from this time forth his life belongs.

The years at Great Barrington were fruitful years, though their fruitfulness was more apparent in after life than at the time. They brought him but little money, but they added

cant and notable time in our literary annals. It was then that Cooper published his "Spy"; Washington Irving his "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall"; Halleck his "Fanny"; Sands and Eastburn their "Yamoyden"; Dana his "Idle Man"; Hillhouse his "Percy's Masque"; Percival his "Prometheus"; Miss Sedgwick her "New England Tale"; Channing his earliest essays in the "Christian Disciple"; Daniel Webster his "Plymouth Oration"; and Edward Livingston his "Penal Codes."



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE ANCIENT BURIAL-PLACE OF THE STOCKBRIDGE INDIANS, AT STOCKBRIDGE; MONUMENT MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

to his influence, and witnessed his increasing recognition in the world of letters. His pen was busy, and some of his best-known poems belong to this time. It was then that he published his first volume of poems. Among them were "Thanatopsis," "The Waterfowl," "Green River," "The Yellow Violet," "The Song," and "The Ages," which last poem was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University. They made an era in, or rather they belonged to an era of, American literature which marked the beginning of a new life of the highest promise to America. Mr. Godwin says:

The year . . . which saw the publication of Mr. Bryant's little volume belonged to a signifi-

It is amusing to know how small were the pecuniary rewards of Bryant's literary labors, whatever may have been the fame they brought him. Two dollars a poem was the price that he named, and he seemed to be abundantly satisfied with the terms. A gentleman met him in New York many years after, and said to him, "I have just bought the earliest edition of your poems, and gave twenty dollars for it." "More, by a long shot," replied the poet, "than I received for writing the whole work."

Allusion has already been made to his marriage. None could have been happier; no union more nearly an ideal one. Miss Fanny Fairchild was a young lady whose parents had



lived on the Seekonk, a stream tributary to the Green River, not far from Great Barrington. Early left an orphan, she made her home alternately with her married sisters in that place, and there it was that Bryant met her. Charming in person, sweet in disposition, lovely in character, she drew him to her through his sympathy with her orphanage, his admiration of her beauty, and his appreciation of her worth. For forty-five years she was the stay and blessing of his life. What that marriage was to him they knew best who knew him best. Reserved on the subject to the world at large, he allowed only those who were nearest him to know the wonderful depth and tenderness of his affection. Their sympathy was perfect, their dependence mutual. He said after her death, "I never wrote a poem that I did not repeat it to her and take her judgment upon it. I found its success with the public to be precisely in proportion to the impression it made upon her." A dear friend of them both has said, "The union between Mr. and Mrs. Bryant was a poem of the tenderest rhythm. Any of us who remember Mr. Bryant's voice when he said 'Frances' will join in his hope that she kept the same beloved name in heaven. I remember alluding to those exquisite lines, 'The Future Life,' to Mrs. Bryant, and her replying, 'Oh, my dear, I am always sorry for any one who sees me after reading those lines; they must be so disappointed.' Beatrice and Laura have not received such tributes from their poets, for Mrs. Bryant's husband was her poet and lover at seventy as at seventeen."

The lovers were married June 11, 1821, and Bryant, in the humorous vein which was one of his best gifts, announced the fact to his mother as follows:

DEAR MOTHER:

I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me.

Early on the evening of the eleventh day of the present month I was at a neighboring house in this village. Several people of both sexes were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another. At last came in a little elderly gentleman, pale, thin, with a solemn countenance, pleuritic voice, hooked nose, and hollow eyes. It was not long before we were summoned to attend in the apartment where he and the rest of the company were gathered. We went in and took our seats; the little elderly gentleman with the hooked nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished, most of us sat down. The gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistical expressions which I was too much frightened to remember, but I recollect that at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady of the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side, and I hope

in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you as your daughter-in-law, which is a matter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world.

I have not "played the fool and married an Ethiop for the jewel in her ear." I looked only for goodness of heart, an ingenuous and affectionate disposition, a good understanding, etc., and the character of my wife is too frank and single-hearted to suffer me to fear that I may be disappointed. I do myself wrong; I did not look for these nor any other qualities, but they trapped me before I was aware, and now I am married in spite of myself.

Thus the current of destiny carries us all along. None but a madman would swim against the stream, and none but a fool would exert himself to swim with it. The best way is to float quietly with the tide. So much for philosophy—now for business. . . . Your affectionate son,

WILLIAM.

His biographer adds: "When this singular epistle, in which his pride seems to be awkwardly seeking excuses for a humiliating surrender, reached his good mother, she is said to have exclaimed: 'He make a fool of himself! He never has done so yet, and could n't if he tried.'"

The house still stands in which the young couple began their married life. Instead of taking the whole, they hired two rooms, a chamber and a parlor, and shared the kitchen with the other occupants of the house. Their housekeeping was on a modest scale. Here are some items connected with it, taken from an old account-book still preserved under the same roof:

1821. Dr. William C. Bryant in account—

Mr. Bryant with his family moved into my house to occupy certain rooms and other privileges at the rate of thirty dollars for the year by agreement, Mr. Charles Taylor being the appraiser. . . . .	\$30.00
May 5, To one bushel of potatoes. . . . .	.11
Bushels of potatoes . . . . .	.66
Nov. 23, To 2 bushels ears of corn. . . . .	.50
Dec. 3, 1821, To pasturing your cow, 28½ weeks at 17 cents per week. . . . .	4.75
19 Jan'y, 1822, To 67 lbs. beef. . . . .	2.01

[sic] \$37.92

The memory of that early married life never grew dim. Mr. Godwin says that fifty-five years after his marriage, and ten years after his wife's death, the poet visited once more the house where the marriage had taken place. He walked about for some time, saying nothing; but as he was about to turn away he exclaimed, "There is not a spire of grass her foot has not touched," and his eyes filled with tears. Beneath that calm and undemonstrative exterior lay hid the deepest and tenderest feeling.

Arthur Lawrence.



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

IN THE CASHEL GALLERY.

LADY WITH A LUTE, BY GERARD TERBURG.

## OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

GERARD TERBURG. (1617-81.)



THE birth of Terburg, which took place at Zwolle, is fixed by recent discoveries as happening in 1617 instead of 1608, the hitherto commonly received date. Terburg's parents were wealthy, and his father, who instructed him in drawing, was an amateur painter who had visited Italy in his youth. Gerard was soon placed under a teacher in Haarlem,—one Peter Molyn,—and it was not long before he there became a member of the Guild of St. Luke. While still a youth he visited England, and thence set out on further travels, passing through Germany into Italy, where he studied the works of the great Italians. Returning to Holland by way of France, he remained some time at Amsterdam, and learned much from the works of Rembrandt.

As he happened to be at Münster during the sitting of the memorable Peace Congress, he painted for his own pleasure the marvelous little picture of the "Ratification of the Treaty of Peace," which is now to be seen in the National Gallery at London. After the signing of the treaty in 1648, the Spanish minister at the imperial court took Terburg with him to Spain, and thus enabled the still young painter to see what the great Velasquez was doing. In two years he was back again in Holland, and finally

settled at Deventer, where he married, and rose to the distinction of a member of the town council, in which character he has left us a portrait of himself, to be seen at The Hague museum. At Deventer he passed the remainder of his quiet life, and painted the majority of his works. His death took place in 1681, and he was buried at Zwolle, his native town, in accordance with the terms of his will.

Terburg ranks among the foremost of the genre painters of Holland, and he was the first to paint subjects taken from the wealthier classes of society — interiors in which richness of costume and drapery, and of all accompanying details, is rendered with exquisite feeling combined with realistic truth to nature. His pictures, which are among the rarities of European galleries (not more than eighty having been classified), are seldom composed of more than three figures, and often of only one, and represent scenes such as are in general termed "conversations" — parties at cards, galantries, visits, etc. His ladies generally are dressed in white satin, which material he seemed fond of painting, and no one has ever been able to surpass him in this. The satin robe, indeed, appertains to Terburg. Terburg also painted portraits, generally on a very small scale, and these are full of distinction, and exhibit his finest qualities.

*T. Cole.*

## A LYRIC OF JOY.

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune  
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,  
A host in the sunshine, a snowdrift in June,  
The people God sends us to set our heart free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,  
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;  
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"  
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

*Bliss Carman.*

## THE STRIKE AT MR. MOBLEY'S.



MR. MOBLEY took down the dinner-horn and blew a long, shrill blast. It pierced the hot stillness of the summer noon, traveling far across the valley, and splintering into a thousand echoes among the mountains. She had a stout pair of lungs, and prided herself upon the force she could throw into that dinner-signal. It would cause more than one busy farmer to stop his plow, take out his jaded horse, or shoulder his hoe, and go home for an hour's rest and refreshment.

"It's a little early," she mused, with her eye fixed upon the twelve-o'clock mark on the door-step; "but I know in reason the girls must be plumb worn out this hot day—an' Sary with her weak back, too. I reckon I'd better set things to coolin' a little."

She went back into the kitchen, spread the cloth, and dished up the midday meal of boiled vegetables and corn-bread. She was just putting on her bonnet to go to the spring for a bucket of fresh water when the two girls came up into the yard, Caroline brisk and animated, but her sister with a lagging step.

"Now, ma, I'll do that," said Caroline, hurrying forward to take the bucket; but her mother held it firmly.

"La, Ca'line, do you s'pose I'm goin' to let you do the house-work and the field-work too? Ain't you tired plumb to death, Sary?"

"I do feel about tuckered out," Sary acknowledged, sitting down on the door-step and untying her bonnet.

A frown wrinkled Mrs. Mobley's forehead. "Ain't your pa or the boys been to the field today?"

"Not that I've seen," said Caroline.

"It does beat all!" Mrs. Mobley exclaimed in an exasperated tone. "I never saw such men folks in all my born days. I do believe they'd let us work till we fell in our tracks 'thout a word. I asked your pa to chop some wood this mornin', but he 'lowed that he must go right over to the store for a plow; an' Jim and Eli both put out, too, so I had to cook dinner with chips and sticks. I tell you things are comin' to a purty pass, an' I ain't goin' to stand it much longer." She tucked the water-pail under her arm, and started for the spring.

"Ma is real mad, ain't she?" Sary remarked, looking gravely after her.

"Well, I don't blame her," declared the

more spirited Caroline. "She's been takin' a good deal, an' so have we. I know well enough what the boys are up to. They're workin' in the 'stillery with—"

"Don't talk so loud, Ca'line," warned Sary, apprehensively. "I'm always skeered o' the revenue men bein' about."

"I don't care if they are," said Caroline, defiantly. "I s'pose Silas is doin' the same. I would n't marry a man that could n't work in open daylight for a livin'. I'd rather hoe my own row," stretching out her strong young arms with a proud gesture.

Sary winced, and over her pale, freckled face the color flowed hotly. "You're hurtin' my feelin's, Ca'line."

"I ain't meanin' to, Sary; but it does 'pear so strange that all our men folks are lazy an' triffin'. There comes pa now, an' he ain't got no plow, neither."

Mr. Mobley entered the gate just as Mrs. Mobley appeared around the corner of the house with the pail of water on her head.

"Let me take that, Susan," he said, with an air of solicitude. "It ain't good for your back;" but she passed him in stern silence, and called the girls to dinner.

Mr. Mobley was a large, lazy, good-natured-looking man, with his shirt-collar habitually unbuttoned, and his gray hair long and unkempt. He always made it a point to be exceedingly good-humored when his wife was angry, and would tell funny stories and make jokes until she relaxed her rigid manner. But that day he failed to appease her wrath.

"Where's that plow, Mr. Mobley? You went to the store about five o'clock this mornin' to get it," she said, right in the midst of his account of a runaway marriage in the settlement.

"The blacksmith's shop, Susan," he said pleasantly. "I did n't find just what I wanted."

"I 'lowed you would n't when you went. I s'pose you don't know that the grass is eatin' up the potato-patch, an' that the corn needs plowin'?" Things are sufferin' for work on this place, an' me an' the girls can't do it all."

"Now, Susan—now, honey, don't fret," he said; but her anger only fed upon the oil of his words.

"Don't fret, Mr. Mobley? I've got to, if anybody does. You can't take time from the store an' blacksmith's shop even to do that much."

"Crops are sufferin' more for rain than work," he remarked cheerfully, helping himself to more cabbage. "You certainly do know how to cook, Susan, if anybody in this settlement does. When folks talk about cookin' an' good eatin', I tell 'em they oughter come an' try yourn. I think I 'd better go to mill this evenin'."

"I think you had, if you want any bread for supper. I've been borrowin' meal two days, an' I ain't goin' to do it any more."

"Why ain't the boys at home helpin' their sisters?" said Mr. Mobley, with a sudden affectation of indignation.

"Because they take after you too much," said Mrs. Mobley, grimly. "They 're Mobleys to the bone."

Mr. Mobley was vanquished. He had finished his dinner, so he softly rose, and left the room.

"You are certainly on the war-path, ma," exclaimed Caroline, admiringly. Sary sighed, and looked wistfully after her father. She was a gentle, sensitive soul, wearing the yoke of her bondage meekly, and always ready to work her poor little fingers off for those she loved. Peace and love meant far more to her than independence.

"Yes, I am declared," Mrs. Mobley said. "Melissy Davis 's been over this mornin', an' we talked a long time 'bout the rights o' women. She 'lows it 's a burnin' shame the way we put up with men folks an' their lazy ways, doin' all the work while they do all the talkin' an' the votin'."

"Goodness, ma! You don't want'er vote, do you?" exclaimed Caroline, amused, but dismayed.

"Well, I don't see as there 's any good reason against it. This house an' land was mine when I married your pa, an' it 's mine yet. I don't see but I 've as good a right as he to say what oughter be done with the country. If women can have children an' train 'em to know how to make laws, I think they can go 'long with 'em. Melissy 'lows she thinks it 's her duty to talk to all her old friends, an' even to speak at the meetin'-house if they 'll let her. She 's been speakin' in other parts; and out where she lives, she says, it 's mighty different from what it is here. I 've been mistrustin' somethin' a long time; but not knowin' for sure, I 'lowed I would n't say anythin'. Now the time 's come for us to do somethin' besides work."

It was the first warning gun fired into the camp of the enemy over in Deer Creek valley. It was a rather isolated community, shut in by mountains, and with no railroad nearer than ten miles. Communication with the outer world was not frequent or easy. The mail

came once a week, and only a few of the farmers subscribed for the county paper.

The Mobleys lived near the center of things in the valley; that is, the Deer Creek church, post-office, store, and blacksmith's shop were not more than a good stone's throw away, with farm-houses clustered near. The church was the only public building Deer Creek settlement possessed. Divine services, school exhibitions, and political meetings were held in it, and even the Odd Fellows devoted it to their sacred rites one night in every month. Mr. Mobley always took an active part in everything going on in the settlement—except work. No man could equal him in stirring up the political interest of his neighbors, and he was always foremost in encouraging a "big meetin'." Fences might fall down, gates swing on one hinge, but he never failed to be in possession of the latest news concerning the goings out and comings in of his friends and neighbors, and to keep well posted in county politics.

But a day of reckoning was at hand. Mrs. Mobley had never failed him in five and thirty years. She might get exasperated and scold, but she had held firmly and faithfully at her post, cherishing all the illusions concerning life and Mr. Mobley as long as she could. But she was a woman of character, and when roused could fight for her opinion as obstinately as any one. Mrs. Davis had succeeded in thoroughly rousing her. They had been girls together, but while one married and settled in her native place, the other went west—to the far progressive West. It was her first visit to her old home, after an absence of nearly thirty years, and somehow she seemed to bring with her into the fastnesses of the mountains the breath of the plains.

She talked of things hitherto unknown to the women of Deer Creek valley, and stung them with her scorn. She was a woman of some wit and a good deal of tongue, and talked with an eloquence impressive to her old neighbors. The seeds of discontent she sowed found ready soil in Mrs. Mobley's mind. She grasped the situation, or thought she did, immediately. She saw no chance of overturning the Government,—she was 'not missionary enough for that,—but she did breathe in a larger desire for freedom, and more courage to fight for it, under the guidance of her old friend.

When Mrs. Davis proposed to lecture publicly on "woman's rights" it created a sensation in the settlement. The men laughed and jeered; the women were frightened—that is, the more timid ones were. But Mrs. Mobley gave enthusiastic support to the cause, and there were others ready to follow her example.

"I never heard tell o' such a thing!" exclaimed Silas Bates, indignantly. "Ma is at



home talkin' nothin' but the rights—the rights o' women; an' here 's your ma doin' the same. I hope to goodness, Sary, you ain't runnin' after Mis' Davis, too."

"I don't know as I rightly understand what it all means, Sile," she replied hesitatingly. "I don't want no vote. I don't know nothin' 'bout politics."

"Well, I should hope not. 'Tain't a woman's business to know such things. If she 'll stay at home an' see after her work, she 'll be doin' what she was made for."

"Listen to them katydid, Sile; an' do see how purty the shadders are dancin' on the ground," said Sary, laying her hand softly, shyly, upon his shoulder. The great problems of the world were nothing to her. Her soul thrilled an undefined response to beauty, to harmony, and to romance. But deep content filled her heart. She loved Silas; he loved her. They expected to be married some time. What more could she ask for? She would joyfully work for him; yes, in the house or in the field.

"You 're always thinkin' o' them triflin' things, Sary," he grumbled, but took her hand into his rough grasp, and kept it there.

They were sitting out under a tree in the front yard, infolded in the warmth and sweetness of the summer night. Moonlight flooded the valley, and lay in a silvery sheen upon the mountains. Through the deep stillness they could now and then hear voices and laughter over at the store.

"I reckon pa 's tellin' one o' his stories."

"I wonder, for my part, where he gets so many. I think he must make 'em up."

"They 're awful funny," said Sary, admiringly; then she sighed faintly, because her mother no longer seemed to appreciate them.

Certainly no one enjoyed the excitement of the approaching lecture more than Mr. Mobley. It was a huge joke to him, and the grass continued to devour the potato-patch, and the corn to wither for lack of plowing, while he sat before the post-office or store, with a few choice spirits about him, whittling sticks and discussing the situation.

"I reckon it 'll come to our tendin' the children an' doin' the house-work while the women make the laws. Think o' Mis' Mobley votin' for president, or even for sheriff!" He doubled over with laughter. "Why, I asked her t' other day who helt the highest office in the State, an' blamed if she could tell me. La, boys; let 's see the fun out. I 'm goin' to hear M'lissy when she gets up to speak. I just want no know what a woman can say on the platform."

"It 's a sinful thing for 'em to do, as I told her to-day. The Scriptures are p'intedly against such carryin' on," remarked one of his companions.

"I 've been told the world 's gettin' purty bad, an' I think it must be so," said another. "I never would 'a' thought M'lissy Davis would come to this pass. Why, I recollect her when she was a girl, an' a modester one never lived in these parts. Bud Davis is to be pitied now."

"She 'lows he don't care."

"Well, anyway, I 'd make her stay to home an' tend to her own business. No wife o' mine could go trapesin' round the country makin' speeches."

But in spite of criticism and the guilty consciousness that they were encouraging a fellow-being in the disregard of scriptural law, the church was crowded with men as well as with women the night of the speech. Mrs. Davis had to stand on a bench to address her audience, as a few of the older and more serious-minded church members objected to the pulpit being put to such sacrilegious use.

It is not the purpose of this historian to record the speech. It was reported in the county paper, and a three-line notice of it even appeared in a larger and more important journal, but all on account of some funny remarks the editor desired to make.

The speech bristled with the usual number of accusations against man to be found in all such speeches made by an uncultivated woman who had gotten hold of only one side of the subject. She declared that man always wanted to be looked up to, and that accounted in part for his unwillingness that woman should have her rights.

"He knows that if her eyes are opened he 'll not get looked up to very much. What 's the reason we ain't the equal o' our husbands an' sons? Why, men could n't exist if it war n't for the women. I 'd like to know if it ain't the women that does the child-bearin' and the keepin' o' the home."

"That 's just the reason she ain't no business meddlin' with things outside o' her sp'ere," said a masculine voice in the audience.

"But who 's a-goin' to be the judge o' what 's outside o' her sp'ere?" cried the speaker, excitedly, her plump cheeks flushing, her rather small eyes flashing with enthusiasm. "If she can do them things so well, who 's to say she can't do others?"

"That 's a very good p'int, Melissy; very good," exclaimed Mr. Mobley, patronizingly; then turned, and winked at the other men. He sat upon the front seat, enjoying himself hugely. Mrs. Davis's most cutting remarks had no more effect upon him than the buzzing of a harmless fly. But, nettled by his patronage, she shot an arrow directly at him.

"Now, what o' the men o' this very settlement? They 're mighty willin' to let the women folks work in the field as well as the house,

while they sit around the store whittlin' sticks an' swappin' yarns. Ain't I knowed o' men takin' the molasses-jug an' goin' to the store while their women folks shouldered hoes an' went to the field? An' I've knowed 'em make a spool o' thread excuse for stayin' half a day."

Mrs. Mobley nodded her head in grim approval, then leaned over toward her husband, and whispered:

"That's your own time, Mr. Mobley."

His armor was pierced, but the wound was slight and soon forgotten. He was ready in a few minutes to laugh again.

Mrs. Davis had reason to congratulate herself upon her audience. It was good-humored even when rude. There was a rough chivalry in those men of Deer Creek settlement which made it impossible for them to abuse or insult a woman, and certainly not an old friend. They laughed at her, or winced, perhaps, or even felt some secret anger: but she was helped down from the shaky rostrum, at the end of her speech, thirsty, and flushed with heat, but triumphant in the consciousness that her friends were still her friends. And she had made some converts, too, as well as confirmed those already her adherents.

"You give it to 'em just right, Melissy," exclaimed Mrs. Mobley, pressing forward the moment her speech was concluded. "An' I told Mr. Mobley so, too, more 'n once while you was talkin'. I never did know before women had so many wrongs, an' had been so put upon. It's a plumb shame, an' I for one am goin' to strike for liberty."

"That's right, Sue; that's right. We ain't goin' to get no help from the men folks long as we submit," said her friend, approvingly, wiping her face with a gay cotton handkerchief. "Now, if they was all Bud, there would n't be no need o' this talk. Bud he 'lows he don't care how many rights we have. He says we can run the country if we want— that we really do it, anyway; but then he's more interested in his grain-fields than he is in politics."

A few unsympathetic listeners, who remembered Bud Davis in his youth, smiled at that remark; for they were of the opinion that he had not sense enough very ably to judge of any matter.

The peaceful valley was full of the sound of voices and argument that evening as the people wended their way home along the dusky roads; and opinions clashed quite loudly, and the harmony of more than one household threatened to go to pieces under the shock. Mrs. Mobley wisely held her peace even when she heard Mr. Mobley and a neighbor walking behind them, tearing the speech to shreds, and pointing out its weak spots. She smiled grimly

to herself in the dark as she turned over a little scheme in her mind.

"Pa 'pears to be havin' just as good a time as he always does," Caroline remarked as he fell back to join the neighbor so they could carry on their discussion.

"I'll give him somethin' to set him to thinkin' 'fore he's many days older," said her mother.

"What you goin' to do, ma? You ain't goin' to run away, are you?" in a tone of alarm.

"Run away! Well, I'd hope not," indignantly.

"I did n't know but you was thinkin' o' makin' speeches, too."

"I ain't a plumb fool, Ca'line, if I have been actin' like one so long. I'm just goin' to learn your pa a lesson."

But she did not act hastily. She quietly bided her time while other discontented women in the settlement were talking loudly of what they would and would not do. Mrs. Davis had really created enough discord in the valley to satisfy even the most malicious spirit, let alone a kindly disposed, simple-minded creature who had adopted the woman's rights question because she had no children to absorb her heart and mind. Fighting was rare, and yet two men came to blows, while a woman left her husband and returned to her father's house in less than two days after that speech. The very spirit of malicious mischief seemed abroad in the air, stirring up the innocent, contented folk to all sorts of strange thoughts and words. It was beautiful to see Mr. Mobley at this time. He was so actively engaged in trying to make peace between his neighbors that he had no time at all to give to his own affairs. He appeared to be the one serene spirit left in the valley. He declared it was perfect folly for people to be disturbed by so little. As for his part, he only felt like laughing. And he did laugh, and even sing a little, as he went to and fro between the store and his home, or to see his neighbors.

Mrs. Mobley watched him in grim silence. The more cheerful he appeared, the more her heart hardened against him.

"He 'lows I'll give in just as I always have done 'bout things; but he's mighty mistaken. See that corn! See them potatoes! There ain't another place in this whole settlement goin' to rack and ruin like this, an' I've grinned an' bore it long as I'm goin' to," she communed bitterly with herself.

THE summer noon was full upon the land, the shadow had even turned a little, but the silence of Deer Creek valley remained unbroken.

"It's strange I don't hear Mis' Mobley's dinner-horn," mused a hungry farmer. "I ain't knowed her to fail o' blowin' it just at the right time, winter and summer, for twenty years an' more." He paused to wipe his heated face, and to look at the sun. "I certainly could n't 'a' missed hearin' it."

"Say, have you heard Mis' Mobley blow that horn o' hern?" a voice shouted to him from an adjoining field.

"No, I ain't; an' that's just what's a-pes-terin' me. I've been goin' by that horn for years."

"An' so have I; but I don't believe we'll have it to go by to-day."

They both listened intently; but through the palpitant heat came only the drowsy twitter of a bird.

If they were dismayed, imagine Mr. Mobley's feelings when that signal failed him! He was at the post-office, sitting on the shady side of the house, when some one announced the hour. He started briskly to his feet.

"After twelve o'clock, did you say? Why, Susan hain't blowed the dinner-horn. Your clock must be fast. Susan goes by the sun, an' it ain't more regular than her."

Nevertheless, he started for home. Mrs. Mobley sat in the kitchen door, smoking her pipe and knitting; but not a wisp of smoke rose from the chimney, and the dinner-table was bare and freshly scrubbed. Mr. Mobley was conscious of an odd sinking of the heart as he looked over his wife's shoulder into the room. He took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his face; then, as she did not offer to move away from the door, he sat down on the steps. Shadows danced and quivered in the yard; the dog lay stretched lazily in the shade of a tree, snapping at the flies.

"Where are the girls?" Mr. Mobley inquired.

"I made 'em go and spend the day with their aunt Tobier," Mrs. Mobley replied, knocking the ashes from her pipe, and laying it up between the logs of the wall.

"Why—" but he wisely refrained from venturing his surprise. "When is dinner comin', Susan?"

"I've had mine, Mr. Mobley."

"I did n't hear you blow the horn."

"I did n't blow it."

"Well, I'll just take a snack, as I—"

"There ain't nothin' here for you, Mr. Mobley."

"Nothin'?"

"No; I'm done slavin' an' cookin' for men folks that only stay at home long 'nough to eat an' sleep; and the girls are done workin' in the field, too. I told 'em this mornin' they'd not strike another lick."

Her voice was calm, her enunciation clear. She evidently meant what she said. Mr. Mobley sat and stared blankly at the sunny yard. Somehow he would as soon have thought of the heavens falling as Mrs. Mobley failing him, specially in always having his meals ready.

"We've been livin' together nigh on to thirty-five years now, Mr. Mobley," she continued; "an' I 'low it's about time for me to give out. You begin to give out more 'n thirty year ago," sarcastically. "I fetched you this land an' this house, Mr. Mobley; an' you ain't had grit 'nough to keep it up, let alone add to it. Look at them fence corners! Look at them gates, an' the cow lot, an' the barn, an' ever'thin'! Why, this house itself is purty nearly ready to fall down over us. No; I'm done workin', too."

Mr. Mobley made no reply. He still sat and stared at the yard. His silence exasperated her still more, and she went on to remind him how she had worked, and how faithfully she had performed her duties, even when he tried her most severely.

"I never could 'a' had courage to take this stand if it had n't 'a' been for Melissy Davis. It was her talkin' put me to thinkin', and I just up an' 'lowed I'd stop, an' I have."

Still she had not provoked a response, and, oppressed somewhat by the silence, she rose and went away. Mr. Mobley sat on the doorstep for a long time, then he got up, put on his hat, and went out toward the fields. Mrs. Mobley watched him from behind the sheltering foliage of a quince-bush in the garden.

"Now I wonder what he's goin' to do," she mused, not feeling altogether as happy as she had expected after vindicating her rights. "I s'pose I need n't to 'a' hid all the cold victuals, for I don't believe he went in to look for anythin'. Just like a man! They're that helpless. I don't s'pose he'll suffer, though. He'll go to the store, an' git somethin'. Why, if that ain't Sary comin' home right in the heat o' the day, an' cryin' at that! What in the world is the matter?" she cried anxiously, hurrying out of the garden to meet the girl. Sary sat down on the bench in the yard, weeping bitterly.

"Oh, ma, Sile's mad with me!"

"Gracious, child! is that all? I surely 'lowed the revenue men had got him. What's he mad with you about, for goodness sake?"

"Woman's rights. He was passin' Aunt Tobier's, an' he saw us there, so he had to come in, an' what did Ca'line do but tell him 'bout pa, an' how we'd come to be over there, an' that pa was n't to get nothin' to eat at home any more, for we'd all struck."

"Ca'line oughter 'a' kept her mouth shut," said Mrs. Mobley, angrily. "It'll be all over the settlement in no time."

"So I told her, ma; but she kept on talkin' till Sile was so mad! He 'lowed that the way the women o' this settlement was carryin' on was enough to make a man sick o' the thought o' marryin', an', as for his part, he 'd never marry anybody. An' he looked straight at me while he said it," she concluded, with a wail, her face going down into the depths of her bonnet.

Mrs. Mobley sighed, and felt very uncomfortable, even guilty. She had not intended that her punishment should fall upon the innocent.

"I don't know, Sary, but it's just as well for you not to marry him—"

"Oh, ma!"

"But young folks will be young folks, an' it's natural for 'em to wanter get settled in life. Don't be pestered so. He 'll come round when he gets in a good humor."

"He never will, he says, long as woman's rights rule the day; an' you know Sile is mighty set in his ways when he takes a notion."

Mrs. Mobley sighed again. She had not forgotten her own youth and its illusions, and she regarded her daughter with a pitying eye.

"Oh, we women folks, we women folks!" she said, half under her breath. "What are we made of, all heart an' feelin'? We're blinder 'n moles an' weaker 'n water when it comes to them we love; an' we're ready to tote more burdens than Samson just for the sake o' havin' somethin' to love. Silas Bates 'll make Sary toe the mark,—I know in reason he will,—but here she sits a-cryin' her eyes out for fear he 'll not marry her. We be such plumb fools, I declare I don't know what the Almighty was a-thinkin' of to make us!"

It was altogether a most uncomfortable afternoon for Mrs. Mobley. Sary cried until she had to go to bed with a headache, and her mother went back into the garden to weed the cabbage-bed. A neighbor came along the road, and stopped at the garden fence for a little chat.

"I hear you done stopped givin' Mr. Mobley anythin' to eat at home," she remarked, taking off her bonnet to use it as a fan.

"Where 'd you hear that?" exclaimed Mrs. Mobley, flushing with annoyance.

"The men was talkin' 'bout it up at the store. Sile Bates told it."

"Sile Bates had better keep his tongue to hisself."

"Oh, it ain't so, then?"

"I 'm not sayin' it ain't," taking off a young cabbage-head with a vicious blow of her weedin'-hoe.

"Well, I don't blame you. I always have said if Mr. Mobley was my husband—"

"He 'd be so much better than any you 've

ever had, Mis' Peasly, that you 'd never get done bein' thankful," cutting into her speech.

"La, Mis' Mobley, you must n't be gittin' so mad," said her neighbor, in an offended tone, moving away from the fence.

"I 'm not mad, Mis' Peasly; but I can't have anybody findin' fault o' Mr. Mobley, or blamin' him to me."

"Well, the next time I pester myself to be sorry for folks, I 'll just keep it to myself," was the angry retort.

"Now I 've had words with Samantha Peasly, and she one o' my best neighbors, too," Mrs. Mobley sighed, looking after her regretfully. "But what did she mean comin' here to talk 'bout Mr. Mobley right to my face? No woman ain't goin' to stand that."

The boys had evidently heard of their father's unfortunate experience, for they did not come home to supper. Caroline and her mother sat down to a cold repast; for Mrs. Mobley had prepared for this day by cooking various things which she had stored away for herself and the girls. She was sadly out of humor with Caroline that night, because she had created such mischief with her heedless talk; and she scolded the girl so severely that she went away and left her alone.

It was a splendid night. The full moon sailed high and clear above the earth; the mountain-tops were silvered to radiance in its pure light. Now and then lightning flashed across the dun-colored clouds piled in the northwest; but they were too far away for even the remotest sound of thunder to reach Deer Creek valley. Mrs. Mobley sat down on the door-step, feeling rather melancholy. The shrilling of the crickets in the grass, the piping of a stray bird seeking its roost, only added to her loneliness. One bold stroke had given her independence; but, alas! she suffered the fate of many great people in that she had to enjoy her triumph alone. She had driven away the last member of her own family, and had quarreled with her best friend. Not even the dog came to keep her company. She heard him down in the field, baying at the moon.

"I do wonder where Mr. Mobley can be keepin' hisself. Over to one o' the neighbors' houses, I s'pose, or up to the store. I need n't be frettin' 'bout him. He 's plenty able to take care of hisself, an' I might just as well go to bed an' to sleep. Oh, dear me! I 'm expectin' any day to hear that the revenue men have got the boys. This kind o' livin' ain't worth much."

She went sorrowfully to bed, but not to sleep. Scenes from her girlhood would rise like pictures before her mental vision, and, curiously enough, they were always connected with Mr. Mobley. She thought of the first time he had ever talked to her of love. What a trembling



had seized her, what blushes burned her face, what rapture filled her heart!

"He was a handsome young man; an' he's handsome now — yes, he is, if I do say it," wiping her eyes on the string of her night-cap.

She heard footsteps in the yard, and raised herself in bed to listen. Yes; some one was walking to and fro. Her heart gave a little jump. She softly rose, and looked out of the window. Mr. Mobley was pacing slowly back and forth across the yard, smoking his pipe. She watched him for a few minutes, then she called him.

"Mr. Mobley!"

"Yes, Susan."

"Had n't you better come to bed?"

"I ain't sleepy, honey."

"But you 'll be catchin' your death o' rheumatics stayin' out in the damp night air."

He made no reply.

"Now, I don't know as I oughter be foolin' 'way my time pesterin' 'bout him, if he don't care," she said to herself, and went back to bed. But those slow steps made her restless. "He might at least stop walkin' an' let me go to sleep; but some folks never can think o' anything but theirselves. I wonder if he has lighted that pipe again. He knows well 'nough he ain't no business smokin' so much; but that's his way if he's troubled." She lay still a few minutes, and listened. "I declare, I must get up an' speak to him 'bout that smokin'."

She went over to the window again, and looked out. He was not smoking, but standing at the edge of the yard, in the moonlight, with his hands clasped behind his back, gazing out over the fields. His attitude expressed a loneliness which brought all the secret yearnings of her heart to the surface. She suddenly remembered how kind he had always been to her.

"He never mistrusted me in his life. It was only his keerness made him forget things." Her eyes were so blurred that she had to wipe them again on the strings of her night-cap. She slipped on her petticoat, wrapped a shawl around her, and went out. "It's a right purty night, Mr. Mobley, ain't it?" she began rather diffidently.

"Is it?" he said sorrowfully. "I had n't noticed; I've been busy a-thinkin' o' other things. I'm sorry, Susan, I ain't been a better man to you —"

"An' I wanter say right here an' now, Mr. Mobley, that I'm sorry I said what I did 'bout the place to-day. It's as much yourn as 't is mine; an' to throw it up to you that it was n't was a mean an' triflin' thing in me," she said, with a choking in her throat.

"No; you was right, Susan, an' I've just been a-spongin' on you all these years. I've

been a mighty poor provider, an' I did n't fetch you nothin' but cares when we married."

"Now, Mr. Mobley!"

"An' it was what you oughter 'a' done long ago, to tell me, an' to stop givin' me my vic-tuals. I did n't deserve nothin'."

His gravity and humility seemed terrible to the poor woman, who had known him always as an easy-going, sunny-tempered man, ready to shirk his duties, but doing it in such a pleasant way.

"I never did stop to think much, Susan. I ain't been one o' the thinkin' kind; but —"

"Oh, Mr. Mobley!"

"But if you ruther I'd go away now, an' leave you an' the children, I'll do it."

Mrs. Mobley's tears were flowing too fast for the night-cap strings to be of much service.

"An' we been married more 'n thirty years."

"Yes, more 'n thirty years, Susan. It was thirty-five yesterday."

"An' me a-plannin' to — to not give you nothin' to eat while you was thinkin' o' that! Oh! Oh!"

"It was just right, Susan, as I 'lowed before. All your talkin' ain't set me to thinkin' an' feelin' like comin' home an' not findin' dinner ready."

Mrs. Mobley choked down rising sobs. "Well, I do hope you went an' took supper with some o' the neighbors."

"I did n't; I've been down in the fields."

"All this time?" drying her tears.

"Yes."

"Mr. Mobley, you come right in this house an' get somethin' to eat. Think o' your fastin' ever since breakfast! I declare, men folks never do know how to take keer o' theirselves!"

"But, Susan —"

"Don't talk to me, Mr. Mobley! Why, you must be plumb ready to drop in your tracks!"

She did not stop to think of Mrs. Davis, or that she was voluntarily assuming the yoke of bondage again. She did not even stop to think that he had made no promises of reformation, or that one grown old in a certain habit finds it most difficult to break. She was the unconscious exponent of that truth herself, as she hurried away to minister to his needs.

Caroline was awakened from sleep by the rattling of dishes. She sprang up. "Ma, is that you?"

"Yes."

"What are you doin'?"

"I'm gettin' your pa somethin' to eat."

The girl listened to the sound of their voices a few minutes, then turned, and called her sister.

"Sary! Sary! The strike is over! Ma's a-givin' pa his supper, an' he's a-tellin' her one o' his stories."

Matt Crim.



## LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

### NAPOLEON THE MASTER OF OPPORTUNITY.

BONAPARTE'S PLAN OF ORIENTAL CONQUEST THWARTED—ABOUKIR AND THE GREAT DESERTION—"THE RETURN OF THE HERO"—BONAPARTE SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY—THE OVERTHROW OF THE CONSTITUTION.

#### BONAPARTE'S PLAN OF ORIENTAL CONQUEST THWARTED.



MEDAL OF THE THREE CONSULS.  
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

"THIS is the moment," said Bonaparte on hearing how Brueys's splendid fleet had been annihilated, and his own retreat cut off, "when characters of a superior order assert themselves." "The

English," he cried on another occasion, "will compel us to do greater things than we meant to." So far from his activity being lamed in the isolation of Egypt, it was redoubled. To preserve the fiction of his mission as the restorer of Ottoman power, the tricolor and the crescent floated everywhere side by side, while prayers were said for both France and Turkey in the mosques. The utmost respect was paid to the Koran and its precepts. Menou and a number of others made an open profession of Islam. To soothe all popular apprehension, existing institutions were changed only to strengthen them, while contemplated reforms were to follow only as increasing public enlightenment demanded them. In particular, the utmost respect was paid to the marriage customs, and no license among the common soldiers was tolerated. In marked contrast was Bonaparte's own conduct. An intercepted letter written from Alexandria to his brother Joseph expressed jealous doubts of Josephine's fidelity—or, rather, a certainty of her infidelity. From that instant his own licentiousness became a scandal even to the loose notions of his train. But outwardly he affected the inflated speech of a semi-divine messenger;

once, while visiting the burial crypt in the pyramid of Cheops, he pretended to a mufti that he was a proselyte, and pronounced with an air of conviction the Mohammedan creed. Every element in the population, however,—Copts, Turks, Greeks, and Arabs,—was courted, and made to share in the administration. Printing-presses were established, and the French scholars, though surprised and disenchanted by what they found, united into an institute, and began the study of every possible improvement in political, social, and domestic economy. Nor was the army forgotten: the captured Mamelukes and other available youth were enrolled in the French battalions, and taught the drill and discipline of war. Even the scattered Bedouin received the conqueror's flattering attentions with ever lessening distrust.

All this was part of a plan to effect a religious and political revolution in the East, the two to move hand in hand, by an appeal to Mohammedan zeal for coöperation with those who had already destroyed Christianity in Europe. Talleyrand was to have been the representative in Constantinople of the same idea. But he had broken his promise, and stayed at home; and neither the Sultan, as the political and religious head of Islam, nor its devotees, were for a moment deceived. On the well-known principle that offers of peace come best while war is hottest, Bonaparte's iron hand was shown in certain most stringent regulations, and one determined insurrection was put down with merciless rigor. The domestic relations of the people were sacred, but they must buy indemnity with the payment of all their cash; and treasure, wherever found, was seized for the army chest. The old city barriers of Cairo were broken down, and fortified turrets were built in their places. Resistance of any kind met with quick punishment, and heads fell throughout the land with such regularity and frequency as to force from the natives a recognition of Bonaparte as *el Kebir* (the Exalted).

The utter isolation of summer, autumn, and

winter would have been intolerable but for such occupations. Only a single official despatch, and that a most insignificant one, reached Egypt from France during this interval; and the rush of events in Europe was for months utterly unknown to the castaway army. In fact, but two efforts were made to forward news—an astounding proof of the feeling in Paris. The Directory had failed in their attempts to cajole the Sultan, and a message from Bonaparte arrived too late to influence him; for, on receipt of news from Nelson's victorious fleet, the monarch hesitated no longer, and Turkey accepted the proffered alliance of Russia. The only certain news from Europe which was generally disseminated in Cairo was contained in a packet of Italian newspapers brought into Alexandria by a blockade-runner. Through them it was known that the invasion of Ireland, having been precipitated by a misunderstanding between the secret society of United Irishmen and the Directory, had failed; that Malta and Corfu were blockaded; that the Spanish fleet was significantly inactive; and that all Europe was arming for the renewal of hostilities in the spring. Bonaparte made every effort to communicate with Paris. Some of his frequent despatches certainly reached their destination; but going by circuitous routes, they were belated. This very fact, however, went far in France to surround him with a halo of romance, and to glorify the legend, never eradicated from French imaginations, that their arms had subjugated the land of the Pharaohs. As every day revealed the incapacity of the Directory in the face of an exasperated and united Europe, the fancied splendor of the French arms in Egypt shone with an effulgence which neutralized any remnants of suspicion remaining in the minds of the people regarding their absent victor. The conquering republic was over the sea; the spurious one had remained at home to be humiliated.

Disquieting rumors of Bonaparte's death, said to have been spread by English and Russian agents, were prevalent during a part of December; but while at their height they were allayed by the arrival, direct from the seat of war, of a budget dated October 7. The condition of the colony was described in glowing terms, but the gist of the despatches was that the Spanish admiral must be goaded to activity, and that the fleet from Brest must be sent to coöperate with him in the Mediterranean, in order to restore the prestige of the French arms in the East. As for the writer himself, he hoped, should war break out again in Europe, to return in the spring. Meantime, the Neapolitans were marching on Rome, a fact which inclined the vacillating and harassed directors to act on the suggestions of

their real master, although they kept his recommendations secret.

It was, therefore, not entirely without a co-ordination of plans that the Army of Egypt, strengthened and refreshed, made ready to move in February. The Turks, under Jezzar, were mustering in Syria, and it was necessary to anticipate them. Kléber was put at the head of 12,000 men, and, after dispersing the 800 Mamelukes who had retreated in the direction of Rahmaniyeh, advanced some days' march to El Arish, which was at once beset. Bonaparte tarried for a few days, and, having learned that the congress at Rastatt was still sitting, and that war, though imminent, was not yet declared, came up on February 17, 1799. Three days later the Turkish garrison, composed largely of volunteers, surrendered. They were paroled, and ordered to march toward Damascus. Gaza fell with the exchange of a few musket-balls, and delivered important munitions of war into the hands of the French. On March 4 the invaders were before Jaffa, which had a garrison of 4000 men, a part of Jezzar's army. After three days' bombardment a breach was made in the walls, and 2000 troops who had taken refuge behind caravan-sary walls surrendered under promise of their lives; the rest, it is said, had been killed in a massacre which immediately followed the assault. [See map, page 214, *JUNE CENTURY*.]

No French victory was ever marked by such unbridled license as that which the victorious troops practised at Jaffa. But what followed was worse; for the prisoners of war were too numerous for the ordinary usage. For some days they were treated according to the terms of quarter they had exacted. On the 17th a council of war unanimously voted that the old rule under which no quarter is given to defenders in an assault should be applied to them. For three days Bonaparte hesitated, but on the 20th his decision was taken. A few Egyptians were sent home, and the remainder of the prisoners, together with the 800 militia from El Arish, were marched to the beach, and shot. In the report to the Directory the number was put at 1200. Two eye-witnesses estimated it—one at 3000, the other at 4000. "I have been severe with those of your troops who violated the laws of war," wrote the author of the deed to Jezzar. No mention of the fact or excuse for it was made in any of his other correspondence at the time. All winter long he had been dealing as an Oriental with Orientals, and this was but a piece of the same conduct. The code of Christian morality was far from his mind. In January, for instance, he had ordered Murat to kill all the prisoners of a hostile tribe in the desert, whom he could not bring away; and in the same month identical orders were issued to



PAINTED BY F. DE ARMBACH.  
BONAPARTE, KLÉBER, EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS, LASALLE, AND JUNOT AT THE TIVOLI GARDEN IN CAIRO.

Berthier concerning another existing horde. The plea which is made by the eulogists of Napoleon, and by some recent military writers, for this wholesale execution, is that among these slaughtered men the garrison of El Arish, which had surrendered, had been found again with arms in their hands; that they were deserving of death according to all the laws of war; and that, as to the rest, there were no French prisoners for whom to exchange them, and no provisions to support them, consequently their presence with the army would jeopardize its success, and it was therefore justifiable to diminish the enemy's resisting power by their execution. Those who believe that war, whether just or unjust, justifies any barbarity which will lead to speedy victory will agree with that opinion.

Bonaparte had foreseen that of all the Syrian towns the Pasha's capital, St. Jean d'Acre, which was on the shore, and not inland like the places so easily taken, would make the strongest resistance. Accordingly he had provided a siege-train, and despatched it by sea from Alexandria. The English squadron in those waters, now in command of Sir Sidney Smith, was in the offing when the French army arrived on the coast. Approaching in order to open fire, the English admiral became aware after a few shots that his enemy had no artillery. Divining the reason, he swiftly put to sea, and easily captured their transports. Phélippeaux, a French emigrant who had been graduated from the military school at Paris only two days before Bonaparte, was sent by Smith to superintend the fortification of the city with the very guns destined for its destruction. The siege of Acre thus became a task quite different from any hitherto imposed on the French. Supported by an English fleet, and easily provisioned under protection of their guns, the city might have made a determined stand even against an enemy with cannon; but to one without artillery it was likely that its resistance would be effectual. And so it proved; for under the old Gothic walls of a city whose name recalled the fleeting dominion of the Frank crusaders, Bonaparte's dreams of an Oriental empire vanished forever. On March 19 he sat down before them, with really no dependence except in fate. In spite of discouragements, however, a breach was effected on the 28th by means of a mine, but the assault was repulsed.

Day followed day without an important incident, until in the third week an army of 25,000 men, under Abdullah Pasha, approached from Damascus to relieve Jezzar. Kléber set out to check their march, and the first skirmish of advance-guards occurred at Nazareth. For eight hours Junot, in the van with a few hundred men, stood firm against a tenfold force;

and even when the whole French division arrived the overwhelming superiority of the Turkish numbers was not perceptibly diminished. Bonaparte was not far behind. Leaving a respectable array before the town to keep up appearances, he hurried away with the rest, and by a forced march debouched on April 16 into the plain of Esdraelon. In the distance, at the foot of Mount Tabor, he could see a cloud of dust and smoke in the midst of which the ranks of Kléber's division seemed buried beneath the masses of his foe. Throwing his fine cavalry on the Turkish flanks, the commander-in-chief, at the head of the infantry, caught his enemy unawares from behind the whirling sand which had concealed his presence. The result was an utter rout of the Turks, who fled by the mountain passes in complete disorder.

Bonaparte returned victorious to Acre, and resumed the siege with a grim determination such as even he had not often felt. He had good cause. Another messenger from the Directory, traveling with comparative directness by way of Genoa, had arrived with despatches and newspapers dated as late as February. Two Austrian generals, Mack and Sachsen, had put themselves at the head of the Neapolitan army, and were about to march on Rome. An Austrian army division had already begun hostilities by entering the Grisons, thus violating the neutrality of the allied Helvetic Republic. Russia, Turkey, and Austria were in alliance: Russia would despatch troops to defend the Turkish capital and to aid in conquering Italy. Two new French armies were in the field. Moreau, the only first-rate general in France, was still under suspicion of complicity with Pichegru, and although permitted to accompany the Army of Italy as a volunteer, had been passed over in the choice of commanders. Jourdan, whose consistent democracy as a member of the Five Hundred had restored him to favor and rank, was to command the Army of the Danube; Joubert was to succeed Bonaparte in Italy. As for himself, he was left unhampered by instructions, but three alternatives had suggested themselves to the Directory — that he should either remain in Egypt and complete his colonial organization, or else press on to India and there supplant the English power, or, finally, march straight to Constantinople and attack the Russians. The tone of the despatches was one of anxiety. From earliest times Acre had been the key of Palestine; if Bonaparte should secure it, he would become the arbiter of his own destiny and of the world's. With Palestine, Egypt, and India at his feet, the tricontinental monarchy of his dreams was realizable, or else, in the same case, he could return to Paris with laurels unknown since the crusades, and put the copestone on the nearly



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

JEAN-BAPTISTE KLÉBER.

completed structure of military domination in France and Europe. To the end of his days he imagined, or represented himself as imagining, that he would have altered the world's career by choosing the part of Oriental conqueror. We may call these notions dreams, or fancies, or visions, or what we will: they were true conceptions in themselves, although it is not likely that England would have been conquered in the loss of India. She had been vigorous without it; she could have survived even that blow. For the moment the fall of Acre appeared to be an antecedent condition to either of the courses which were in the mind of Bonaparte.

But the siege was not prosperous. The as-

sault and the defense during the attack in March had been alike desperate, and French valor had been futile. A fleet was now on its way from Constantinople to throw additional men and provisions into the town. At the same time Phélippeaux had constructed a new girdle of forts inside the walls, and had barricaded the streets. In the interval, however, the French had brought up some heavy guns from Jaffa, and were making preparations to renew operations. A breach was easily effected, and a few gallant fellows seized the tower which controlled the outworks and curtain; but the storming party was repulsed, and the men in the tower, though they held it for two days, were finally so reduced in numbers that they



succumbed. This exasperated the French soldiers intensely. For the first two weeks of May there was scarcely a break in the succession of assaults. The fierce struggles which occurred in the breaches, on the barricades, even in the streets, to which the French once or twice penetrated, resulted in an appalling loss of life; but neither party quailed. Before long a pestilence broke out in the French camp, and the hospitals established at Jaffa and elsewhere were crowded with sick and dying.

On May 7 Kléber's division was called in for a conclusive onslaught, and in the face of a double fire from Sir Sidney Smith's cannon and the guns on the walls, both the first and second works were scaled and taken. All was in vain. Every house rained bullets from embrasures made for the purpose, and the entering columns retreated on the very threshold of their goal. Three days later a second equally desperate attempt likewise failed. In all, the siege lasted sixty-two days; the French assaulted forty times, and twenty-six sallies were made by the garrison; while four thousand soldiers and four good generals from his splendid army were the sacrifice of human life which Bonaparte offered at Acre to his ambition. Finally, the squadron from Constantinople having safely arrived, news came that another was fitting out at Rhodes to retake Egypt itself. Nothing was left but to retreat, and on the 17th the siege was abandoned. The retreat began on the 20th. At Jaffa Bonaparte passed through the hospital wards calling out in a loud voice: "The Turks will be here in a few hours. Whoever feels strong enough, let him rise and follow us."

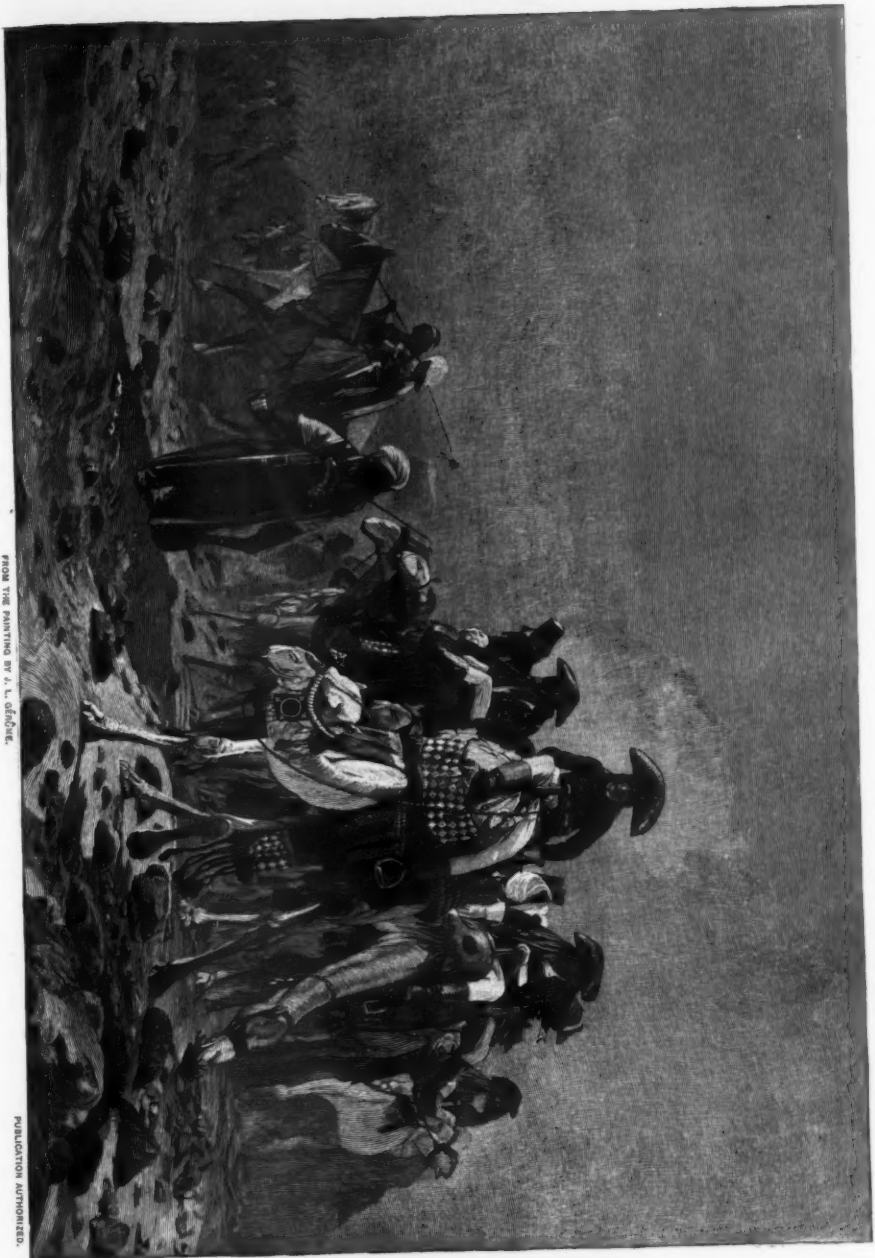
As a votary at the shrine of science he believed in the lawfulness of suicide, and he now coldly suggested murder to his surgeon-general, hinting that an overdose of opium would end the sufferings of those plague-stricken men who would have to be abandoned. It was long believed that such a dose actually had been administered to the sixty or more who were left behind. But the conclusive evidence that the report was false is in the fact that when Sir Sidney Smith occupied Jaffa the sufferers were still alive. Napoleon to the last defended the suggestion as proper, though he falsely denied having made it himself, and untruthfully declared at St. Helena that he had delayed three days to protect the dying patients. With cynical good nature, he told the fine story of how the noble French physician Desgenettes (who, in spite of his conviction that the plague was contagious, had already inoculated himself with the disease in order to allay the panic of the terror-stricken soldiers) had rejected the criminal suggestion replying that a physician's profession was to save, not to destroy, human life.

After a nine days' march through the burning sands, the exhausted columns of the French reached Cairo. Such was their unparalleled vigor that a few days' rest and proper food sufficed to recuperate their strength.

More wonderful still, they soon believed themselves to have returned with crowns of victory. Their crafty general explained that but for the terrible heats of Syria, the pest, and the expedition from Rhodes, which threatened their rear, they would have leveled the walls of Acre and destroyed Jezzar's palace, returning with standards and spoils to confirm France's dominion in the hearts and fears of the Egyptians. The volatile and sanguine soldiery, unwilling to admit defeat even to themselves, half believed this was true, and soon by an easy transition came to hold the mere suggestions as actual facts. Berthier was instructed that the native authorities at Cairo were to be so informed by an advance agent, General Boyer. The few important prisoners whose lives had been spared were to be conveyed, with due display of captured standards, to the citadel of Cairo, and there imprisoned with the public announcement "that a great number of such were coming." The litters of the wounded French officers Lannes, Duroc, Croizier, and Arrighi were to be quietly carried in on different days. In one emphatic paragraph are the instructions for Boyer: "He is to write, to say, to do, everything which may secure a triumphal entry." So adroitly were truth and fiction intermingled and confused by Bonaparte and his agents that in spite of various attempted risings the country as a whole remained quiet. Murad, however, who had fled to Nubia, and had there remained in concealment until informed of the proposed Turkish expedition, soon reappeared with the remnants of his cavalry, for the purpose of coöperating with the Sultan's forces. For weeks he came and went among the people so mysteriously that the French guards could never seize him. Bonaparte's superstition was awakened by the hidden and uncanny movements of his enemy, and in July he gave vent to his nervous irritation in a request to one of his subordinates either to kill or worry to death the object of his dread. "Let him die one way or another, I shall be equally obliged," were his words.

#### ABOUKIR AND THE GREAT DESERTION.

THE Turkish army which had sailed from Rhodes numbered about 12,000 men. The fleet on board of which they were appeared off Alexandria on July 20, and a landing was attempted. Repulsed by the forts, it drew off to Aboukir, where the effort was successful. The force was composed of infantry, and as



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. L. GÉRARD.  
BONAPARTE IN EGYPT.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

they could do nothing without cavalry, they began immediately to throw up breastworks behind which they hoped to make a stand until the arrival of Murad. But this romantic personage, the last of the Mamelukes to enjoy undisputed sway, now came no farther than the Pyramids; the land at which he gazed from the summit of Cheops was never again to be his. Before he could reach his allies they had been overwhelmed, and before the evacuation of Egypt by its invaders he himself fell a victim to the plague. Mehemet Ali and the Albanians were to inherit his power. By July 24 the Turks had strongly fortified the peninsula of Aboukir with a double line of works. Not only Murad but Ibrahim, who was expected from Syria, failed them, and the lack of cavalry threw them on the defensive. But their presence would be sufficient to fan the rebellious spirit of the country, and they might maintain themselves until new reinforcements should come by sea, or the belated cavalry arrive by land. With his accustomed rapidity Bonaparte made ready to strike. Ibrahim was checked, Murad was finally driven back, and Desaix was called in from Upper Egypt to assure subordination below while the contest was going on in the Delta. With 6000 men in the main army, and 2000 reserves under Kléber, Bonaparte set out. On July 25 the battle was joined. It was short and murderous. The enemy was first outflanked on the left, and that wing driven into the sea; then the right was caught in the same manner, and suffered a like fate. Finally, with a rush the infantry of Lannes surmounted a redoubt in the center. What was their surprise to find Murad with his cavalry already on the other side! The dashing riders had madly circumvented the line of intrenchment. There were but 3000 Turks now left, and these took refuge in a citadel which they had constructed at the apex of the peninsula. On August 1, 1799, the anniversary of the battle of the Nile, the entire force surrendered. Bonaparte told the Directory that 12,000 Turks were drowned. As he said in his despatch to Cairo, "Not a single man of the hostile army which had landed escaped." The French troops were now convinced that their general had ever been invincible, and that somehow he would open the doors of their prison-house, and find a way for their return.

It was nearly six months since the date of the latest authentic news from Paris. At least so thought the general's adjutants and companions, and they were possibly right. They knew that he had been constantly forwarding news of their enterprise, and probably regular directions, to the authorities at Paris. Bonaparte mentions in his correspondence the despatch of sixty vessels of various kinds with

his letters, and some of them, at least, reached their destination. This certainty, with the wise adaptation of his subsequent course to his ultimate ends, has led to the supposition that he was in constant receipt of secret information from his brothers, by way of Genoa and Tunis. "On my return to Egypt," he said at St. Helena, "I received news by way of Tunis"; and the memoirs of Joseph declare that he himself sent a messenger to tell the sorry tale of French affairs to Napoleon. But there is no proof and no likelihood that this courier ever reached his destination. It is more probable that Bonaparte's mysterious news came in part by way of the Barbary States, but chiefly through the English fleet, which was now off Alexandria, negotiating for exchanges on behalf of Turkey.<sup>1</sup> According to Marmont,<sup>2</sup> Sir Sidney Smith, hoping to discourage his enemy, sent a packet of papers ashore, and declared that if Bonaparte's army should strive to escape, in accordance with the desire of the Directory, he would endeavor to give an account of himself to the fugitives. In any case, what was now definitely made known to Bonaparte was not unwelcome information. He learned that war had, as he expected, broken out; that the French arms had suffered disgrace in Italy; and that a fleet under Admiral Bruix had been despatched to conquer the Mediterranean and to bring home the Army of Egypt. No doubt he guessed that the Directory was showing hopeless incapacity. What he could not know was that on May 26 they had actually despatched a special courier to express the hope that he himself would return to take command of the armies of the republic. This messenger, we know, never landed in Egypt, but his services were not required; for no sooner was Bonaparte convinced that the crisis he had long foreseen was actually occurring than the resolution he had twice foreshadowed in his letters to Paris was finally taken. He told Marmont that the state of things in Europe compelled him to return: the French armies defeated, all the fruits of his hard-earned victories in Italy lost! Of what use were these incapables who were at the head of affairs? With them all was hesitation, stupidity, and corruption. "I—I alone have borne the burden, and by constant victory have given strength to this administration, which without me would never have lifted its head. On my departure everything must of necessity crumble. Let us not wait until the destruction is complete; the evil would be irremediable. . . . The news of my return will be heard in France simultane-

<sup>1</sup> The "Commentaries," Vol. V, p. 710, state that the first inkling of the truth was received in a conversation with Phélippeaux, held between the hostile lines at Acre.

<sup>2</sup> "Mémoires du Duc de Raguse," Vol. II, p. 31.

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. SERREY.

THE EXAMPLE—KLEBER AT THE ASSAULT OF ACRE.

REPRODUCTION AUTHORIZED.



ously with that of the destruction of the Turkish army at Aboukir. My presence will elevate men's spirits, restore to the army its lost confidence, and to the good people the hope of a prosperous future." No commentary could make this language clearer.

His arrangements were quickly made. A few trusted men were confidentially informed of the situation, and Kléber was appointed to the chief command of the army, which was so dishonorably to be abandoned in a most critical situation, reduced as it was to half its original numbers, destitute of provisions and ammunition, surrounded by a hostile and ever more fanatical population, and confronted by the powerful fleet of its most unrelenting enemy. Secretly, and by night, two frigates were prepared, and anchored off a remote point of the shore. In the early hours of August 22 he embarked, accompanied by a few devoted and able friends—capable generals like Murat, Lannes, Marmont, Berthier, and Andréossy; equally able political scholars like Monge, Denon, and Berthollet. It was arranged that Junot and Desaix should come later.

The great deserter could easily persuade himself that this was an act of heroism—risking his life on hostile waters to save France. It was not hard to reason speciously that it was a colony which had been intended, and a colony which had been planted; that in his own return he was using the discretion granted by the Directory, and carrying out a plan announced from the outset. But it needed no verdict of posterity to declare that it would have been more heroic to remain and share the consequences of a scheme so largely his own. His own shriveled conscience asserted it, for he deceived the brilliant and acute Kléber in an appointment to say farewell, which was not kept; while the Grand Council of Cairo was told that he had gone to take command of his fleet, and would return in three months. Orders were left that if 1500 soldiers should die of the pest, Kléber should open negotiations for evacuating the country. An angry and emphatic protest was written by the victimized general; but it was intercepted by the English cruisers, and did not fall into the hands of his betrayer until after he had become First Consul.

At St. Helena Napoleon declared that the failure of the expedition was clear to him from the moment of Nelson's victory; for any force which cannot be recruited must melt away and eventually surrender. The following spring saw 60,000 Turks routed at Heliopolis by Kléber's 10,000 gallant men. Cairo, which seized the occasion and revolted against French rule, was again subdued in March, 1800; but the dagger of a fanatic ended the life of the bril-

liant leader. "One rival less," said Bonaparte, when he heard of the assassination.

Sir Sidney Smith, never dreaming either that a general would abandon his army, or that vessels would sail for Europe against the adverse winds of that season, had made for Cyprus to renew his supply of water. In that interval the two French frigates gained the open sea in the vague hope of reaching Toulon direct, by some reversal of nature's laws. But the prevalent breezes continued, and compelled them to coast along the African shore. It was three weeks before they even sighted the headlands of Tunis. At last a favoring wind began to blow. With lights extinguished and at night, they passed the strait which separates Africa from Sicily, escaping the observation of the English cruisers sent from Nelson's fleet to patrol those waters. Skirting Sardinia, the flotilla reached Corsica early in October. Though, as he declared, he was "deeply moved by the sight of his native town," no remnant of his early enthusiasm could sweeten for Bonaparte the enforced delay of several days in the harbor of Ajaccio. He had left far behind the emotions of that primitive society, and was indifferent to the abounding caresses of all the friends who crowded the decks to see him, evidently fretting to be gone. One fact alone has been recorded to his credit: his features relaxed with evident joy as he tenderly returned the greeting of the old woman who had been his earliest attendant. It was his last visit to the island of his birth, but not the last time the accents of his dialect fell on his ears, for it was a Corsican who soothed his last hours at St. Helena.

What moved him really and deeply was the news of French disasters on the Trebbia and at Novi, of Joubert's death, of the dissolution of the Italian republics, and of Moreau's last stand in the Piedmont fortresses. What probably moved him most was the further news that the old Directory had virtually fallen on 30 Prairial, and that Sieyès, who had returned but partly successful from Berlin, had been chosen as a member of the new one, to preserve at least a semblance of respect for the institution. Finally, the favoring breeze sprang up, and on October 8 sail was made again, not for Italy, to restore the fortunes of the army, as Bourrienne says he had planned during the voyage, but direct for France. Suddenly, at sunset, a British squadron loomed on the horizon. Was Fortune at last to desert her child? It seemed so. The captain of Bonaparte's vessel gave orders to make again for Ajaccio, and prepared a longboat for the solitary landing of his passenger on the wild shores in case of extremity. But a dark night revived his courage. The English, deceived by the apparent angle of their enemy's yards, mistook his course, and sailed in a



DRAWN BY U. CHIOLO.

THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.



wrong direction. The French kept directly on. Next morning the adventurer set foot once more on French soil near Fréjus. A few nights later news of Bonaparte's landing was brought to his sisters in their box at the theater. They received it with exultation, but apparently with no manifestation of surprise.

"THE RETURN OF THE HERO."

How was he received, this thwarted leader of a costly fiasco, this general who for nothing had left the bones of thousands to whiten upon Eastern deserts, who had deserted in a plague-stricken land many thousands more of the finest troops which France could furnish? With a passion of delight! From Fréjus through Lyons to Paris, along the old familiar route, the people knew nothing of their hero's failures. They had not forgotten his Italian victories, which only a short year before had made them masters where now their armies were in disgrace and their name was execrated; they knew only too well the wide-spread legends of the same man's triumphs in the romantic East, before Cairo and at the feet of the Pyramids. With all this they contrasted the valley of humiliation through which the republic had been dragged by the incapacity of their leaders. Was it wonderful that at Lyons, as Marbo, graphically relates, the fêtes were like a jubilee through which Bonaparte, aware that his goal was near, moved like one already elevated among his fellows—conciliating, deprecating, mysterious?

It was on October 16 that he arrived at his house on Victory street, in Paris. Mme. Bonaparte was not there to give him a welcome. During the absence of her husband she had made her house the center of a brilliant society which numbered among its members the ablest men of the time. This circle was untiring in its devotion to Bonaparte's interests, making friends for him at home, plotting in his behalf abroad, turning every political incident to his advantage, and building up a strong party which believed that he was the only possible savior of France. In conduct the associates were gay and even dissolute; occasionally a select inner coterie withdrew to Plombières, nominally for repose, but probably for a seclusion not altogether innocent. Into this loyal but licentious company the sudden announcement of Bonaparte's approach brought something like consternation. Josephine, in particular, was over-anxious to display a feigned devotion to her husband. Learning of his approach, she went out some distance to meet him, but took the wrong road, and passed him unawares. Hurrying back, she found the door of his chamber barred, her

absence being of course a confirmation of the general's jealous suspicions. For hours her entreaties and tears were vain. At last Eugène and Hortense joined theirs with their mother's, and the door was opened. The breach was apparently healed, but rather to avoid a scandal than from sincere forgiveness, and this scene was the beginning of estrangement.

The situation of affairs in Europe at the close of 1799 was, as Bonaparte had anticipated, by no means simple. England, having been scorned in her propositions for peace made through Malmesbury in 1797 at Lille, had found everything ripe for a second coalition of France's enemies, which was formed in 1798, largely through the efforts of Paul I., the new Czar of Russia. The organization of the Helvetic Republic in Switzerland had brought the Revolution into the very heart of central Europe, and thus had further estranged the trembling dynasties of both Austria and Prussia. The organization on February 18, 1798, of the Roman Republic had brought the Revolution to the frontiers of Naples; and when her king, having joined the coalition, rose to repel it, and threw an army into Rome, the French troops in Italy were divided, and a portion of the army, under Championnet, in a kind of pleasure excursion overturned the Neapolitan throne, and in January, 1799, proclaimed the Parthenopean Republic. By a skilfully devised complot in which Lucien Bonaparte was active, the Directory charged the feeble King of Sardinia with unfriendliness, the Cisalpine Republic picked a quarrel with him, Tuscany became involved in the ensuing disorders, and Charles Emmanuel IV. was compelled on December 9, 1798, to abandon all his territories on the mainland, while the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand III., fled shortly after, in 1799, to his friends in Vienna, leaving his dominions at the disposal of France. It was doubtless a pleasant delusion for sincere republicans to imagine that in these events free governments were rising on the wreck of absolutism; but unfortunately the fact was otherwise: every one of these so-called free states was founded, not in the hearts of its people, but in the power of French arms. With the waning of this military ascendancy, they must of necessity lose all vitality. Bonaparte had stated to the Directory, in defense of his own conduct, and of course both repeatedly and emphatically, that to divide the Army of Italy and leave the Austrians on the Adige would be to lose Italy. And yet this was precisely the blunder the directors made in sending Championnet to Naples. Angered by the unexpected renewal of hostilities, their preparations for the coming war, though vigorous



FROM THE PAINTING BY HORACE DE CALLIAS.

PUBLICATION AUTHORIZED.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KLÉBER AT CAIRO, JUNE 14, 1800.

and energetic, were made unadvisedly and in haste. Brune was sent to command in Holland, Bernadotte to the middle Rhine, Jourdan into central Germany, Masséna to Switzerland, Macdonald to Naples, and Schérer to upper Italy. Two hundred thousand men were raised under the new conscription law, and these conscripts—a word then used in that sense for the first time—were sent to fill the depleted ranks of the respective armies. Brune and Masséna were destined to show ability and win success; the others were marked for overwhelming defeat: in particular the crowning example of folly was the appointment of Schérer to the post of greatest importance. He had once before shown his inability to master the rudiments of warfare in Italy, and this time his command was as inefficient as might have been expected. Jourdan, having been defeated toward the close of March, by the archduke Charles, both at Ostrach and at Stockach, was succeeded by Lenouf, who was at once compelled to retreat behind the Rhine. On the heels of this disaster Schérer was driven first behind the Mincio, then to the Oglio; he was defeated at Magano in April, and then voluntarily made way for Moreau. He laid down his command amid the jeers of his troops.

Meantime the congress at Rastatt had been keeping up the forms of negotiation, its proceedings being in the main perfunctory, and its sessions deriving their interest mainly from the attempts of the French plenipotentiaries to overawe their colleagues. In this they were largely successful, because they had in their possession the clearest evidence of Austria's earlier determination to secure her importance by the dismemberment of Bavaria. They were three in number: two—Roberjot and Bonnier—were honest supporters of the Directory; the third—Debry—was an old friend of Bonaparte's, and had never swerved from his allegiance. As chief of the embassy he had attracted great attention, and having displayed a spirit far from conciliatory, he gave some cause for the special dislike in which he was held not only by the other delegates, but even by his own colleagues. There was the utmost tension in the congress when hostilities were renewed. With the successes of Charles, Austria grew so bold that she determined to break off all negotiation. Already one imperial representative had withdrawn in dudgeon; the others were ready to follow. Aware that war was imminent, both French and Austrian troops had begun early in 1799 to scour the suburbs of Rastatt, and had in frequent forays not merely attacked each other, but had molested the citizens and even the ambassadors. Finally, in April, the imperial troops beset the town, and ordered the remain-

ing members of the congress to leave within a term which, according to usage, was to be fixed by the assembly itself. The French ministers, in obedience to orders received from Paris, waited until the very last, leaving with their train only at nightfall on April 28. In a few moments, and almost before the gates, they were surrounded and hustled by Austrian hussars. In the ensuing tumult the three plenipotentiaries were dragged from their carriages and furiously assaulted; Roberjot and Bonnier were killed, Debry escaped. Next morning he appeared in Rastatt wounded and bloody, but not seriously injured. This murder has become one of the standing historical puzzles. Many claim that the blows were struck by Debry himself, who, it is thought, was one of those Bonapartist agents, like Garat in Naples and Ginguéné in Turin, whose business, as is claimed, was to bring on anarchy at any price, and discredit the Directory. The royalists, supported by the declarations of Mme. Roberjot, who was in the carriage with her husband, asserted this at the time, and the numerous hewers at the greatness of Napoleon have again repeated it in our day. There are circumstances which could be twisted into corroborative evidence if even the slightest positive proof existed; but no satisfactory testimony has ever been offered from Austrian sources to prove that these attacks, like others of the time and in other lands, were not instigated by the authorities, and made in order to conceal inconvenient shortcomings, and to bring on the war for which Austria was now ready.

The second coalition was stronger than the first, because, although Prussia remained neutral for reasons already mentioned, it included not only England and Austria, but also both Turkey and Russia, with Portugal and Naples. The long frontier, from Holland to Naples, which France was called on to defend in the absence of her best troops and generals in Egypt, made her weak and vulnerable as never before. England appeared in Holland with an Anglo-Russian army; the Russians poured into Switzerland and Italy; the Austrians were again on the Rhine and the Adige; while Turkey was showing unexpected energy in repelling the invaders from lands which, slack as was the tie, she still considered her own. Worse than all, the false position of the republic and the Church with reference to each other had kept alive smoldering coals of discontent, and as a result civil war again broke out in Brittany and Vendée. To meet this appalling emergency there was needed either a capable, homogeneous administration heartily supported by the nation, or else a military despotism such as was the logical result of Vendémiaire and Fructidor. The former did not exist. Instead of gaining strength by wise self-denial, the Directory had



FROM THE DRAWING BY ANDRÉ DUTERTRE IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

FRANÇOIS LANUSSE. KILLED AT BELBEYS, EGYPT, MAY 19, 1801.

grown steadily weaker, usurping authority of every kind, and actually seating in the councils of 1798, by the basest arts, creatures of their own as representatives of no less than forty-nine departments. The May elections of 1799 expressed the popular discontent in an uprising of extreme Jacobinism, which sent an opposition delegation into the councils too strong to be thus supplanted or overthrown.

The new legislature met the executive, and at once, with their own weapons. Aided by public clamor, and the influence of a widely read pamphlet which Carnot had written in justification of his course, they obtained in June a virtual reconstruction of the Directory. Barras, who had become known as a weak trimmer, was suffered to remain. Rewbell, as a supporter of the unsuccessful Schérer and the per-

tinacious associate of Rapinat, a dishonest contractor connected with the Army of Italy, had been himself suspected of peculation, although unjustly, and his time having expired, he was not reelected. The others went as a matter of course: Merlin and Larevellière were permitted to resign because, although troublesome, they were nonentities; Treilhard, though honest and able, could not make himself felt, and a flaw in his election was used as a pretext to replace him by Gohier, a feeble creature, though formerly minister of justice. Sieyès was put in Rewbell's place in order to secure a better constitution. He carried into his new sphere the same habits of supercilious mystery which he had always had, continuing likewise the scheming for radical change which he had so long carried on. He looked to Joubert as the



popular general most likely to become an easy tool, and formed an intimacy with him. The two other places were filled by utter mediocrities: Roger Ducos, a moderate, and Moulins, a radical. This revolution of 30 Prairial was thought to be a Jacobin counterstroke to that of 18 Fructidor. The legislature had shown itself as lawless as the Directory; the constitution was proved to be worthless: another must be enacted. With Fouché at the head of the police, and other Robespierrians restored to office, it appeared to the majority of the nation as if all constitutional government were jeopardized, as if the Terror were to be revived, as if such madness could be repressed only by military force.

But where was the general? Championnet had disgraced himself by permitting the unbridled license which followed his capture of Naples on January 23, 1799, and his army was in a state of disreputable disorganization. Macdonald had gathered together and reorganized the remnants, but only to be defeated by Suvaroff with his Russians on the Trebbia. The army of Joubert, who succeeded Moreau, had been overwhelmed, and its leader killed, by an Austro-Russian force at Novi on August 15. Mantua was already lost. Moreau, having saved some remnants of Joubert's troops, made a successful stand in the Apennines, where his army still was. Masséna was defeated at Zurich, in June, by the Austrians under the archduke Charles; but on September 25-26 he routed the Russians under Korsakoff at the same place. Brune had defeated on September 19, at Bergen, an Anglo-Russian army under the Duke of York, who was forced to capitulate at Alkmaar on October 10, and to evacuate the Batavian Republic. Bernadotte was the new secretary of war, more successful in that office than as a diplomat. Although he was Joseph Bonaparte's brother-in-law, he was not a Bonapartist, being first, last, and always a Bernadottist. Under his administration Jourdan had devised and carried out the new conscription measures which filled once more the empty army lists. This sweeping measure was the extreme development of the system introduced by Carnot, whereby all able-bodied French citizens were declared liable to military service, and drafts were made only when voluntary enlistment failed. The conscription law was passed on September 5, 1798, and compelled the service of all young men, or at least of as many as the government saw fit to draw, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five. This procedure differed but little from that now universal in modern Europe, and created the Napoleonic armies as distinguished from those of the republic. Organized into divisions, brigades, and half-brigades as before, the new ranks

appear to have been quite as enthusiastic as the old, for the young of the nation now looked to war as the quickest road to glory. Bernadotte expressed the common conviction of all ambitious young men when he said, "Children, there are certainly great captains among you." The treasury was replenished by a forced loan disguised under the form of an arbitrary tariff. Besides all this, a frightful measure had been passed, known as the Hostage Law, which made the innocent relatives of every Chouan or emigrant responsible for his conduct.

These measures were indicative of a dangerous and rising tide of the new Jacobinism, which was represented by a majority in the Five Hundred, in the Directory by Gohier and Moulins, and outside by a recognized club of terrorists, which began to sit in the famous riding-school where the Convention had held its sessions. The well-to-do men like Talleyrand, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély, and Roederer, the philosophers Cambacérés, Sémonville, Benjamin Constant, and even Daunou, were outraged at the thought of a new Terror, and looked to Sieyès and Barras to prevent it. In view of these disturbing circumstances, many also asked, Where is the statesman? The Jacobins, as of old, had perfect faith that the chapter of accidents would reveal a statesman; a general they had either in the calm Jourdan or the hotspur Augereau. Their policy was to repeat republican victories, and fortify democracy in the coming constitution, whatever shape it should take. Sieyès and his friends naturally would have turned to the conqueror of Italy, with whom they had already plotted; but he was absent, and, besides, they wanted a tool, not a master. They actually tried Moreau with an offer of a dictatorship to be equally shared with Bonaparte; but he was already under the spell of royalism, and proved coy. It has been suggested that but for the arrival of Bonaparte himself, Masséna, who much resembled Monk in character, might have repeated that general's rôle in France. Certainly the advocates of a limited monarchy would, in the extremity, have welcomed even the Bourbons as a constitutional dynasty, and this although they were so distrustful that Sieyès, when ambassador in Prussia, had dreamed of choosing a foreign royal house for that purpose, selecting as his own preference that of Brunswick.

Such, then, was the complicated web of defeat and victory in war, of plot and counterplot in politics, of cross-purposes everywhere, which was displayed to Bonaparte on his return to the capital. Should he, the hitherto avowed republican whose devoted soldiers still believed themselves to be fighting for freedom's cause, continue the farce still further,



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE. —

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

JOSEPHINE AT THE DOOR OF BONAPARTE'S CHAMBER.

and throw in his fate with the Jacobins? Or should he put down the mask? It soon became clear that Paris and the people would never again tolerate a Terror, and that success in the long run lay in an alliance with them. If they would accept his leadership, the game was won. But was this possible? The cool heads, like Baron de Pasquier, had noted the real character of the Egyptian and Syrian campaigns; but even they had an admiration for an adventurer's effrontery, and they were too few to make much impression upon the

citizens. Their own social gifts, aided by the charm of their attractive wives, had made their homes, like that of Mme. Bonaparte herself, centers of influence among the best people of the capital. Hers, however, was far more exclusive, and affected a lofty superiority to all others. Between it and the other two there existed intense jealousy concerning the general's favor, but all were heartily united in furthering his interests.

The people of Paris did not, like those of Lyons, run to meet Bonaparte as if he were

already a sovereign; but they received him warmly. In particular the malcontents of every party who were plotting in his behalf, as if under his personal direction, welcomed him with effusion. Without a moment's delay he took charge of their councils. Sieyès had lost his mainstay in Joubert, and his prestige by the defeat at Novi. With the help of Talleyrand and Roederer he was soon brought to terms, and under Bonaparte's immediate direction the careful, daring plan for a complete change in the constitution and the administration already discussed by Sieyès and his followers, the so-called Reformists, was revised and finished. It was on its face a determined attempt to remedy the radical defects of the constitution of the year III, and to organize a strong constitutional government. In



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY L. DUPRÉ IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

L. J. GOHIER.

masses. By large numbers of the hitherto indifferent it was now believed that Bonaparte and his army had been deported to Egypt from jealousy on the part of the Directory; and to some of the conservatives he was a martyr returning from exile, and bringing new trophies to his country. This rumor was not only never contradicted, but was rather increased by the significant hints of those among the Bonaparte family who were now in the thick of events. Joseph, having three years previously been elected to the Five Hundred, had risen high in the public esteem; and Lucien for two years past had likewise been one of the most influential members. Both were changed men. Polished, at least superficially, and apparently devoted to letters, they were known as solid

fact, its author had already shown a certain executive ability in preparing the way. Waving the red signal of the Terror, he had by a series of arbitrary measures suppressed the Jacobin papers and banished their editors. Jourdan at this crisis demanded from the assemblies a vote that the "country was in danger," but his appeal fell flat. Then came the stirring news that under Masséna and Brune the armies of France were renewing their pristine glories, and that the Rhine and the Alps at least were safe. A few days later a messenger from the executive read to the councils, in solemn state, the despatch, composed by Bonaparte for the purpose, containing his exaggerated narrative of the battle of Aboukir. Tremendous enthusiasm swept over both chambers. Lucien was



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHOT IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

BARTHÉLEMY-CATHERINE JOUBERT.

elected president of the Five Hundred, which, unlike the Ancients, had been and remained Jacobin in sentiment. Gohier, who had fallen a victim to the charms of Josephine in her frequent visits to his flattered wife, was the president of the Directory. To him Bonaparte had paid his first official visit, and on the following day the Directory received in formal audience the general, who, as he declared to Gohier, had "left his army to come and share the national perils," reports of which had so disquieted him in Egypt.

The official and the popular good will were therefore before long alike intense: Paris was within a few days as much dazzled by Bonaparte's return as the country had been. The "Return of the Hero" was the catchword of the nation. Recent events had shattered parties into fragments: here was a leader who had never been identified with any one of them. The newspapers took up the pæan of his virtues. Meanness and mediocrity were to disappear; the French people, avid of great things, had found again the favorite of fortune who alone could accomplish them. First Talleyrand, then Sieyès, then all the other well-known men, from Gohier down, openly joined in the train of admirers. The shifty course of large numbers who, like Roederer, were opportunists at heart, had become wearisome to the moneyed classes, and they also soon arrayed themselves under Bonaparte's banner. Doubtful or distant persons of influence were courted, and, as in the case of Moreau, were by consummate art often won. Before long the defeated general had at Paris a court more influential than he had had at Montebello in the hour of victory. His personal demeanor was much the same as then — quiet, reserved, and even dark, but conciliatory, simple, and frank. He frequented the Institute, of which he had been made a member, and associated by preference with men like Volney, discussing questions of philosophy and science. Soon it was whispered that his plans were maturing. What could they be? The answer was not long in suspense. The pear was ripe.

#### BONAPARTE SEIZES HIS OPPORTUNITY.

ON November 1, 1799, Sieyès formally surrendered all control. By agreeing, as he did in a conference with Bonaparte, that the outline of the "perfect" constitution which he had written — it was his own epithet — should not be laid directly before the councils, but should be submitted to a committee, he abdicated the public leadership, and became the dupe of his colleagues. On the 6th a banquet was given to Bonaparte in the church of St. Sulpice. It had originally been intended that

the tribute should come from both chambers; in reality the affair was arranged entirely by a few of the Ancients, who were now almost to a man Bonapartists. Moreau was present as a guest. Embittered against the Directory by the impossible labors they had assigned to him, he had arrived in Paris cautiously and quietly. Bonaparte, equally embittered, but by his own failures, came amid the plaudits of a nation; but the two were for all that justly ranked together as the great captains of the hour. The occasion, however, fell flat; for both Jourdan and Augereau, the Jacobin generals, remained away, and they were the intimates of Bernadotte. Moreau himself was sullen, and the only incident of importance was Bonaparte's toast to the "harmony of all the French." He drank it in wine that was brought in a bottle by Duroc, his aide-de-camp; for his guilty conscience made him suspicious that the meat and drink provided in his honor were poisoned. Immediately after the close of the gloomy ovation he had a meeting with Sieyès, who produced his draft of three measures, the general tenor of which had been previously agreed upon. In the revolutionary movement now arranged, the Council of the Ancients, in which a majority was certain, were to take the initiative according to constitutional provision, and pass all three as preliminary to the overthrow of the constitution. They were first to declare the existence of a plot, the nature and size of which were not to be mentioned; then to ordain the session of both councils at St. Cloud; and lastly to appoint Bonaparte commander of the troops in Paris. When assembled next day at St. Cloud, they were to accept the resignations from the Directory of Sieyès and Ducos, the latter having been persuaded to join the new movement. Finally Gohier, Barras, and Moulins were to be cowed into resigning, and thereupon a provisional consulate, consisting of Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos, was to be intrusted with the work of reconstruction.

A sufficient military force having been made ready, it was determined at a secret meeting of the Bonapartists, held on 15 Brumaire (November 7), that the blow should be struck three days later. To that end the Ancients were to meet, according to the program, on the morning of 17 Brumaire, and summon both assemblies to hold a session on 18 Brumaire at St. Cloud. Under a provision of the constitution, whenever an amendment to that document was to be considered, the two bodies were to sit outside the walls of Paris. This move would naturally excite considerable suspicion among the uninitiated; and although there might be no disorder, there would certainly be much heated discussion in the streets. Still greater was the danger which lay in the





FROM THE BUST BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-CLAUDE-EUGÈNE GUILLAUME, PRESENTED TO THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE BY PRINCE NAPOLEON.

BONAPARTE AS A MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE.

AUTOGRAPH FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN BOYD THACHER.

temper of the troops. Enthusiastic for what they felt to be still the republic, every appearance of offering violence to any and all avowed republicans like those who sat among the Five Hundred must be avoided. The solution of this latter problem was really the key to the whole combination. Success would depend entirely on the momentary instinct of plain, honest republican soldiers taken unawares. Minor troubles there were also. Sieyès, sensitive under the evident determination of Bonaparte to use him only so long as he was necessary, became restive, and it required the nicest balancing of interests to keep him temporarily in the traces. It was a time of terrible anxiety to the conspirators. Talleyrand never forgot a scene which took place at his house in the Rue Taitbout a few nights antecedent to the crisis. He and Bonaparte were still deep in conversation about one in the morning, when they heard the rumbling of carriage-wheels and the ring of cavalry hoofs in the street. Suddenly both ceased; they had paused at the door. Bonaparte turned pale, and Talleyrand also, as they paused and listened, fully convinced that both were to be arrested. The latter blew out the candles, and hurried through a passageway to gain a view of the street. After some delay he discovered that the carriage of a gambling-house keeper, returning under police escort from the Palais Royal with his spoils, had broken down. His fears relieved, he returned to joke with Bonaparte about the scare. Before the appointed day, however, everything which master-schemers could foresee was carefully adjusted and in equilibrium. The apparent resurrection of Jacobinism was actually the last appearance of its ghost; for the Directory, shorn of all prestige, was divided and shaky; the army, republican to the core, was weary with its inefficiency and furious with its bankruptcy; the mass of the nation, conservative and royalist, despaired of a restoration, and, sick of war, were for the moment in a humor to accept any strong government. The majority of the administration, the nation, and the army were, therefore, in readiness, while the numerous malcontents in each were at least temporarily silenced. Every little hidden wire of private interest was in hand, and plans were ripe to coerce those who could not be cajoled.

All night long, from the 16 to the 17 Brumaire, a committee of the Ancients was in session, minutely perfecting their plans. Next morning at seven the faithful majority, having been summoned according to form, convened as the council; for the doubtful members had either not been summoned at all, or had received notice of a later hour. As soon as a quorum was present, Cornet, a well-known butt for the wits, rose and denounced the ter-

rrible conspiracy which was menacing them. Regnier then moved that according to articles 102, 103, and 104 of the constitution both branches of the legislature should meet next day at noon, and not before, in the palace of St. Cloud; that General Bonaparte should be intrusted with the execution of their decree, and that to that end he be appointed commander of the Paris garrison, of their own special guard, and of the National Guard; that he therefore appear and take the oath; and that these resolutions be duly communicated to the Directory, to the Five Hundred, and also to the public by printed proclamation. The motion was carried unanimously.

During these proceedings, all the generals present in Paris except Jourdan and Augereau, who had not been invited, but including the staunch republican Lefebvre, commander of the garrison, had gathered in and before Bonaparte's house. They had been requested to come in uniform in order to arrange for a review. It was noticed that Bernadotte, though present, was not in uniform. He had so far yielded to the blandishments of his brother-in-law as to come, but declared that he would obey only what was at that moment the chief authority in the state. Lefebvre was in uniform, but having met on the way bodies of troops moving without his orders, and not being initiated, he was naturally startled. But Bonaparte knew his man. "Would you, a supporter of the republic, leave it to perish in the hands of these lawyers?" was his greeting. "See, here is the sword I carried at the Pyramids. I give it to you as a mark of my esteem and confidence." "Let us throw the lawyers into the river," came the expected answer.

A few moments later arrived the authoritative summons from the Ancients. Bonaparte stepped out on the porch, and read their proceedings aloud. By a united impulse the officers flourished their swords in response. It was but an instant before they were mounted, and with Bonaparte in front, the cavalcade, headed by men either already famous or destined to become so,—Macdonald, Sérurier, Murat, Lannes, Andréossy, Berthier, and Lefebvre,—proceeded to the council-chamber. It needed but a hasty glance, as they passed through the city, to see that preconceived orders had already been carefully executed. The troops were all under arms and at their stations in commanding places throughout the town. Arrived at the Tuileries, the general and his glittering escort entered the chamber. "Citizen delegates," he said, "the republic was falling. You understood the situation; your course has saved it. Woe to them who cause disorder or disturbance! With the help of General Lefebvre, of General Berthier, and my other brethren in arms, I will ar-



FROM THE PRINT IN THE CARNEGIE MUSEUM.

PAUL-JEAN-FRANÇOIS-NICOLAS, COMTE DE BARRAS.

rest them. Let no man look for precedents in the past. Nothing in history is comparable to the end of the eighteenth century, nothing to the present moment. Your wisdom passed this motion, our arms will execute it. We desire a republic founded in true liberty, in civil liberty, in popular representation. We are going to have it. I swear it in my own name and in that of my brethren in arms!" "We swear it!" was the antiphonal response of the assembled generals. Some one indiscreetly suggested that Bonaparte had sworn, but not the oath of allegiance to the constitution required by their previous action; but the president hurriedly declared all further proceedings out of order, the assembly having adjourned by its own act.

By this time it was eleven o'clock, and the members of the Five Hundred were gathering. Their meeting was soon called to order, with Lucien in the chair. The recent action of the

Ancients was announced amid a deep silence, broken only at the conclusion by numerous calls for an explanation. In strict legality, and according to the letter of the constitution, the lower house had on such an occasion no function but to listen, and the president announced the session ended. Amid cheers for the constitution of the year III the representatives then dispersed. A more impressive and dramatic scene was the reception of Bonaparte a few seconds later by the soldiers who had been assembled in the courtyard below for the purpose. Their cheers rang out in volleys as he mounted and rode away, the hero of the hour. A few moments later he reached his headquarters in the Tuileries to find all his chosen subordinates assembled. Fouché, the Jacobin minister of police, having seen how the weathercock was veering, was there likewise, obsequious and superserviceable.

In fact, the incidents of that day were all uncommon. The "*Moniteur*" published an article hinting that the Jacobins contemplated merging the two councils into a convention. The populace, so far from being uneasy and riotous, seemed dazzled by the military display, and were not alarmed by the movements of the soldiery. It was only with languid interest that they read a pamphlet scattered everywhere, which had been written by Roederer to prove the need for renewing the constitution. Bonaparte as commandant, and therefore temporary dictator, received according to prearrangement the resignations of Sieyès and Ducos, to be presented on the morrow at St. Cloud. The Gohiers had been invited to breakfast with Mme. Bonaparte that morning at the unusual hour of eight o'clock. Pleading official duties, the director himself did not go; his wife, amazed by the dazzling assemblage of generals which she found before the Bonapartes' door, hurried back to announce what she had seen. We may surmise that had Gohier accompanied his wife, both might have been won to the support of the movement in hand, or, in the other event, might even have been forcibly detained. As it was, his first instinct was to consult Barras, and he hurried in search of his colleague; but the fallen statesman was in his bath, and could see nobody. He sent word to Gohier to count on him; but before his toilet was complete he was forced to receive Bruix and Talleyrand, who had come as emissaries from Bonaparte. A guilty conscience made him like wax in the hands of Talleyrand, who successfully pleaded with him to resign, and secured his signature to a form, prepared in advance by Roederer under Bonaparte's supervision, which declared that all danger to freedom was past, thanks to the illustrious warrior for whom he had had the honor to open the way to glory. Such was the haste that even before Moulins, the remaining director, could reach the Tuileries, where Bonaparte had established an office, this paper of Barras had been delivered, and the Directory had ceased to exist. "What have you done," said the dictator to Barras's messenger—"what have you done with the France I made so brilliant? I left you victory: I find nothing but defeat. I left you the millions from Italy: I find plundering laws and misery. Where are the 100,000 warriors who have disappeared from the soil of France? They are dead, and they were my comrades! Such conditions cannot last; in three years anarchy will land us in despotism. We want a republic founded on the basis of equality, of morality, of civil liberty, of political long-suffering." It is perhaps needless to say that there was present a reporter, — the poet Arnault, — who printed this fine language next day in the newspapers.

Finally Moulins and Gohier were admitted. Welcomed as if they, too, were about to join in the movement "to save the commonwealth," it was with feigned astonishment that the general heard them plead for the laws, for the constitution, for the sanctity of oaths, and for good faith to the republican armies, once again victorious. Their adversary was of course immovable. With Gohier he tried argument; to Moulins he menacingly remarked that if Santerre, the notorious demagogue and his relative, should this time make a move to raise the populace, his fate would be death. To a point-blank demand for their resignation both firmly answered, "No," and withdrew to the Luxembourg, where the now defunct Directory had had its seat. With no knowledge or intention on their part, they were to serve as a means for the immolation of Bonaparte's last victim and most dangerous rival. In the military dispositions of that day, Lannes had been put in command at the Tuileries, Sérurier at the Point-du-Jour, Marmont at the Military School, Macdonald at Versailles, and Murat at St. Cloud. To the central point, the seat of government, the home of the Directory, Moreau had been assigned. If Bonaparte became the statesman of the impending revolution, Moreau reasoned that he himself would of necessity become the general of the new government, and regarding his selection for this post as a distinction, he accepted. By the orders of his temporary superior, Gohier and Moulins, two unyielding and incorruptible members of the executive, though not shamefully treated, were yet deprived of their liberty. With the proverbial fickleness of humanity, the agent was held by the public solely responsible for this conduct, and was harshly judged. To him was imputed the stain of arbitrarily applying force at the critical moment, and his influence disappeared like a mirage. During these closing hours of the day, Augereau, too, appeared to make his peace, asking with perplexed jocularity, and with the use of the familiar "thou," if Bonaparte could count no more on his "little Augereau." His fears were scarcely allayed by the brusque advice that both he and Jourdan should keep the peace.

Did ever the wheels of conspiracy run so smoothly? The officious Fouché had closed the city barriers. Bonaparte was so secure that he ordered them thrown wide open. The night was apparently as serene as his spirit. In reality there was a counterplot, and that in a dangerous quarter. Bernadotte met with a little junta, comprising a few members of the Five Hundred, at Salicetti's house, and planned, with himself in uniform as commander, to reach St. Cloud next day in advance of all others, and to install himself, with his supporters, in charge of the palace, so as to control events in his



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-AUGUSTE-DOMINIQUE INGRES IN THE MUSEUM AT LIÈGE, BELGIUM.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

**NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.**

(Presented to the city of Liège by Napoleon in 1806. This is claimed to be one of the few portraits for which Bonaparte posed.)



favor. But Salicetti was a traitor in the camp. He had long been double-faced with Bonaparte; but, having at last recognized where lay the mastery, had made his peace, and had been forgiven for the unforgotten imprisonment. Fouché was duly informed by him of the counterplot, and he, in his official capacity, without exciting suspicion, managed in the morning to delay every member of the Bernadotte junta far beyond the time appointed, and their scheme failed. Besides this fiasco, there was a division of opinion among Bonaparte's own friends, some of the more timid recommending in the early morning hours that Bonaparte should accept a seat in the Directory. "There is no Directory," was his reply; and it was determined, after a number had withdrawn, that they should adhere to the original plan, which was to demand an adjournment of the councils until 1 Ventose (February 19, 1800), and that in the long interval Bonaparte should be intrusted with the administration. Unfortunately, the conspirators overlooked two important points. Nothing was prearranged as to who should act in case the Five Hundred proved refractory, and no preparations were made in the palace of St. Cloud for the reception of the deputies. It was a strange fatality that Bonaparte, who elsewhere and at other times had always two strings to his bow, should, in the heart of France and at the very nick of his fortunes, have provided only one. It was a rash satisfaction with the day's events which he expressed to Bourrienne on retiring for a few hours' rest.

#### THE OVERTHROW OF THE CONSTITUTION.

NEXT morning there was much coming and going in the city, much discussion in the streets, but no disorder. Toward noon—the hour appointed for their meeting—the delegates, accompanied by many of the people, moved in the direction of St. Cloud. Bonaparte, with eight thousand troops, was already there. The members of the two councils found nothing ready for their reception, and during the almost fatal interval of hasty preparation the Jacobins gathered in groups to discuss the situation, suspecting for the first time that what confronted them was not reform of the constitution, however radical, but its overthrow. It was two o'clock before they were called to order—the Five Hundred in the Orangery on the ground floor, the Ancients up-stairs in the Hall of Apollo. Bonaparte and the half-hearted, timid Sieyès were closeted in one of the chambers, awaiting events. A six-horse carriage had been stationed by the latter at the gate, for his own use in case of mishap. Soldiers stood guard at all the approaches, and the reception-rooms were filled

with men and officers, friends of the arch-conspirator. Disquieting news soon began to arrive from the assemblies. Up-stairs the Ancients, amid intense excitement, had voted to postpone consideration of the proposition to intrust Bonaparte with the conduct of affairs. They wished to ascertain if the executive were duly constituted, and all the directors present; for in that case only would their action be legal. Anarchy broke loose when the secretary announced—falsely, of course—that four directors had resigned, and that the fifth was in restraint.

At that moment Bonaparte, with his staff, appeared at the door. The scene appalled him. The bravery of the general is different from the personal courage of the soldier in the face of physical danger, and both are unlike the pluck of him who defies the law. The latter Bonaparte never had. For a moment he was pale; but gathering resolution by a mighty effort, he spoke in disjointed but rudely eloquent phrase. They were on a volcano, he said. He was no Cæsar or Cromwell, but a plain soldier living quietly in Paris, who had been called unawares to save his country. If he had been a usurper, he would have called not on the legislature, but on the soldiers of Italy. It was the duty of those present to save liberty and equality—"and the constitution," cried a voice. "The constitution!" was his answer. "You violated it on 18 Fructidor; you violated it on 22 Floréal; you violated it on 30 Prairial. The constitution! All factions invoke it, and it has been violated by all. It is despised by everybody; it can no longer save us, because it commands the respect of nobody." He then proceeded to ask for the powers necessary in the emergency, promising to lay them down when his work was done. "What are the pressing dangers?" said some one. What were they, indeed? If he must speak, he would. "I declare," he cried, "that Barras and Moulins have invited me to head a party in order to overthrow all men of liberal ideas." The clumsy falsehood produced a storm. Was this the Jacobin conspiracy they had been told of—Barras the aristocrat and Moulins the democrat conspiring together! They wanted details.

In the interval of speaking, the orator had found his cue again, and at once launched out, not into the asked-for details, but into a tornado of language, abusing the constitution and the Five Hundred, and at the same time adroitly threatening that if the old cry of outlaw were raised against him, he would call on the grenadiers whose caps he saw, on the soldiers whose bayonets were in view. "Remember that I walk with the goddess of fortune, accompanied by the god of war!" "General," whispered Bourrienne in his ear, "you no longer know what you are



FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHOT IN THE LOUVRE.

ENGRAVED BY PETER ATTEN.

BONAPARTE AT THE COUNCIL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED AT ST. CLOUD, NOVEMBER 10, 1799 (19TH BRUMAIRE).

saying." The president of the Ancients was at his wit's end. How could the council, eager as they were to do so, grant the general's demands on such a showing as this? A third time came calls from the benches for details of the plot which made necessary the contemplated measures. And a third time Bonaparte's gift of specious prevarication failed. He could think of nothing but Barras and Moulins; but now, in mentioning their names once more, he added that what made them dangerous was that they had expressed what was almost universally desired, otherwise they would be no worse than a very large number of others who were at heart of the same mind. Therewith he was virtually dragged from the room by his dismayed companions. The preconcerted program was

then carried out, and a vote of confidence in Bonaparte was passed. To retrieve the blunders of his speech, a revised version, of the same general tenor, but more as it should have been, was next day printed by "authority."

Down-stairs the uproar was terrific. Lucien had expected the Ancients to act swiftly and remit their decree at once to the Five Hundred. He hoped to put and carry a motion to sanction it without giving time for deliberation. The opening formalities of the session passed quietly, and the assembly listened without interruption to a short, vague, and feeble speech in which a Bonapartist deputy professed to announce the pretended plot. The delay of two hours in meeting had, however, given the Jacobins time to consider; there was no business before the

house, the resignations of the directors had not been presented to them, and, apparently to pass the time, it was proposed that every delegate present should renew his oath to the constitution. This was done by all, not excepting even Lucien. But in the process desultory cries began to be uttered: "No dictation!" "Down with dictators!" "We are all free here!" Finally they swelled in volume so as to reach the sympathetic ears of the guards outside. In this critical moment arrived Barras's resignation. It was read in full, including the passage which declared that with the return of the illustrious warrior for whom he had had the honor to open the way, and amid the striking marks of confidence which the legislature had shown in their general, he felt sure that liberty was no longer in danger, and he was therefore glad to return to the walks of private life.

The delegates—most of them, at least—were unaware of the fact that Sieyès and Ducos had already handed their resignations to Bonaparte, and did not know that Gohier and Moulins were in duress. This language, read between the lines, made it evident that the Directory was on the verge of dissolution, or already dissolved, and confirmed their suspicions of impending revolution. The Jacobin majority was utterly disconcerted. Some proposed the immediate election of a new Directory; others insisted on the constitutional term of delay, and called for an adjournment. The most clear-sighted saw the trap into which they had fallen, and began to speak of what the circumstances meant. "I believe," said Grandmaison, "that among those present some know whence we have come, and whither we are going." At that critical instant the doors opened, and Bonaparte, surrounded by grenadiers, appeared on the threshold. Chaos ensued. The delegates rose from their seats, some made for the windows, some rushed with menacing gestures toward the intruder, some shouted "Outlaw him!" "Outlaw him!" and demanded that a motion to that effect be put. This redoubled the disorder. "Put him out!" "Outlaw the dictator!" cried the multitude. "Begone, rash man!" said one near by. "You are violating the sanctuary of the law." "Was it for this," said another, "that you were victorious?" In the heat of passion the unavoidable collision occurred, and the angry representatives laid rude hands on Bonaparte. It was said next day that one grenadier—Thomé—threw himself in front of Bonaparte, and received in his own coat-sleeve a dagger-thrust intended for his general; but no credible witness ever professed to have seen the deed or the wound. Overpowered by excitement and the mortal agony of one who has staked his all on a doubtful event, the leader turned pale and lost consciousness. The soldiers caught him in their

arms, and dragged him into the open air, where he at once recovered, and mounted his horse.

The decisive moment had arrived. Would the soldiers obey if ordered to take violent measures? Among the generals were many anxious, troubled faces. After his incursion upon the Ancients, Bonaparte had rushed into the antechamber where his commanders sat, exclaiming, "There must be an end to this." During his second absence, Sérurier took the cue, and marched up and down, declaiming, "They were going to kill your general, but be calm!" In the Orangery Lucien steadily refused to put the motion for outlawry, and demanded a hearing for his brother. His plea being of no avail, he left the chair, and with the despairing cry, "There is no liberty here!" rushed from the room. The dreary honors of the day were to be his. Bonaparte despatched a file of soldiers to escort him through the throng. The drums rolled for silence, and a horse was brought, which he mounted. Presenting himself then to the troops, he declared, as president of the Five Hundred, that the majority of the legislature were honorable men, but that in the room from which he had come were a few assassins, English hirelings, who held the rest in terror. "Hurrah for Bonaparte!" cried the soldiers; but they made no motion to clear the Orangery, and Napoleon uttered no command. This was the historic moment. Lucien, seizing a dagger, and pointing it at Napoleon's breast, exclaimed: "I swear I would strike down my own brother should he ever endanger the liberties of the French!" There was at last a movement in the lines. "Shall we enter the hall?" said Murat to Bonaparte. "Yes," was the reply; "and if they resist, kill, kill! Yes; follow me! I am the god of the day!" Fortunately, these hysterical words were heard only by a few. "Keep still!" said Lucien. "Do you think you are talking to the Mamelukes?" With that the order rang out, and with the brothers on horseback at their head, the grenadiers advanced. There was no resistance, and in a few moments the disordered room was empty.

If Bonaparte were to be neither a Caesar nor a Cromwell, it was Sieyès, as the civilian and the constitution-maker, who should have swayed the legislative councils in behalf of reform; but his heart was no more engaged in Bonaparte's behalf now than it had ever been. Anxious to be a leader, and impose on France a constitution which by its "perfection" should command authority, he had ever been relegated to a second place. Instead of seizing this, his greatest opportunity as a lawgiver, he and Ducos had softly withdrawn to their carriage. The "perfect" constitution he had prepared would, in view of what had just happened, consequently



FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS-CHARLES-AUGUSTE COUDER, IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

ENGRAVED BY PETER ATKIN.

INSTALLATION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE (BONAPARTE, CAMBACÉRÈS, AND LEBRUN) AT THE PALACE OF THE LITTLE LUXEMBOURG, DECEMBER 25, 1799.

rest, like the one overthrown, upon military force. Nevertheless, he thoroughly understood that Bonaparte had gone too far, and that his mistake must be retrieved. The country was not ripe for a military despot who, like Charles XII. of Sweden, would send his boot to preside over the representatives of the people, or else turn them out of doors without a qualm. Accordingly, the few Bonapartist delegates, who had fled with the rest, were by his advice, but with some difficulty, found and summoned by Lucien to meet that evening in Paris. Upward of fifty out of the Five Hundred—some

impartial witnesses have put the number as high as one hundred and twenty—ventured to come, and the semblance of representative government was restored. To them the new, impossible, and clumsy constitution made by Sieyès, who boasted himself "perfect" in political science, was presented for consideration.

Meantime Bonaparte had thoroughly recovered his self-control and all his delusions. He declared at St. Helena that he had been the pivot of all the conspiracies of the time; that all were alike without a head because they needed a "sword"; and that, possessing one,



FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRI-FRÉDÉRIC BOHOPIN IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

JEAN-JACQUES-RÉGIS DE CAMBACÉRÈS, DUKE OF PARMA.





SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GUILLAUME-FRANÇOIS-GABRIEL LÉPAULLE IN THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM.

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS LEBRUN, DUKE OF PIACENZA.

he alone could choose what pleased him best. To Mme. de Rémusat he said: "It was one of the epochs in my life when I was most skillful. I saw the Abbé Sieyès, and promised to put his wordy constitution into operation. I received the Jacobin leaders, and the agents of the Bourbons. I refused no one's advice, but I gave only such as was in the interest of my plans. I withdrew from the people's observation because I knew that when the time arrived curiosity to see me would throw them under my feet. Every one fell into my toils [*s'enferrait dans mes lacs*], and when I became head of the state there was not a party in France which did not cherish some hopes for my success." Mme. de Staël, returning on 18 Brumaire from Switzerland to Paris, saw Barras driving by to his country-seat of Gros bois. On her arrival men talked no longer of abstractions, of the Constituent Assembly, of the people, or of the Convention: it was all of a person — of what General Bonaparte had done. Her own feelings, she says, were mixed. If the battle were joined, and the Jacobins victorious, she might turn about and fly, for blood would flow once more. Still, at the thought of Bonaparte's triumph she felt a prophetic sadness. She could

not mourn for liberty, for liberty had never existed in France. This was the voice of the dispirited and disheartened constitutional republicans, who knew and proposed no remedy. The royalists were fully aware of what they desired. They had been sighing for a despot in France, for another Richelieu, a fierce, intractable master, wielding a rod of iron without which the inhabitants could never be reconstructed into a nation. In the words of a letter written somewhat earlier from Coblenz, their city of refuge on the Rhine, they desired "the union of powers in the hands of an imperious master, of a fierce and able man, zealous of domination, and really absolute, . . . a magnanimous usurper who, by a splendid and brilliant Cromwellism, would make the world admire, and hold in awe the people whom he forces to respect and bless their own servitude." As to the mass of the nation, they were tired of war and eager for a peace that would bring prosperity, pleasure, and glory. The few honest and austere radicals went down with their greedy and noisy fellows; the Jacobin party was no more. There had been a complete rearrangement of the factors in the French problem.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

MEDAL OF THE 18TH BRUMAIRE. FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM.

## TRIBULATIONS OF A CHEERFUL GIVER.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

### PART SECOND.

#### I.



Y friend who was not sure that Christ's doctrine was the last word in regard to charity, was quite sure that you ought to have a conscience against dead-beats, whom I suggested for his consideration, especially the dead-beats who come to your house and try to work you upon one pretext or another. He said he never gave to them, and I asked what he answered them when they professed themselves in instant want, and whether he plumply denied them; and it appeared that he told them he had other use for his money. I suspect this was a proper answer to make. It had never occurred to me, but I think I will try it with the next one who comes, and see what effect it has upon him. Hitherto I have had no better way with them than to offer them a compromise: if they ask twenty, to propose ten; and if they ask ten, to propose five; and so on down. The first time I did this (it was with an actor, who gave me his I O U—the first and only I O U that I ever got: I suppose he was used to giving it on the stage) it seemed to me that I had made ten dollars, and since then it has seemed to me that I made five dollars on several occasions; but I now think this was an illusion, and that I only saved the money: I did not actually add to my store.

It is usually indigent literature which presents itself with these imaginative demands, and I think usually fictionists of the romantic school. I do not know but it would be well for me as a man of principle to confine my benefactions to destitute realists: I am sure it would be cheaper. Last winter there came to me a gentleman thrown out of employment by the completion of an encyclopedia he had been at work on, and he said that he was in absolute want of food for his family, who had that morning been set out with all his household stuff on the sidewalk, for default of rent. I relieved his immediate necessity, and suggested to him that if he would write a simple, unrheterical account of his eviction, I could probably sell it for him; that this sort of thing mostly happened to the inarticulate classes; and that he had the chance of doing a perfectly fresh thing in literature. He caught at the notion, and said he would begin at once,

and I said the sooner the better. He asked if it would not be well to get the narrative typewritten, and I begged him not to wait for that; but he said that he knew a person who would typewrite it for him without charge. I could only urge haste, and he went away in a glow of enterprise. He left with me the address of a twenty-five-cent lodging-house in the Bowery; for he explained that he had got money enough, by selling his furniture on the sidewalk, to send his family into the country, and he was living alone and as cheaply as he could. While at work on his narrative he came for more relief, and then he vanished out of my knowledge altogether. I had a leisure afternoon, and went down into the Bowery to his lodging-house, and found that he really lodged there, but he was then out; and so far as I am concerned he is out still. I am out myself, in the amount I advanced him, and which he was to repay me from the money for his eviction article. He never wrote it, apparently; and perhaps his experience of eviction lacked the vital element of reality. I am quite sure he was at heart a romanticist, for he was an Englishman, and the Englishmen are all romanticists.

#### II.

I WAS at one time worked for a period of years by a German-born veteran of our war, whom I was called out to see one night from dinner, when I was full of good cheer, and, of course, quite helpless against a case of want like his. He represented that he was the victim of an infirmity brought on by falling from a burning bridge under the rebel fire, and was liable to be overtaken by it at any moment; and he showed me all sorts of surgeons' certificates in proof of the fact, as well as kindly notes from college professors and clergymen. I had, therefore, a double motive for befriending him. I had as little wish that he should be overtaken by his infirmity in my reception-room as that he should go on sleeping in unfurnished houses and basement areas; and so I gave him some money at once. He was to have his pension money at the end of the month, and till then he said he could live on what I gave him. I hurried him out of the house as fast as I could, for I did not feel safe from his infirmity while he was there. But he kept coming back, and always, in view of his threatening infirmity, got money from

me; I am not sure that I always pitied him so much. At last he agreed to seek refuge in a soldiers' home, upon my urgency, and I lost sight of him for several years. When he reappeared, one summer, at the seaside, as destitute as ever, and as threatening as ever in regard to his infirmity, it seemed that he had passed the time in working his way from one soldiers' home to another, in Maine and in New York, in Virginia and in Ohio, but everywhere, because of some informality in his papers, the gates were closed against him. I gave him a suit of clothes and some more money, and I thought I had done with him at last, for he said that now, as soon as he got his next pension money, he was going home to Germany, to spend his last years with his brother,—a surgeon, retired from the German army,—who could take care of him and his infirmity, and they could live cheaply together upon their joint pensions. I applauded so wise a plan, and we parted with expressions of mutual esteem. Two or three months later, after I had come from the seaside place, where he visited me, to New York for the winter, he presented himself again to me. Heaven knows how he had found me out, but there he was, with his infirmity, and his story was that now he had money enough to buy his steamer ticket to Hamburg, but that he lacked his railroad fare from Hamburg to the little village where his brother lived. His notion seemed to be that I should subscribe with others to supply the amount; but I had at last a gleam of worldly wisdom. I said I thought the subscription business had gone on long enough; and he assented that it had at least gone on a good while.

"Very well, then," I added; "you go now with the money you have for your steamer ticket, and buy it. Come back here with the ticket, and I will not oblige you to wait till you can collect your railroad fare from different people; I will give you the whole of it myself."

Will it be credited that this sufferer did not come back with his steamer ticket? I have never seen him since, though a few weeks later I went to call upon him at the ten-cent hotel in the Bowery where he said he slept. The clerk said he was staying there, but he could not throw any light upon his intention of going back to Germany, for he had never heard him say anything about it. He was out at the moment, like my romanticistic Englishman.

Whilst I lived in Boston I had a visit from another romanticistic Englishman, who professed to be no other than the cousin of Mr. Walter Besant, though he gave me reason to think he was mistaken. It seems that he had arrived that very morning from Central Africa, and, for all I know, from the mystical

presence of She herself. In that strange land, he wished me to believe, he had been a playwright and a journalist, but he really looked and spoke and smelled like a groom. He dropped his aspirates everywhere, and when he picked them up he put them on in the wrong places. In his parlance I was a bird of night, or several such, and I cannot rid myself now of the belated conjecture that he had possibly mistaken me for Mr. 'Aggard. He was a cheery little creature, however; and when I put it to him, as between man and man, whether he did not think he was telling me a rather improbable story, he owned so sweetly he did that I could not help contributing to pay his expenses 'ome to Hengland. He was not quite clear why he should have come round by way of Boston, but he said that he would send me the money back directly he got 'ome.

He did not do so, and my experience is that they never do so. They may forget it, they may never be able to spare the money. Never? I am wrong. Only last winter I made my usual compromise with a man who asked ten, and lent him five; and though he was yet another Englishman, and, for anything I can say, another romanticist, he returned my little loan with such a manly, honest letter that my heart smote me for not having made it ten. I looked upon his five-dollar bill as a gift from heaven, and I made haste to bestow it where I am sure it will never stand the remotest chance of getting back to me.

### III.

I WISH, sometimes, that they would not say they were going to send the money back; but I wish this rather for their sake than for mine. I am pretty well'inured to the disappointment sure to follow; but I am afraid that the poor pretense demoralizes them, and, above all, I do not wish to demoralize them by my connivance. Once, when I was a visitor for the Associated Charities in Boston, the question came up in the weekly meeting whether, if one gave money when there was no hope of getting work, one ought to let the beneficiary suppose that one expected to get it back. Ought one to say that he was making his gift a loan? Would it not be better to treat it frankly as a gift? A man to whose goodness I mentally uncover said he had given that point some thought, and he believed one ought not to pretend that it was a loan when it was not; but one might fitly say, "I let you have this money. If you are ever able to give it back, I shall be glad to have you do so." It seems to me that this is the wisest possible word on the subject.

Of course the reason why we have such a bad conscience in giving is that we feel we ought not to pauperize people. Perhaps this

is one reason why we give so little to obvious destitution. I am this moment just in from the street, where I gave alms to a one-armed tatterdemalion, with something of this obscure struggle in my mind. As I came up with him, well fenced against the bitter wind that blew through his ruins, I foresaw that I should give him something, and I took from my outside pocket all the change there was in it—three coppers, a nickel, and a piece of twenty-five. I was ashamed to give the coppers, and I felt that a good citizen ought not to give a quarter for fear of pauperizing a man who had already nothing in the world, and no hopeful appearance of being able to get anything. So I gave him the nickel, and I am not quite easy in my mind about it.

Perhaps I was remotely influenced not to give a quarter to that one-armed man by the behavior of another one-armed man whom I befriended. I did give him a quarter, not from a good impulse, but because I had no smaller change, and it was that or nothing. The gift seemed to astound him. It was in a shoe-store, where I had only one boot on, in the process of trying a pair, and I was quite helpless against him when he burst into blessings of Irish picturesqueness, and asked my name, apparently that he might pray for me without making a mistake in the address; and when I said, from a natural bashfulness, and a mean fear that he might find me out at home and come again to beg of me, that I would take the chance of the answer of his prayers getting to me, he told me all about the railroad accident that lost him his arm; and not content with this, he took his poor stump—as if to prove that it was real—and rubbed it over me, and blessed me and blessed me again, till I was quite ashamed of getting so much more than my money's worth. Shall I own that I began to fear this grateful man was not entirely sober?

IV.

I DARE say poverty and the pangs of hunger and cold do not foster habits of strict temperance. It is a great pity they do not, since they are so common. If they did, they could do more than anything else to advance the cause of prohibition. Still, I will not say that all the poor I give to are in liquor at the moment, or that drunkenness is peculiarly the vice of one-armed destitution. Neither is gratitude a very common or articulate emotion in my beneficiaries. They are mostly, if thankful at all, silently thankful; and I find this in better taste. I do not believe that as a rule they are very imaginative, or at least so imaginative as romantic novelists. Yet there was one sufferer came up the back elevator on a cer-

tain evening not long ago, and burst upon me suddenly, somehow as if he had come up through a trap in the stage, who seemed to have rather a gift in that way. He was most amusingly shabby and dirty (though I do not know why shabbiness and dirt should be at all amusing), with a cutaway coat worn down to its ultimate gloss, a frayed neckcloth, and the very foulest collar I can remember seeing. But he had a brisk and pleasing address, and I must say an excellent diction. He called me by name, and at once said that friends whom he had expected to find in New York were most inopportunistly in Europe at this moment of his arrival from a protracted sojourn in the West. But he was very anxious to get on that night to Hartford, and complete his journey home from Denver, where he had fallen a prey to the hard times in the very hour of the most prosperous speculation; and he proposed, as an inducement to a loan, borrowing only enough money to take him to New Haven by the boat: he would walk the rest of the way to Hartford. I no more believed him than I should believe a ghost if it said it was a ghost. But I believed that he was in want,—his clothes proved that,—and I gave him the little sum he asked. He said he would send it back the instant he reached Hartford; and I am left to think that he has not yet arrived. But I am sure that even that brief moment of his airy and almost joyous companionship was worth the money. He was of an order of classic impostors dear to literature, and grown all too few in these times of hurry and fierce competition. I wish I had seen more of him, and yet I cannot say that I wish he would come back; it might be embarrassing for both of us.

Not long before his visit, I had a call from another imaginative person, whom I was not able to meet so fully in her views. This was a middle-aged lady who said she had come on that morning from Boston to see me. She owned we had never met before, and that she was quite unknown to me; but apparently she did not think this any bar to her asking me for \$250 to aid in the education of her son. I confess that I was bewildered for a moment. My simple device of offering half the amount demanded would have been too costly: I really could not have afforded to give her \$125, even if she had been willing to compromise, which I was not sure of. I am afraid the reader will think I shirked. I said that I had a great many demands upon me, and I ended by refusing to give anything. I really do not know how I had the courage; perhaps it was only frenzy. She insisted, with reasons for my giving which she laid before me; but either they did not convince me, or I had hardened my heart so well that they could not prevail with me, and she



got up and went away. As she went out of the room, she looked about its appointments, which I had not thought very luxurious before, and said that she saw I was able to *live* very comfortably, at any rate; and left me to the mute reproach of my carpets and easy-chairs.

I do not remember whether she alleged any inspiration in coming to see me for this good object; but a summer or two since, a lady came to me, at my hotel in the mountains, who said that she had been moved to do so by an impulse which seemed little short of mystical. She said that she was not ordinarily superstitious, but she had awakened that morning in Boston with my name the first thing in her thoughts, and it seemed so directly related to what she had in view that she could not resist the suggestion it conveyed that she should come at once to lay her scheme before me. She took a good deal of time to do this; and romantic as it appeared, I felt sure that she was working with real material. It was of a nature so complex, however, and on a scale so vast, that I should despair of getting it intelligibly before the reader, and I will not attempt it. I listened with the greatest interest; but at the end I was obliged to say that I thought her mystical impulse was mistaken; I was sorry it had deceived her; I was quite certain that I had not the means nor the tastes to enter upon the esthetic enterprise which she proposed. In return, I suggested a number of millionaires whose notorious softness of heart, or whose wish to get themselves before the public by their good deeds, ought to make them more available, and we parted the best of friends. I am not yet quite able to make up my mind that she was not the victim of a hypnotic suggestion from the unseen world, and altogether innocent in her appeal to me.

## V.

IN fact, I am not able to think very ill even of impostors. It is a great pity for them, and even a great shame, to go about deceiving people of means; but I do not believe they are so numerous as people of means imagine. As a rule, I do not suppose they succeed for long, and their lives must be full of cares and anxieties, which of course one must not sympathize with, but which are real enough, nevertheless. People of means would do well to consider this, and at least not plume themselves very much upon not being cheated. If they have means, it is perhaps part of the curse of money, or of that unfriendliness to riches which our religion is full of, that money should be got from them by unworthy persons. They have their little romantic superstitions, too. One of these is the belief that beggars are generally persons who will not work, and that they are often persons

of secret wealth, which they constantly increase by preying upon the public. I take leave to doubt this altogether. Beggary appears to me in its conditions almost harder than any other trade; and from what I have seen of the amount it earns, the return it makes is smaller than any other. I should not myself feel safe in refusing anything to a beggar upon the theory of a fortune sewn into a mattress, to be discovered after the beggar has died intestate. I know that a great many good people pin their faith to such mattresses; but I should be greatly surprised if one such could be discovered in the whole city of New York. On the other hand, I feel pretty sure that there are hundreds and even thousands of people who are insufficiently fed and clad in New York; and if here and there one of these has the courage of his misery, and asks alms, one must not be too cocksure it is a sin to give to him.

Of course one must not pauperize him: that ought by all means to be avoided; I am always agreeing to that. But if he is already pauperized; if we know by statistics and personal knowledge that there are hundreds and even thousands of people who cannot get work, and that they must suffer if they do not beg, let us not be too hard upon them. Let us refuse them kindly, and try not to see them; for if we see their misery, and do not give, that demoralizes us. Come, I say; have not we some rights, too? No man strikes another man a blow without becoming in some sort and measure a devil; and to see what looks like want, and to deny its prayer, has an effect upon the heart which is not less depraving. Perhaps it would be a fair division of the work if we let the deserving rich give only to the deserving poor, and kept the undeserving poor for ourselves, who, if we are not rich, are not deserving, either.

## VI.

I SHOULD be sorry if anything I have said seemed to cast slight upon the organized efforts at relieving want, especially such as unite inquiry into the facts and the provision of work with the relief of want. All that I contend for is the right — or call it the privilege — of giving to him that asketh, even when you do not know that he needs, or deserves to need. Both here and in Boston I have lent myself — sparingly and grudgingly, I'll own — to those organized efforts; and I know how sincere and generous they are, how effective they often are, how ineffective. They used to let me go mostly to the Italian folk who applied for aid in Boston, because I could more or less meet them in their own language; but once they gave me a Russian to manage — I think because I was known to have a devotion for Tolstoi and for the other

Russian novelists. The Russian in question was not a novelist, but a washer of bags in a sugar-refinery; and at the time I went to make my first call upon him he had been "laid off," as the euphemism is, for two months; that is, he had been without work, and had been wholly dependent upon the allowance the charities made him. He had a wife and a complement of children — I do not know just how many; but they all seemed to live in one attic room in the North End. I acquainted myself fully with the case, and went about looking for work in his behalf. In this, I think, I found my only use: but it was use to me only, for the people of whom I asked work for him treated me with much the same ignominy as if I had been seeking it for myself; and it was well that I should learn just what the exasperated mind of a fellow-being is when he is asked for work, and has none to give. He regards the applicant as an oppressor, or at least an aggressor, and he is eager to get rid of him by bluntness, by coldness, even by rudeness. After the unavailing activity of a week or two, I myself began to resent the Russian's desire for work, and I visited him at longer and longer intervals to find whether he had got anything to do; for he was looking after work, too. At last I let a month go by, and when I came he met me at the street door — or, say, alley door — of the tenement-house with a smiling face. He was always smiling, poor fellow, but now he smiled joyously. He had got a job — they always call it a job, and the Italians pronounce it a *giobbe*. His job was one which testified to the heterogeneous character of American civilization in even amusing measure. The Jews had come into a neighboring street so thickly that they had crowded every one else out; they had bought the Congregational meeting-house, which they were turning into a synagogue, and they had given this orthodox Russian the job of knocking the nails out of the old woodwork. His only complaint was that the Jews would not let him work on Saturday, and the Christians would not let him work on Sunday, and so he could earn but five dollars a week. He did not blame me for my long failure to help him; on the contrary, so far as I could make out from the limited vocabulary we enjoyed in common, he was grateful. But I have no doubt he was glad to be rid of me; and Heaven knows how glad I was to be rid of him.

I do not believe I ever found work for any one, though I tried diligently and I think not unwisely. Perhaps the best effect from my efforts was that they inspired the poor creatures to efforts of their own, which were sometimes successful. I had on my hands and heart

for nearly a whole winter the most meritorious Italian family I ever knew, without being able to do anything but sympathize and offer secret alms in little gifts to the children. Once I got one of the boys a place in a book-store, but the law would not allow him to take it because he was not past the age of compulsory schooling. The father had a peripatetic fruit-stand, which he pushed about on a cart; and his great aim was to get the privilege of stationing himself at one of the railroad depots. I found that there were stations which were considered particularly desirable by the fruiterers, and that the chief of these was in front of the old United States court-house. A fruiterer out of place, whose family I visited for the charities, tried even to corrupt me, and promised me that if I would get him this *stendio* (they Italianize "stand" to that effect, just as they translate "bar" into *barra*, and so on) he would give me something outright. "*E poi, ci sarà sempre la mancia*" ("And then there will always be the drink-money"). I lost an occasion to lecture him upon the duties of the citizen; but I am not a ready speaker.

The sole success — but it was very signal — of my winter's work was getting a young Italian into the hospital. He had got a rheumatic trouble of the heart from keeping a *stendio* in a cellarway, and when I saw him I thought it would be little use to get him into the hospital. The young doctor who had charge of him, and whom I looked up, was of the same mind. Nevertheless, I could not help trying for him; and when the sisters at the hospital (where he got well, in spite of all) said he could be received, I made favor for an ambulance to carry him to it. I cannot forget the beautiful white spring day it was when I went to tell him the hour the ambulance would call; how the sky was blue overhead, and the canaries sang in their cages along the street. I left all this behind when I entered the dark, chill tenement-house, where that dreadful *poverty-smell* struck the life out of the spring in my soul at the first breath. In his own apartment it was better, for it was clean and sweet there, through his mother's care (I will say that this poor woman was as wholly a lady as any I have seen); but when I passed into his room, he clutched himself up from the bed, and stretched his arms toward me with gasps of "*Lo spedale, lo spedale!*"

The spring, the coming glory of this world, was nothing to him. It was the hospital he wanted; and to the poor, to the incurable disease of our conditions, the hospital is the best we have to give. To be sure, there is also the grave.

William Dean Howells.

## THE FUTURE OF WAR.

### MILITARY OPERATIONS AS AFFECTED BY THE NEW WEAPONS.

**I**F all the world could be at peace, all the world would agree with Shakspeare in saying,

It was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth.

But up to the present moment it would seem that disputes between nations must sometimes be referred to the sword. If the horrors of war can be increased, the necessity of adopting some other method of settlement may receive greater consideration. The number of those killed and wounded in combats is greater in proportion to the efficiency of the cannon and small arms employed; and the improvement in weapons, therefore, is likely to add a more sanguinary spectacle to future battle-fields, and may in time prove a great blessing by disposing nations to arbitrate rather than to fight.

Five and a half centuries ago gunpowder was first used upon a battle-field; but the progress in the manufacture and use of it, and of the weapons forged to fire it, has been slow and gradual until a comparatively late period. The public mind, deeply occupied by other events, has failed to appreciate the marvelous progress made in the proficiency of firearms since 1865; or how smokeless powders, the increased velocity of projectiles, greater accuracy of aim, longer range, and greater rapidity of fire, have revolutionized tactics and even affected strategy.

The United States, being in a measure secure by geographical position from the attack of foreign powers, and the desire to fight at home having been fully gratified, has not considered it so important in time of peace to prepare for war again, and has been slow as compared with other countries in making changes in the arms of the different branches of her military service. Resting serene, as it were, on her old arms, she could wait until the bugle sounded the first notes of alarm. Four years ago, after the adoption of great changes by all the other leading powers, the subject was practically considered by an able board of American army officers. They had, however, the great advantage of comparing and testing all other inventions with those of some of our own citizens, thus obtaining the best possible results. The rifle for infantry finally selected (called the Krag-Jorgensen from the names of the Norse in-

ventors) is known now as the United States magazine-rifle, model 1892, caliber 30. It weighs nine pounds and has an extreme range of 3000 yards, and the sight is graduated to 1900 yards. The steel-coated lead bullet weighs 220 grains, and with smokeless powder can be fired with an initial velocity of 2000 feet per second. Its penetration in hard oak is over six times that of the bullet of the Springfield or the Winchester rifle, with little or no injury to the bullet.

Recent experiments at Willets Point proved that shots fired at pieces of inch pine blocked together until a thickness of four feet was obtained would send the balls entirely through. Substituting oak for pine, the penetration obtained was three feet; while three quarters of an inch of iron plate could be clearly perforated. Experiments have been made abroad to test the effect of these small-caliber bullets on the bones and tissue of the human body. Where a bone is struck at range the injury is of an explosive character, and the resisting parts are pulverized. An artery, large or small, is cut as with a knife, while there is virtually no damage if the ball passes through muscles only. The magazine carries five cartridges, but is so arranged as to be cut off, that the rifle may be fired as a single-loader until the enemy gets into close quarters. The progress in the rapidity of fire of infantry guns since 1865 is marvelous. A soldier can now aim at an object and fire twenty shots in less than one minute, or if he rapidly throws his gun to his shoulder and fires without aim, forty shots may be discharged in sixty-eight seconds. If the cartridges in the magazine are reserved, and he begins the action by using his gun as a single-loader, he can fire fifteen shots with it in forty-seven seconds, or from the magazine throw a ball in the air every two seconds; whereas in our civil war forty rounds of ammunition in the cartridge-box and twenty in the haversack were a full allowance for a day's fighting.

If we suppose an enemy to be within range of this gun, and unprotected, and the marksman does not miss his man, and in one minute should fire twenty aimed shots, he would kill or wound twenty men; and if he could maintain this wonderful performance as the hostile lines come closer, he could in half an hour kill 600 men, and in the same time ten men could put hors

*de combat* 6000 of the enemy. While these figures depend on impracticable conditions, they serve to show the approximate results which might be obtained. Many men can kill a squirrel within range at every shot, but they would sometimes miss if the squirrel were returning the fire.

In a rapid rush on intrenched lines soldiers do not fire, and a brave, disciplined infantryman, well protected, with open ground in his front, should kill or disable, say, twenty-five of the charging lines in fifteen minutes; for if he should average only ten shots per minute he would discharge his gun 150 times in a quarter of an hour, and would kill or wound one man in six shots.

At Gettysburg, in July, 1863, had the Federal troops been armed with the rifle now being issued to the United States infantry, and with the present improved field-guns, Pickett's heroic band in the charge on the third day would have been under fire from start to finish, and the fire of massed infantry, combined with breech-loading cannon, would probably have destroyed every man in the assaulting lines. Pickett's right, when formed for the charge, was 1800 yards from the Union lines; and the magazine-rifle sight is graduated, it will be remembered, to 1900 yards. With the weapons then in use the Federals did not open with artillery on the charging Southern troops until they were within 1100 yards of their lines, and their infantry did not fire until they were within a much closer range. In the recent war between China and Japan, it was stated that a ball fired from a Japanese rifle called the *Murata*, similar to the United States magazine-rifle, struck a Chinese three quarters of a mile away in the knee, and crushed it to atoms.

The improvement in field-cannon has kept pace with that in small arms. It is doubtful whether troops can be held in column or mass formation within two miles of an enemy firing the present modern breech-loading field-guns. The extreme range of these 3.2- and 3.6-inch-caliber field-guns is over five miles, and when a suitable smokeless powder is found, they may throw a projectile eight miles. Had McClellan had these guns when his lines were five miles from Richmond, he could have ruined the city. No troops can live in front of them when they are rapidly discharging shrapnel, two hundred bullets to the case; and they can defend themselves without infantry support, and can be captured only by surprise, or when their ammunition is exhausted.

A steel shell with thick walls now does the work of the old-fashioned solid shot, and has in addition an explosive effect. The rapidity of fire has been much increased by the use of metallic cartridges which contain in one case

projectile and powder; and five rounds of shrapnel can be fired from a single gun in less than one minute. Then, with the Maxim automatic machine-gun, firing 650 shots per minute without human assistance, and the latest Gatling, delivering 1800 shots per minute, it would seem that the splendid exhibition of courage with which brave men have charged to the cannon's mouth will never again be recorded on the pages of history, for no commanding general is likely to order a direct assault on an enemy occupying strong defensive lines.

On the first day's fight on the Richmond lines at Mechanicsville, and along Fitz-John Porter's front, McClellan's troops, so armed, might have successfully resisted Lee, and at Malvern Hill might have destroyed the attacking force. With both sides so armed, Lee could have held his position in McClellan's front with a largely reduced force; but his flank movement would probably have been made with a much more extended circuit, which would have given McClellan an opportunity to hold Huger's and Magruder's divisions in his front at arm's length with a small force in his fortified lines, while he threw the greater part of his army on Longstreet, the two Hills, and Jackson at some point as they moved on a necessarily wide curve toward his right rear.

At the second Manassas, Pope's defensive position could not have been successfully assailed; and at Sharpsburg (or Antietam) Lee, with both flanks secure, could have easily defied the attack of an army twice as strong as the one which fought him there. At Fredericksburg, it will be remembered, the Union forces were obliged to cross a river two hundred yards wide, and pass over a plain nine hundred yards from the river, to Lee's position on Marye's Hill. With no smoke over the battle-field to decrease the accuracy of fire, and with the air filled with projectiles at high velocities, Burnside's army, if persisting in the attack, would never have fought another battle. At Chancellorsville and in the Wilderness the slaughter would have been immense on both sides, and there would not have been men enough in the North to have supplied Grant's army had he continued to pursue his "direct tactics" from the Rapidan to Richmond; and later that city and Petersburg would have been captured only by throwing circumvallating lines around them which would have embraced the railroads running into them, and cut off all supplies.

Black powder may never again be seen on the battle-field. Smokeless powders give greater force of explosion, and produce higher velocities, a flatter trajectory, increased accuracy of aim, and greater range. These powders consist of a basis of some high explosive material mixed with a suitable inert substance termed a "re-



strainer." The English "cordite," for instance, is a compound of fifty-eight parts of nitroglycerin and thirty-seven parts of guncotton, to which are added five parts of vaseline to restrain the explosive, and prevent the bursting of the gun. Such a charge will give double the amount of velocity and pressure of the ordinary gunpowder. If the knowledge that these modern guns will cover a field of battle with the bodies of the dead and wounded combatants, making war still more horrible, should preserve peace, the result would be a monument to those who have been most instrumental in perfecting these terribly destructive weapons.

The modern guns will make great changes in the art of war, and the plans employed in former campaigns by the great commanders will receive many modifications. Defensive battles will be at a premium, and defensive warfare will be simplified. Armies will maneuver for position, and the generals commanding them will gain fame by movements skilfully conducted to concentrate their scattered battalions at the proper time, with the purpose of forcing an antagonist to give rather than to accept battle. If a campaign with a designated objective point is planned, and the strategy is offensive on the part of one of the commanders, if possible his tactics will be defensive. Hostile armies will keep at greater distances, and in an open country out of sight of each other, unless they can take up a line at night, and intrench; and direct flank movements will not be attempted where troops are visible before the assault. Field balloons will locate the position, and photography mark the formation, of contending forces, while telephones and electricity will play prominent parts in the war drama. Night marching and night attacks will be more frequent, and columns of troops organized to charge stationary positions will be moved under darkness to close points so that the charge at dawn will occupy the shortest time possible.

Raging battles will be fought by infantry and artillery, and one of the problems will be the protection of the horses that draw the guns. Temporary field-works cannot shelter them, and unless hills afford protection they will perish in the leaden hail. Cavalry will not be employed on the main field of battle, but on the flanks of armies, against cavalry. Cavalry chieftains will no longer assail infantry or artillery, and no more charges will be recorded like those of Ponsonby at Waterloo, or Murat at Jena. This arm will still be effective in recon-

naissances, picketing, guarding trains, and as escorts; but except in small bodies its use for advance- and rear-guards will be diminished. The target presented is too large to be risked before field-guns firing with great rapidity, even if several miles distant, as well as before infantry rifles incessantly flashing a mile away.

Maneuvering a cavalry corps with, say, 10,000 horses on a future battle-field would be a high type of cruelty to animals; but the regiments, brigades, and divisions composing it can still render good service. They can be moved with celerity long distances, and the troopers, except the horse-holders, can be dismounted and used as infantry, their modern carbines being nearly as effective as the magazine-rifle of the infantryman; but it will be most difficult to protect the horses while locating them in such a position as to reach their riders or be reached by them quickly, when necessary.

Perhaps the most interesting problem to be solved by those who organize armies in the future is the disposition and arrangement of the immense ammunition-trains. The greedy guns must be fed, and great will be their rapacity. Next to the commanding general and his principal assistants will rank in importance the field chief of ordnance, who has the location of supply depots and the management of the transportation of large and small cartridges to the combatants. The continual replenishing of caisson and limber boxes, the smaller charges for infantry during actual conflict, and the safety and efficiency of vast trains where electric or steam roads cannot be constructed, will require a brave, enterprising, cool, vigilant officer of conspicuous ability and executive capacity.

The medical departments, too, must be reorganized and enlarged to convey the disabled to field hospitals, for field ambulances cannot be placed close to battle lines, and the numbers of the wounded will be greatly increased.

The great captains of future wars will be those who fully comprehend the destructive power of improved cannon and small arms, and whose calm and fertile intellect will grasp the importance of so maneuvering as to force the antagonist to give offensive battle, and who will never be without a "clear conception of the object to be achieved and the best way of achieving it." They will parry and fence like great swordsmen, but they will thrust only when the enemy rushes upon them.

*Fitzhugh Lee.*





SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

St Yves. Priez pour  
nous! ❀ ❀ ❀ Painted by ❀  
❀ William Sergeant Kendall.

## TO IDLENESS.

SWEET Idleness, thou waitest at the door  
To lead me down through meadows cool with shade—  
Down to the river, o'er whose pebbly floor  
The fishes, unafraid,  
Swim softly, careless of our airy world.  
I hear thee ever singing, calling ever,  
Bidding me sever  
The chain so close about my spirit curled.  
Why do I toil and pore  
When thou art at the door?  
Surely Time's slave am I, and thou wilt shun me;  
Surely the delvers of the dark have won me  
If here I stay when thou art fled away.

O Idleness, where sleep thy votaries?  
In what enchanted garden of pure bliss  
Float their dim dreams on lotus-laden wings?  
What joy of musical imaginings  
Lulls them in banishment?  
Ah, call them back to earth, that weary is!  
Ah, call them back, with sleepy-eyed Content  
Close in their flowery train,  
And bid them soothe a world whose joys are spent,  
Who seeketh peace in vain!  
Yea, bid them twine their wreaths round yon wan brow,  
Whence lovely hopes flamed skyward once, where now  
Greed showers his ashes gray.  
Bedew those eyes until they shine once more;  
For exiled youth unbar the rusted door,  
And save a soul to-day.

Yea, wilt thou linger with the butterflies,  
And man's high love despise?  
I know one fit for thy sweet wooing—  
Ah, save him from the beckoning death!  
Too swiftly Beauty's quest pursuing,  
Soon must he fall, and fail of breath.  
The dull world speeds him on—oh, haste!  
With roses bind him, bear him far,  
Sing him sweet songs, weave visions chaste,  
Till he is strong to seek his star!

Ah, we have sinned and grievous is our shame!  
Thee we have banished, and reviled thy name,  
Till men dig deep in shadows, rubbing o'er  
Their earthy store,  
And maidens fair as dreams of morn,  
For thee and love and dalliance born,  
Toil clamorous in the dark, and smile no more.  
Hear'st thou the noise? Ah, no! for thou art flown.  
Now wilt thou follow  
The flight of song o'er fields with daisies sown.  
The sport of thrush and swallow  
Rhymes with thy joy, and I must brood alone.

*Harriet Monroe.*

[BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.]

## THE PRINCESS SONIA.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER,

Author of "Across the Chasm," "The Child Amy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"AS SHE HAD SEEN HER ONCE BEFORE."

### VIII.

THE day after the wedding, when the bridal pair had left Paris by onetrain and the bride's mother and younger sisters by another, when Harold had gone off to attend to some business which formed one part of the reason of his coming to Paris, Martha, having now full use of the carriage, ordered it to wait outside the atelier while she went in to see if the princess was there. It confirmed a suspicion which had somehow got into her head when she found that her friend was absent. With scarcely a glance at the model and the busy students, she withdrew, and, reëntering her carriage, ordered her coachman to drive her to the Rue Presbourg.

Upon going at once to her friend's private rooms, she found her lying on the lounge in semi-darkness, as she had seen her once before; but now there were no tears, nor any trace of them.

"I have a real headache this time," she said, as she stretched out her hand, with a smile. "It's better than it was, though, and I am glad to see you."

"Were you at the wedding?" was Martha's first eager question when she had kissed her friend and taken the seat beside her.

"Yes, I was there," said the other promptly. "How charming you looked in your bridesmaid's dress, and how handsome your Alice really is!"

She wondered what Martha would think if she knew the truth, that she had seen Alice and herself scarcely more than if they had not been present.

"And you saw Harold?" was the next question.

"Yes; I saw your paragon of paragons," was the answer, spoken in light and well-guarded tones.

Martha's face fell. Still, she was too earnest to be lightly rebuffed, so she went on:

"And what did you think of him? Now, Sonia, don't tease me! You know how important it is to me — what you think of Harold. Do tell me, dear, and don't laugh."

In response to this earnest appeal her friend's face grew grave. She did not look at Martha, however, but occupied herself with twisting up her long hair as she answered:

"I thought him handsome, dear. I thought his face both strong and clever. I could understand your loving him so much. I could see nothing in his face, or figure, or expression, that looked in the least degree unworthy of the great ideal that you have of him. There! Does that satisfy you?"

She caught Martha's chin between her thumb and forefinger, and for a second she met her gaze full. Then she got up hastily, and walked across the room.

When she presently came back, she had the air of a person thoroughly on guard, and conscious of her ability to cope with circumstances. She did not return to the lounge, but sat upright in a small chair which admitted of no lounging. Martha, who was glowing with pleasure at her heroine's praise of her hero, was determined to follow up her advantage.

"Oh, you will take back what you said, and let me bring him to see you—won't you, Sonia?" she said ardently. "We are going to have the apartment to ourselves for weeks, Harold and I; and we three could have such ideal times—such little dinners and jaunts to the play! As things are with you both, I think there is all the more reason for you to know each other. You could be such friends! I should think a real man friend would be such a comfort to you. You seem made for that sort of *camaraderie*, as well as for love. And what a comfort the friendship of such a woman as you would be to Harold! I feel myself at times so inadequate to him, and I have the very same feeling, sometimes, with you. I will confess to you, Sonia, that I did have a hope once, even though you are a princess and he just a simple American gentleman, that you and Harold might some time, after years, come to be something to each other; but I have given that up. I see that it is impossible to either of you. I had a talk with Harold yesterday, and he is as much protected by his past as you are by yours. So there could be no danger to either in such an intercourse. Oh, Sonia, *won't* you consent to it?"

There was great gravity and deliberation in the tones of the princess as she answered impressively:

"Now, Martha, listen to me. I want you to put that idea out of your head at once and forever. You will do this, I am sure, when I tell you how it distresses me and embarrasses our whole intercourse. You are quite mistaken in supposing that I have either a need or a desire for the friendship of any man alive. You really must believe me when I tell you that I am sick of men. One reason that I have so entirely given up society is that they fret me so with their offers of what you and they call friendship. I did have men friends once, and I know

what they amount to. While I was married, my—I mean the man I married—was my friend. Since I lost him I have never had another."

As she ended, she rose and walked across the room. Her tone was so decided that Martha felt that she could say nothing more, and so, with a sigh, she gave up this dream too.

In a moment the princess returned, bringing two photographs which she had taken from a drawer.

"I have been looking at some old pictures this morning," she said. "This one was taken when, as a girl, I was presented at the English court."

She was silent while Martha was uttering her glowing words of praise, as she looked at the photograph of the beautiful young girl in her white court-dress with plumes and veil; and then she put the other into her hand, saying quietly:

"This was taken in my wedding-dress, a few days after my marriage."

Her manner indicated a controlled excitement, but she was quite unprepared for the effect that this photograph had upon Martha. The girl fixed her eyes upon it with a sort of greedy delight, and while she drew in her breath with thick, short respirations, the hand that held the picture trembled.

"I can see it all!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Sonia, were you ever really as happy as that? What were you looking at, with your head turned in that eager way?"

"Yes, I was a Happy Princess once, my dear. But you are a wonderful creature, Martha! No one but you ever thought to ask that question, so I have been saved the embarrassment of explaining. Since you have asked me, I will tell you that I was looking at my husband. While the photographer was posing me in various ways, my husband was waiting for me. He was supposed to be out of sight, but I heard a newspaper rustle, and looked quickly around, and caught a glimpse of him, between two screens, seated quietly and unconsciously reading the paper. One of those great rushes of passionate tenderness which the sight of the man she loves can sometimes bring to a woman's heart came over me. At that moment the photographer got the instantaneous impression. I don't know why I should tell you all this, except that you saw it all there. To other people there never seemed any special significance in the picture."

She reached out her hand to take back the photographs, but Martha handed her only the first.

"Oh, Sonia, *let* me keep this!" she begged. "It is such delight to me to look at it!"

"No, dear; I could n't. No one but myself



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"OH, SONIA, WERE YOU EVER REALLY AS HAPPY AS THAT?"

should ever see that picture. I ought not perhaps to have shown it to you. It was just an impulse. Promise never to speak of either of these pictures—not even to me. You never will?"

"Never," said Martha, sadly, as she gave the picture up. Her friend took it, and, without glancing at it, locked it away in a drawer.

When she came back her whole manner had changed. She began at once to talk about her work at the atelier, and told Martha that Étienne wished her to enter a picture for the Salon. The wedding preparations had kept Martha at home a good deal lately, and the

princess had some interesting bits of news to give her. She was very graphic in her account of some of Étienne's last criticisms, and got into high spirits, in which Martha, somehow, could not entirely take part.

The girl went away at last rather heavy-hearted. This conversation had deprived her of her last hope of bringing the princess and her brother together. She had an engagement with Harold for the afternoon, so she could not go to the atelier; but she promised to meet the princess there in good time next morning.

That afternoon she indulged herself in giving her brother a brief account of her romantic



friendship. She did not, however, mention the name by which the princess was known to her, or any but the external facts in the case.

As she had foreseen, her brother made no objection to the intercourse, and told her she had been very wise to keep the whole thing to herself. He did not seem in the least surprised that the princess refused to make his acquaintance, and explained it to Martha by saying that she was probably an independent and self-willed young woman, who was disposed to suit only herself in the matter of friends; but that this was not inconsistent with a certain regard for conventionalities, and it was probable that she did not care to bother with her family, or even to take the trouble to find out anything about them. Martha felt that her brother was moderately interested in the matter because of its relation to herself; but in spite of all her enthusiasm she could not feel that she had inspired him with any special interest in the princess, or any appreciably greater desire to make her acquaintance than she had shown to make his.

## IX.

A FEW days later Martha came to the atelier in a state of only half-concealed excitement. She had a plan which she broached to the princess with some timidity. She began by saying that her brother was compelled to be absent from Paris during the whole of the next day, and that, as it was Sunday, and there would be no work at the atelier, she would have the whole day on her hands.

"Come and spend it with me," said the princess.

"Oh, if you would only come and spend it with me!" said Martha, so wistfully that her friend laughed gaily, and said:

"Why not?"

"Harold takes an early train, and will not be back until night," said Martha; "and it would be such joy to have you in my own room, sitting in my own chair, lying on my own bed, standing on my own rugs, and giving me sweet associations with these things forever."

"Of course I'll come—with pleasure," said Sonia, pausing in her work to answer Martha's whispered words.

So, in this dream at least Martha was not to be disappointed; and she parted from her friend with the delightful expectation that she was to see her next as her guest.

The young girl waked early next morning, and had her first breakfast with her brother; and after he had gone she found the time long while she waited for her visitor. No definite hour had been agreed upon, and she was afraid that the princess would come far too late to suit

her eager longing. Still she had not liked to urge too much upon her.

Martha had ordered heaps of flowers to make her room and the little boudoir which adjoined it look attractive; and she took Harold in to inspect them before he went away. He rushed through hurriedly, said everything was charming, gave her a hasty kiss, and was gone.

She stood at the window, which looked upon the Place de la Madeleine, and waited a long time, thinking deeply. The flower-market below was unusually rich, as the day was warm and springlike; and it presently occurred to her that among the glowing masses of bloom exposed to view there were some varieties of flowers which she did not have. She therefore determined to fill up a part of the time of waiting by going down to get some of these. Hastily putting on her hat, she ran down the winding stairway, crossed the open space, and was soon threading her way among the flower-stalls under the shadow of the beautiful great church. She kept her eye on the entrance to her apartment-house, however; and as she knew the princess's carriage and livery, she felt that there was no danger of failing to see her friend, should she happen to arrive during her brief absence.

The princess, however, did not come in her carriage, or, rather, she sent it away after having crossed the thronged streets of the Place de la Concorde, and, wrapped in her dark cloak, she walked quickly along with the foot-passengers until she reached the house of which she was in search. Then she slipped quietly in, and mounted the steps to the third story.

Her ring was answered by a man-servant, who explained that his young mistress had just gone down to the flower-market for a moment, and who ushered her into the large salon to wait.

Scarcely was she seated there when the bell rang again, and the servant opened the door to admit Harold. He had forgotten an important paper, and had come back for it in great haste. He knew that it was his part to avoid the princess in case she should have arrived; but concluding that she would, of course, be with Martha in her own rooms, he came directly into the salon, which was the nearest way of reaching his own apartment.

When he had entered, and the door was closed behind him, he took two or three steps forward, and then stopped as if petrified in his place.

The princess had risen to her feet, and stood confronting him, her face as pale and agitated as his own.

"I beg your pardon," he said, taking off his hat mechanically; "did you, perhaps, wish to see me?"

"No," she answered; "I wished to see your sister. She has gone across to the flower-market."

Her eyes had fallen under his, and she felt that she was trembling as she stood in front of him and answered his questions as mechanically as a stupid child.

"I beg your pardon," he said again; and he seemed to grow paler still as he stood there irresolute.

"Do you wish to see my sister alone?" he then said. "I don't understand. Do you wish me to stay or to go?"

"I wish you to go," she said, rallying a little as

feeling her knees grow weak and trembling under her, sank back into her seat; and the man, urged by some impulse of self-protection which demanded that he should fly, had bowed and left the room before she had quite recovered from the momentary dizziness which had possessed her as she fell into her chair. She heard the front door close behind him presently, and knew that he was gone. Then she felt that she must brace herself to meet Martha calmly.

When the young girl, a few moments later, came in with her load of flowers, and smilingly uttered her apologies and surprise at having missed her, her friend's senses seemed somehow to return, and she was able to answer calmly.

It seemed to Martha that the beautiful princess looked ill, and she was tenderly anxious about her; but she little suspected that during those few moments of her absence Sonia and her old love had been face to face, or, more marvelous still, that Harold had seen again the woman who had been his wife.

## X.

THE impression left upon the mind of Sonia by that meeting with Harold was an intensely disturbing one. Even the stirrings of old



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBBON.

"AMONG THE FLOWER-STALLS."

the thought occurred to her that Martha might return. "Your sister is expecting me. I came with the understanding that you were to be away."

A light broke over him, but it cast a sudden shadow on his face.

"You are, then, the princess of whom she has spoken to me," he said. "I beg your pardon."

"I am Sophia Rutledge," she said. "Martha believes me to be a princess, and I let her think it. Some one in the atelier told her so. What will you tell her now?"

"Exactly what you wish."

"Say nothing. Let her keep her delusion. Her friendship is dear to me; I do not wish it turned to hate."

"I shall say nothing," he said.

They both stood silent there a moment, looking away from each other. Then the woman,

feeling, and the memories of past pleasures and pains, which the sight of him had recalled, were less strong in her than a certain feeling of humiliation. She felt that she had been overcome by so great a weakness that she must have made a self-betrayal of which it nearly maddened her to think. Knowing how completely she had been thrown off her guard by this totally unexpected meeting, she felt that every emotion of her heart, which she herself was so conscious of, had been laid bare to him, and she could not rest for the torment of that thought. Her hours with Martha were therefore disturbed and unsatisfactory to them both; and when, soon after the mid-day meal, Martha asked her if she would like to drive, she accepted the relief of that idea with alacrity, only stipulating that they should not go to the crowded Bois.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"I REG YOUR PARDON," HE SAID AGAIN."

Martha ordered the carriage, and they drove about for an hour or two, stopping several times to go in and look at churches which they had often seen, but never entered. In some of these vespers were in progress, and they paid their sous for seats near the door, and sat down for a few moments; but the music played too dangerously upon Sonia's overwrought feelings, and she hurried her friend away.

In one or two of the smaller churches there were only silent kneeling figures here and there, and the two women walked about, looking at the mixture of dignified antiquity and tawdry decoration on every side, and reading the tablets all about the approach to the chancel, erected as thank-offerings to Mary and Joseph

for favors granted. In spite of her inward perturbation, Sonia could not help smiling at the economy of words on some of these. One or two had merely, "Merci, Joseph," or "Merci, Marie et Joseph," while the more elaborate ones recorded the thanks of the giver of the tablet for a favor received — the restoration of a beloved child from illness, the conversion of an erring son, the rescue of a husband from shipwreck, and even the miraculous intervention of Mary and Joseph to restore to health a little boy who had been gored by a bull. The very ignorance of it was touching to the two women, and the conviction that it was in each of these poor hearts a reaching upward kept them from feeling any scorn.

As they returned to their carriage, Martha, who during the recent scene had been furtively watching her friend's face, now saw upon it an expression which she was at a loss to account for. Was it, she wondered, religious devotion, stirred by the associations of the church, which made the lovely face beside her look so passionately tense with feeling? For the first time it occurred to her to wonder what her friend's religion was.

"Are you a Catholic, Sonia?" she said.

The answer came impulsively:

"No, I am not a Catholic. It is easier to say what I am not than what I am — except that, before and beyond all, I am a miserable woman."

As these words escaped her the lack of self-control of which they gave proof was so alarming to her that she begged her friend to take her home at once, saying that she was really not well, and must be alone to rest. Martha felt chilled and hurt. It was all so disappointing, and she seemed so completely put at a distance. The day which she had looked forward to with such eager joy had turned out dreary and sad. There was nothing to do, however, but to drive her friend back to her apartment.

When they got there, Sonia turned and kissed her warmly, but said nothing; and Martha drove home, feeling lonely and perplexed.

She did not expect to see the princess at the atelier next morning; but to her amazement, when she got there quite early herself, the beautiful, lithe figure was already before the easel, hard at work. There was, moreover, an air of strength and self-reliance about her which offered the greatest contrast to her manner of the day before.

As Martha came into the room, Sonia, who was one of the quiet group around the model (a thin child who twitched and wriggled and could not keep still for two consecutive minutes), waved her a welcome with a little flourish of her brush, and gave her a bright, decided nod. It was too late for Martha to get a position near her, so talk was impossible until the midday recess; but that gesture, glance, and bow of the head were enough of themselves to put new spirit into the girl, and she found her place, and fell to work, going ahead with more vim than she had been able to command for a long time.

When rest-time came the two friends showed their canvases to each other, and both of them could see the improvement in their work, and, feeling much encouraged, they went off to the butcher's shop, selected their chops, and while waiting for them to be cooked, sat at their little table in the *crémérie*, and talked.

At first they spoke only of their atelier work and Étienne's criticisms and suggestions; but

when that was pretty much talked out for the moment, Sonia, with a sudden change of manner, said abruptly:

"I want to atone to you for the gruesome mood that I was in when I went to see you yesterday. If you'll invite me again, I will be different — and, oh, by the way, I've got over that foolish idea that I had about not meeting your brother. If it would give you any pleasure, I don't in the least object. It would certainly be very silly to let him spoil this beautiful chance of our being together, as it would if I refused to meet him."

Martha looked at her in surprise. She had so entirely made up her mind that the powers had decreed that these two beings should not meet that Sonia's words rather disconcerted her.

"Oh, are you not pleased?" said the latter, disappointedly. "I thought it would delight you."

"So it does," said Martha, quickly; "but to be perfectly frank, I had so entirely accepted the idea that there might be some unknown danger in a meeting between you two that I had given it up; and now that the likelihood of it comes again, some sense of danger comes with it. You both seem such tremendous forces — in my eyes, at least, — that it is not like any ordinary acquaintanceship. It is very foolish, though; for even two locomotives may rush toward each other without danger, if each is solid on its own track, leading to its different destination. And surely no harm is done when they come very close, and exchange signals of friendliness, and then part, and go their opposite ways."

"Perfectly sage and true! Most wisely spoken!" said Sonia. "So you are reconciled now, are you? What weathercocks we women are! I am sure I may say it of you as well as of myself, contrasting your former eagerness with your present reluctance for this meeting. Well, I suppose it's a part of our nature, and I don't know that men are so very different."

"Harold is different," said Martha.

"Oh, no doubt *he* is quite, quite the immaculate," said her friend, lightly; and then, with a sudden change, she added in tones of extreme earnestness:

"Martha, you have never told him one word about me — have you? Nothing, I mean, of what I have told you or let you see concerning myself. All that was and must remain sacred between you and me."

"Not a word, not a syllable!" cried Martha. "How could you even ask? He knows of you only as my atelier friend, and that you are a Russian princess, and he knows of my visits to you, and my love and admiration for you; but not one word of what your confidence



has taken me into about yourself personally. I told him how little I knew or cared to know about you—that you were a young and beautiful widow whose past history was wholly unknown to me. What you have let me see of the writing which that history has made upon your heart was a sacred confidence which no power could ever draw out of me.”

“I knew it, dear. I never doubted it. Don’t defend yourself, as if I had distrusted you. It is because I do trust you that I consent to meet your brother. I would certainly not willingly make the acquaintance of any man who could possibly be supposed to know as much of my heart and its weaknesses as I have revealed to you.”

“And when will you come to me again?” said Martha, allowing herself to feel unchecked the joy which the prospect before her stirred within her heart.

“I will dine with you to-morrow, if you like,” said Sonia, with an air of decision.

It was an intense surprise to Harold when Martha told him that the princess was to dine with her next evening. He at once proposed to go out and leave them *tête-à-tête*, but his wonder increased when he was told that the princess had avowed her willingness to meet him. After hearing that, there was but one thing for him to do. This he saw plainly; but at the same time he realized that a more difficult ordeal could not possibly be put before him. What could be her object in a course so extraordinary, and what could be the feeling in her heart to make such a course possible?

He had believed her to be deeply moved, as no sensitive woman could fail to be, by their unexpected meeting of the day before; but that she should deliberately wish to repeat the meeting looked like the most heartless caprice. She had always been capricious, daring, and impetuous, and had loved to do unusual and exciting things; but that he could excuse as a part of her character and individuality. Heartless he had never had occasion to think her. Even her sudden recoil from him and repudiation of their marriage he believed to be the result of some commanding quality of her fine nature which he could not help reverencing, even though he did not comprehend it.

The courtship of Harold Keene and Sophia Rutledge had been very short, and their wedding sudden. He had met the young English girl in London near the close of the season; had seen her first in her court-dress, at her

presentation; and had afterward spent ten days with her at a country house. Their mutual attraction had been a current which had swept everything before it; and when it had to be decided whether she should go on a voyage to Japan with her aunt, as had been planned,—a prospect which would separate them for months to come,—they took things into their own hands, and were married at short notice. The parents of Miss Rutledge were both dead. Her father, an Englishman, had married a Russian; and it was her mother’s sister with whom she was supposed to live, though she had spent most of her grown-up years, and all of her childhood, in England. Her aunt was now a widow and a feverishly enthusiastic traveler, and the girl had looked forward with some pleasure to the long travels ahead of them. Her sudden marriage to the young American, introduced to her by some common friends, changed her life absolutely; but Harold was determined that she should realize at least one of her ardent dreams of travel, and take a journey up the Nile. Soon after their marriage they had set out on this journey, and the history of its rapturous beginning and miserable ending was known only to themselves.

In this way it had happened that Harold’s wife had never been seen by his family, and he had even declined to send them a photograph of her. He said he disliked photographs, and none could ever give a fair representation of his beautiful wife. He wrote Martha that she must do her best to restrain her impatience, as they were to come at once to America at the end of their honeymoon on the Nile, and to make their home there, while he settled down to work.

Instead of this, however, came the brief announcement of their separation, which almost broke Martha’s heart. She had put aside any natural feeling of deprivation and pain, to throw herself, heart and soul, into the delight of Harold’s romantic marriage, and as the young couple dreamed their way up the old Nile, she dreamed it with them. It is probable that few people in the world get the intense joy out of their personal experiences of love that this ardent and impassioned girl derived from the mere imagination of her brother’s happiness. The blow that followed it was therefore very keen and deep. The courage and complete reserve which her brother had shown in the matter had given her strength to bear it; but in spite of that, a permanent shadow had been cast upon her life.

(To be continued.)

Julia Magruder.



## A JAPANESE LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.



FIFTEEN years ago, an American tourist, returning from an evening call in Tokio, was attracted to a book-stand illuminated by a flickering lamp. His eye was at once caught by a colored print meant unmistakably for an American soldier.

During his efforts to negotiate a purchase a crowd silently gathered, such a crowd as is seen only in Japan—as gentle, polite, and respectful as it is interested, inquisitive, and amused. Finding the situation embarrassing, the tourist was about to drop the print and beat a retreat, when the salesman gathered together nine little books which evidently went together as one set, and which the tourist discovered to be a life of General Grant in Japanese. Out of curiosity he purchased them. It was not long before he found that he had become the possessor of a rare work. The missionaries to whom it was shown hunted in vain through Tokio for additional copies. Not a single one could be found.

In New York the little books attracted much attention. A friend of General Grant, who was then living, took them to the great soldier. The general kept them a week, and then returned them to their owner without comment. Two or three attempts to translate them were made by Japanese who deemed it their duty to make the translation sound as American as possible, paraphrasing all Oriental expressions in such a way as to destroy their characteristic force. Finally, the Rev. J. S. Motoda, a native Japanese then residing at the Episcopal Divinity School in West Philadelphia, produced the following literal translation of the more interesting parts of the work.

The nine volumes, each consisting of twenty pages of text and pictures, are arranged in groups of three, so that the illuminated covers of each group form a single picture. The first group deals with General Grant's early life, the Mexican war, and the civil war; the second group with the civil war and his travels in England and France; and the third group with his travels in Africa, Asia, and Japan.

H. C. M.

### GURANDO'S LIFE, YAMATO BUNSHO.<sup>1</sup>

THE FIRST SERIES, UPPER BOOK.

KANAGAKI ROBUN WROTE, SENSAI YEITAKU DREW, SHIDZUOKAYA-BUNSUKE PRINTED.

#### INTRODUCTION.

The multitude of stars, on every hand,  
Turn toward the spot where the Northern Star doth stand.

THE American flag, which has so many stars in itself, is the flag which may be called the soil which produces many heroes of the civilized countries of liberty, which is the foundation of independence. But beginning with the founder, Washinton Kuen,<sup>2</sup> there was no want of rulers—among them the former great ruler, Gurando Kuen. Although he was given by the people great power which never was before, by his generous and philanthropic virtue he came to our country. This fact, being the happy sign of the outing [departure] of Rin<sup>3</sup> and the coming of Ho,<sup>4</sup> is clearly a thing of happy auspices of friendship between Nippon and America. Therefore, writing a life of this famous man, I wish to let children and women know his beautiful doings; and I call the title Yamato Bunsho. Meizi 12th year,

7th month. The middle Jun (July, 1879). Kanagaki Robun writes:

Eight years ago I wrote a book called "Se-kai Miyakoji," for small learners, from which I now extract the condition of North America, and will explain the opening of that continent to young girls and young boys. In olden times, besides the three continents Ashia, Afurika, Yoropa, thinking that there was no land, and also knowing that the shape of the earth was like a ball, being convinced that there must be a land between the east and the west, the German astronomer Koberunikusu<sup>5</sup> sent a ship toward the west, and saw afar the new land. After that, Koronbusu<sup>6</sup> of Itaria<sup>7</sup> rode out in only three ships, great and small, six hundred days, the time being the beginning of Mei-o of Nippon.

He discovered a new world. Having followed the foot [track] of those ships, a general of Itaria, Amerikusu, went around this great continent, and wrote out its products, its geog-

<sup>1</sup> Japan's literary reward.

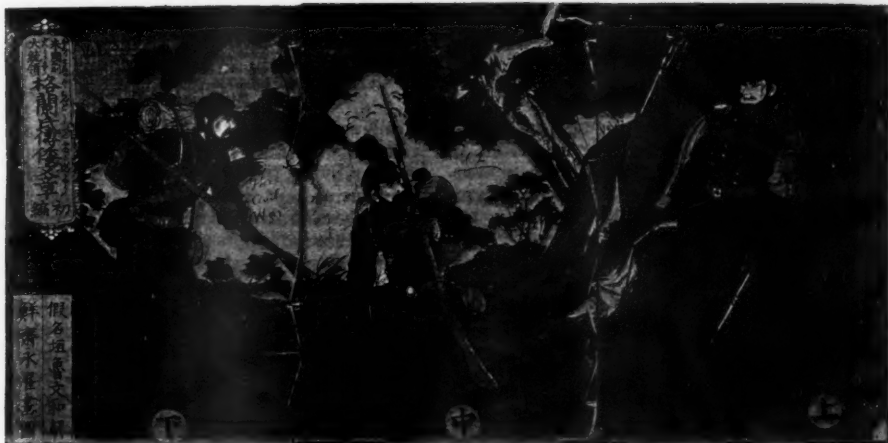
<sup>2</sup> Mr.

<sup>3</sup> Rin is a little animal, and Ho<sup>4</sup> is a bird, which the Japanese associate with the birth of a hero.

<sup>5</sup> Copernicus.

<sup>6</sup> Columbus.

<sup>7</sup> Italy.



THE CIVIL WAR—PICTURE MADE BY UNITING THE COVERS OF VOLUMES THREE, TWO, AND ONE.

raphy, and customs. On account of the merit of the opening of this land (by him), this is called America. From this time, the going and the coming between the east and the west making a ring, things about the ball of the earth became clear. This great continent is divided into two—the South and the North. North America, the land of which was most opened by Igrisu,<sup>1</sup> broke out the beginning of quarrels, and for the sake of country those who joined themselves to the thirteen confederated States raised up Washinton Shi<sup>2</sup> to the generalship, under whom they fought against the Igrisu government, defeated its great army, and completely won the victory. Now, Igrisu having no power to rival, ninety-seven years from now [ago]—one thousand, seven hundred, eight, ten, three [1783]—America escaped the rule of Igrisu, and, peace having been made, became an independent country, having gathered a multitude of people, determined a government of self-ruling, and determined that the one who had the greatest number of votes should be ruler for four years limited. At this time Washinton, because he had the greatest merit, was made the Taitoryo.<sup>3</sup> Henceforth the country was well governed, and its capital was called Washinton. The fifteenth Taitoryo, Yurishesu Shimuson Gurando,<sup>4</sup> fifty-eight years from now, the fourth month, twenty-seventh day, in America, Ohayo State, Monto Gori,<sup>5</sup> Pointo Puranto,<sup>6</sup> was born.

#### BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

FROM the time of his birth he was different from an ordinary baby. His body was large. He weighed 1 kwan, 292 me. As he grew, his thought became deeper accordingly. It

was seen by the eye of every man. He showed no color of fear, however great the sound that came into his ear. When he was not fully two years old his father, Jesshi Rumito Gurando, happened to carry him outside of his house, and some bad young men in the neighborhood, looking back at Gurando Kuen, said, "We hear that this baby, as people say, has a brave heart, and never fears anything; we will try whether this is true or false." And they went away and got a pistol, and gave it to the hand of Gurando Kuen, and pulled the trigger. Then came out a bullet like a thunder-storm. The baby was not afraid of it, and never changed the color of his face; but pointing to the pistol, asked another shot. The father, as well as the bad boys, was astonished; and there was no one who did not roll his tongue.

A year and a half later a circus-rider entered his village. Desiring to see the show, Gurando Kuen, on his father's arm, entered the place. Pointing to the horse, he insisted on riding it himself. His father consequently asked the circus-rider to let his boy ride. Gurando Kuen, showing in his face perfect satisfaction, rode on the neck of the horse, and appeared as if he was persuading the horse to go. One day, when he was older, he was playing ball by his own house, and he accidentally broke a glass window of his neighbor. Having regretted what he had done, he made up his mind, and went into the neighbor's house, and excused himself to the lord of the house, saying, "I accidentally broke the window of thy honorable house. I have

<sup>1</sup> England.

<sup>2</sup> Mr., like Kuen, but used of a person who is not living.

<sup>3</sup> President.

<sup>5</sup> County.

<sup>4</sup> Ulysses Simpson Grant.

<sup>6</sup> Point Pleasant.

no word to excuse myself. The only thing I can do is to my father tell, a new glass window buy, this loss repay. Please excuse." This house lord, having been much pleased with this child's unusual thoughtfulness, without any condition excused his sin. Indeed, Gurando Kuen's heavenly nature is like a serpent which has its own nature when it is but one inch long. "He is the Kirin<sup>1</sup> boy of this village," said every one. Gurando Kuen's father, having leather-making as his business, supported himself and his boy. His house was very poor. The education of his own son he could not do sufficiently. Gurando Kuen, when four years old, for the first time entered a school of this village; but being unable to get sufficient for the expense of his education, he left the school. Although he was not equal in strength to one arm of his father, he helped in his father's business. Five or six years he spent thus, and he had already become eleven years old. In this winter he again entered the village school, but within three months he left. Being prevented by his poverty, he could not continue to study. But his nature being straight, he was not willing to give up the thing when once he intended to do. Bearing the sufferings and cares of one

hundred breakings and one thousand temptations, he thought this time is what is called in the world "seven falls and eight risings," and so he did not show the color of discouragement, but, on the contrary, showed greater strength.

In the spring of his seventeenth year he expressed a great thought to his father, and addressed him, saying, "I have in my mind the thought that, when four years from to-day have passed, I shall not be doing this kind of labor." The father, thinking it a strange thing, said, "Do you hate your father's hereditary trade? Do you hate to become a leather-maker, and spend your life thus? What profession, then, do you expect to adopt in future? Do you expect to go into the fields carrying a sickle and a hoe? Do you expect to sell and buy things in the market? Or do you fix your eyeballs upon books of ten thousand volumes, and desire to speculate reasons and promote moralities, and become a man of wide knowledge?" Gurando Kuen, replying to these questions, said, "To cultivate the field and become a farmer is well, but to spend the whole life as a hireling is not well. To take a Soroban<sup>2</sup> and become a merchant and gain profit is well, but along with it to make bad practice is not my desire. Contrary to all this, our ancestors, in the War of Independence of this country, showed great merit, I hear. I also, entering a military school, will have to show my arm in

<sup>1</sup> The Kirin is a rare bird, somewhat like a crane, which is supposed to appear once in many years as a sign of some great event.

<sup>2</sup> Counting-machine.



DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY "AMERICUS."



GRANT AS A CHILD ADMIRES A CIRCUS-HORSE.

the time of great things. O Father Kuen, how is it?" The father, being exceedingly glad, did as he wished.

#### THE MEXICAN WAR.

THE wish of Gurando Kuen the father thought good. The father himself desired that it should be so. Now, as the two wishes met like a bamboo splice, desiring to accomplish his son's request he sought the way. Through the introduction of a certain person, a representative of the State, he entered the military school of a place called Wesu-To Pointo.<sup>1</sup> Henceforth, day and night, he studied diligently, and in four years he finished his course. On the 1st day of the 7th month of his 22d year he became a Sho-i.<sup>2</sup> Among 39 men of his class he ranked 21st. Therefore his name was not very well known. After two years, between this America and Mekishiko<sup>3</sup> a trouble of boundary arose. They began the opening of war. Gurando Kuen, making his courageous nature more courageous, followed great General Rincorun,<sup>4</sup> and went to West Mekishiko.

On the 8th day of the 5th month of the next year, in the land called Paruaruto,<sup>5</sup> there began a battle. Beginning with this engage-

ment, in fourteen battles, great and small, Gurando Kuen showed peerless military merit in each battle. When, on the 23d of the 9th month of the same year, there were three successive engagements in the town of Montere, Gurando Kuen, encouraging his soldiers, broke in the middle defense of the enemy. He happened to be besieged by them, and he found no way to advance or retreat, and he was troubled, his ammunition being exhausted. But without showing the slightest color of terror he pushed on his soldiers, receiving the enemy from eight directions. By the time when the day began to become dark, he changed his horse. . . . His left foot on the stirrup and grasping the mane with his left hand, gave the whip to the horse, calling his soldiers to follow him, and broke through the siege of the enemy and returned to his headquarters; and receiving more men, he again put his men in order, and manifested unusual merit. From this time he was promoted Tai-i [captain], and his name thundered far and near. Gurando Kuen, after the war with Mekishiko had been settled, continued to serve the army eleven returns of the stars and frosts. His service was faithful. In his 33d year, on the 31st day of the 7th month, he resigned his office, and returned home, and took up agriculture. Before this time he became engaged to a daughter of the great merchant Frederiku Tendo,<sup>6</sup> in the land of Sento

<sup>1</sup> West Point. <sup>2</sup> Lieutenant. <sup>3</sup> Mexico.

<sup>4</sup> Lincoln. <sup>5</sup> Palo Alto. <sup>6</sup> Frederick Dent.



Rui;<sup>1</sup> and while he was in the army in the same place he celebrated his wedding ceremony, and after he resigned his office he bought a piece of land near his wife's father. In the spring he cultivated, in the autumn he harvested. Farming he made his business. In his business many unfortunate things happened in succession. He lost his capital. He then changed his mind, and removed to a place called Gayarena,<sup>2</sup> of the State of Irinoi,<sup>3</sup> and spent his life making leather, which he learned from his father in his childhood. Until he became 39 years old he pasted his mouth in solitude.

#### THE CIVIL WAR BEGINS.

THE time comes when a dragon must ascend into heaven. Western calendar 1861, America was divided into two, and great trouble arose. This trouble was that the Southern States of the United States, trying to separate from the Northern States, lifted the flag of rebellion. Having heard this, the Taitoryo of this time, Rincorun,<sup>4</sup> feeling uneasy, hastened to gather soldiers. On the 15th day of the 4th month of the same year he appealed to the whole country. At this time Gurando Kuen, although he was in a trade by which he was not able to raise the smoke of his whole house, yet the time

came when he could serve his country with his unusual, heaven-gifted brave spirit. He quickly called together those who had the same idea in the neighboring villages. On the 19th day of the same month he organized a company of volunteers, and he taught to these men the military advance and retreat, and the skill of attack and defense. He waited for the time to come for sending his soldiers. In the mean time Gurando Kuen went to see the governor of the State, and said, "Thy humble servant, having become an assistant officer of a great company of the volunteer army, desires permission to advance to the State of South Misori, and break underfoot the Southern army, and defeat them in one battle." The governor did not accede to his request, but he made him a messenger to enlist soldiers. Kuen, suppressing his courage, which was about to burst out of his breast, flying in wind, running in rain, endeavored to enlist soldiers. In the latter part of the 5th month he was chosen Dai Taicho (head of the great division) of the Irinoi Shu.<sup>5</sup> 21st Tai.<sup>6</sup> In the beginning of the 6th month, South Misori Shu, a place called Sheneraruhopu, sent out his Tai. Gurando Kuen's direction of advancing and retreating, being just right, satisfied the wish of the soldiers, and they thought it was certain to beat down the enemy if they served under him. Thus his fragrant name thundered. On the 7th of the 8th month he

<sup>1</sup> St. Louis.

<sup>2</sup> Galena.

<sup>3</sup> Illinois.

<sup>4</sup> Lincoln.

<sup>5</sup> Illinois State.

<sup>6</sup> Regiment.



GRANT AS A BOY BREAKS A NEIGHBOR'S WINDOW.





GRANT TELLS HIS FATHER HE MUST BE A SOLDIER.

was elected Sanbo<sup>1</sup> of the volunteer army at the time of the election of the representatives of Irinoi Shu.

On the 1st day of the 9th month he was again promoted to the Shikicho<sup>2</sup> of the whole army. He, being greatly encouraged, put his headquarters in the place called Kairo, and watched the movements of the Southern soldiers. The force of Gurando Kuen, being like the splitting of bamboo, or the ascending of a Ryo<sup>3</sup> into the clouds, on the 6th of the 9th month, leading his great army, he approached the fort of his enemy. His movement being like the beating of great waves against rocks, or the scattering of small fish by a Shachihoko,<sup>4</sup> with the shout "Yei, yei!" advanced. The Southern army, with the hope of making the Northern army into small dust, defended themselves; but the Northern army was not at all afraid, and continued to attack the Southern army, and at once to scatter them. They, leaving their defense, fled in disorder toward Berumodo.<sup>5</sup> Kuen in one battle almost got possession of the city of Bachuka,<sup>6</sup> near the mouth of the Teneshi.<sup>7</sup> From the time of this victory the throats of the Ohio and the Teneshi were occupied by the Northern army, and became a convenient place of transportation for them.

<sup>1</sup> Counselor. <sup>2</sup> Director in General. <sup>3</sup> Dragon.

<sup>4</sup> Shark. <sup>5</sup> Belmont. <sup>6</sup> Paducah. <sup>7</sup> Tennessee.

<sup>8</sup> Columbus. <sup>9</sup> General. <sup>10</sup> Fort Henry.

On the 5th day of the 11th month of the same year he was sent to attack Bachuka again, and on the following day, leading the whole army, he left the camp at Kairo and moved toward Berumodo. The Southern army made preparation at a critical place, and put a great army in Coronbiya,<sup>8</sup> on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and a great armory, and waited to beat and break the Northern army from the sideway. Kuen, being not at all afraid, on the 7th day of the same month arrived, commanding three thousand one hundred men. Seven thousand and more men of the Southern army, raising the whole wave, appeared at once, trying to get ahead one of another; and putting forth their guns in a row, and glittering their swords' points, began to attack.

The Northern army met them, beating and being beaten. Their rushing blood made, as it were, a scarlet rain, and for a time there was no sign of decision.

The artillery began to fire, and the sound of the cannon could be compared with nothing; and it struck down the camp of the Northern army, and several hundred men fell dead with their heads in a row. The usually courageous Northern army began to waver; the Southern army continued to attack. Gurando Kuen, whose courage had no rival, on account of the confusion of his men determined to retreat once; and leading his men began to retreat, driving out his enemy near at hand, and firing at the enemy from a distance. He thus broke them with his utmost power; and the great Southern army, although its energy was like the power of an angry tiger, left two cannon and fled. The Northern army captured two hundred men and opened the siege, and returned to a war-ship.

#### THE SECOND ADVENT OF WASHINGTON.

The quick movement and spirit-like operation of Kuen at this time made one doubt whether he were not the second advent of Washinton. Even Naporeon I. would have been far from a rival to him. Both enemy and friend admired him. The Southern army from this time gave up the idea of pursuing. In this battle the Southern army lost 632 men, dead and wounded. The Northern army lost 25 men less than the Southern army. In the spring of the following year Gurando Kuen appealed to Taisho<sup>9</sup> Perukku to cut off the right elbow of the enemy by attacking the place called South Poruto Henri.<sup>10</sup> The general accepted it as a good plan, and gave him permission to start immediately. Kuen, being glad and encouraged, marched, commanding his men, along the Teneshi, succeeding day to night. It is necessary for military operations

to be with spirit-like quickness, and to ride every opportunity. One who is first, rules others. This can be also said of the military policy. Gurando Kuen, seizing the opportunity, did not hesitate to march out his soldiers. His quickness cannot be rivaled by any ordinary man. To win a complete victory is to know the best opportunity.

The popularity of the whole country turns to one person. His virtue extends over the globe. Wherever he goes, he creates the sense of respect in men who hear his name. This is a Heaven-bestowed wise man. In the whole world there are very few men like this. His wisdom is abundant, yet not with fox-like cunning. His courage excels that of others, yet not like that of a lion or tiger. Commanding his army, he subdues rebellious men; executing the government, he wins the hearts of the people; his work being completed, his name being widely known, he retires. This is the former Taitoryo of America. His meritorious works deserve thanks.

Gurando Kuen, having already obtained permission from the Taisho, gladly moved on, commanding his men along the Teneshi. That part was marshy ground, and he could not go as fast as he wanted to. His journey was much delayed. In the mean time the men

1 Donelson.

2 Cumberland.

of the navy took possession of the place. He consequently made another plan—to attack Denoruson<sup>1</sup> on the southwest bank of the Konborurando,<sup>2</sup> six miles distant from Poruto Peshiku. So, without waiting the direction of the Taisho, he marched against that place at once, and on the 12th began to attack with his 15,000 men and horses. The enemy, consisting of 21,000 men and more, having heard of the approach of the Northern army, endeavored to defend themselves in a strong position. Gurando Kuen, having been preceded by the navy in attacking that place, sought to attack this place instead. He divided his 15,000 men into several divisions, interchanging them constantly. Three days and three nights, without pausing for breath, he attacked them most severely.

The enemy defended themselves with death-struggle energy, but at the dawn of the 15th the Northern army added 16,000 new men, and attacked them more forcibly. The Southern army lost innumerable men. It is said that there were 2500 men killed and wounded. In the Southern army 4000 and more who survived fled, leaving their camp, and finally they gave themselves up. In this battle, in the Northern army there were not more than 2000 who were killed and wounded. They captured 65 cannon, 14,600 muskets, and 14,623 men. By this great vic-



GRANT AND LINCOLN AS OFFICERS IN THE MEXICAN WAR. THE TRANSLATIONS OF THEIR NAMES ARE WRITTEN ON THE FACE OF THE PICTURE.



BATTLE OF RICHMOND.

tory the force of the Northern army began to show itself much more, and Kentoki and Tene-shi Shus<sup>1</sup> fell into his hands. The great rivers of this part gave great convenience to the free transportation of war-ships and transports. Therefore this victory was known to be the auspicious beginning of the complete victory of the Northern army. Gurando Kuen, having won this great victory by his unusual strength, was more than glad. He gathered together his men, and expressed his thanks to them as follows: "When we look back on the three days, the 13th, 14th, and 15th, when we were fighting a most bitter battle, many gentlemen with unusual efforts in the pouring of gun-balls like rain, you led around your soldiers, and gained this great victory. He who has the position of general ought to feel grateful for this fact. In spite of the changeable weather of Porudo and Neruson, especially in the morning, gentlemen, not being discouraged, but fighting well, you have conquered them. It is a great satisfaction. The Southern army has fighting men like mountains, military officers like a cloud, yet they could not stop their feet, but afar they fled. Gentlemen, thinking it a title even to live in a tentless place, continued to fight for three long days, and drove the enemy far off, and crippled the rebellious

men, and encouraged the spirit of the Northern people. A great victory like this we seldom see. As many captives as we took this day, we never heard of since the opening of the country; therefore we leave to succeeding generations the name of this great battle-field in order to remind those who love men and liberty, both on the east and west of the ocean, of the merit of Shokun."<sup>2</sup> By this meritorious work Gurando Kuen was promoted to Teitoku,<sup>3</sup> and was directed to command the whole army of Teneishi.

In the latter part of the 3d month he requested to go up the northern bank and attack Korinsu,<sup>4</sup> the camp of the Southern army. Having obtained permission from the general headquarters, being forbidden to wage war until the auxiliary should come, Kuen stationed himself at Botseoburugu<sup>5</sup> with 38,000 men, and waited for the arrival of the auxiliary 40,000 from Generuru Boiru Shi.<sup>6</sup> The enemy, having found out this fact, prepared to attack the soldiers of Gurando and open the nose of the soldiers of Boiru, and began to attack the Northern army like a cyclone. At this time 5000 men of Gurando Kuen's stationed themselves at a great distance, and could not communicate with each other; but being extraordinary warriors, they were not at all alarmed. Defending themselves against the enemy, they retreated slowly as far as to the bank of the Teneishi. The victo-

<sup>1</sup> Kentucky and Tennessee States.

<sup>2</sup> Gentlemen. <sup>3</sup> Commander-in-chief. <sup>4</sup> Corinth.

<sup>5</sup> Pittsburg Landing. <sup>6</sup> General Buell, Mr.

rious enemy, understanding that the Northern army was fleeing, pursued, and came very near them, and it appeared that the Northern army were almost defeated. Gurando Kuen, turning his horse's head toward the enemy, shooting a glittering light from the midst of his eyeball, lifting up his sword, raising his great voice like a peal of thunder, threatening his men to charge, according to the military law, if they showed any cowardice, and commanding them not to spoil the glorious name of the Northern army, encouraged them to advance.

His courageous dignity humiliated them. His men, being encouraged by him, stopped their footsteps, and began to fight. The day was beginning to be dark, and General Boiru Shi, commanding 40,000 and more men, arrived there. The Northern army, becoming elated, like the rain in drops, at the dawn of the 7th put the two armies together, and began to attack the position of the Southern army. The Southern army, being not able to endure it, was broken, and retreated. They had no courage to fight again. In this battle Gurando Kuen lost 12,217 killed and wounded, but regained the position which he had lost. His whole army, being encouraged, approached Korinsu without delay, and challenged them to fight. . . .

[The matter between page 13 of Volume III and Volume V, being a description of suc-

cessive battles, has been omitted in the translation.]

#### GENERAL GRANT BECOMES PRESIDENT.

HAVING heard of the surrender of Taisho Ri-shi,<sup>1</sup> the Southern States hastily<sup>2</sup> surrendered, and the warlike disorder of the past five years completely settled down. The sound of the triumphant songs of the Northern army thundered in heaven and earth like a dignified wind bowing the trees and grasses, and they [the soldiers] retired to Washinton Fu.

The Southern Taitoryo, Debisu,<sup>3</sup> was captured, and war was appeased. Taitoryo Rincorun Shi<sup>4</sup> gathered the various armies, thanked them deeply for their services, and dismissed the volunteers, awarding to those who were meritorious, and sending them to their homes. The nation began to feel the thought of easiness. This was 1865.

Taitoryo Rincorun Shi, although his term of office was completed, popularity was more and more centered in him, and therefore he was put into the office of Taitoryo for a second time, and the winds and the waves of all the States became quieted. But the remainder of the

<sup>1</sup> General Lee, Mr.

<sup>2</sup> Literally, "vying with each other, in haste."

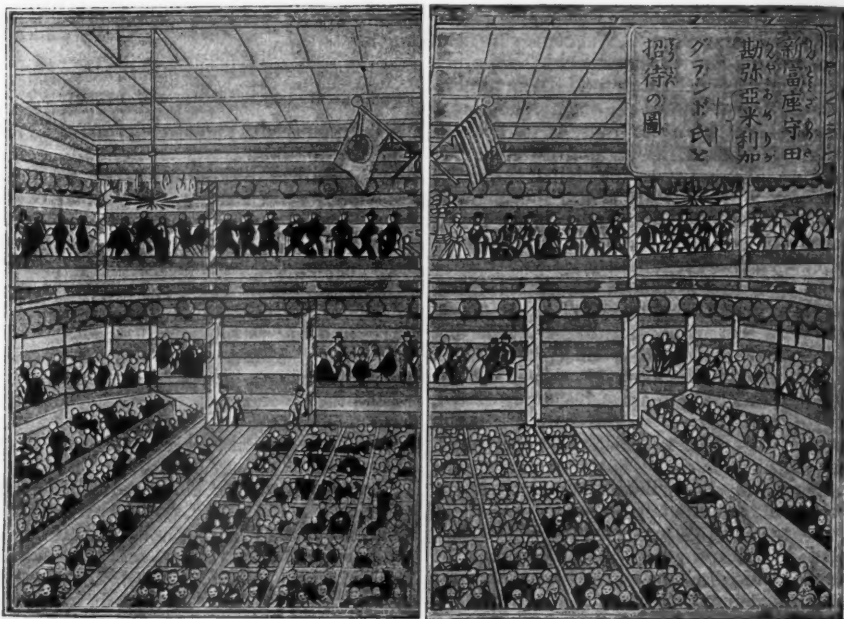
<sup>3</sup> President Davis.

<sup>4</sup> President Lincoln, Mr.



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.





GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION IN JAPAN.

Southern rebellious men were still living. One night when the Taitoryo Rincorun Shi was witnessing the theater in the city, suddenly a bent man<sup>1</sup> came near Rincorun Shi, and pierced<sup>2</sup> him to death in that very spot. By this act there was great dismay. The bent man was taken prisoner, and punished to death. After this Fuku-Toryo<sup>3</sup> Jonson became Taitoryo.

The whole nation, commending deeply the great merits of Gurando Kuen, respected him as one who loved the United States, and esteemed it the greatest of all countries. His popularity was increased above that of Jonson. On the 25th day of the 7th month, in 1867, he was made the American army's Sototoku.<sup>4</sup> This office Gurando Kuen was the only one to receive, excepting Washinton, since the independence of the country. And not only did Gurando Kuen receive such a great honor, but also patriotic men, subscribing money, made for him a new residence, to repay his laborious merit. It is said that people went to see the beautiful house in his very humble village, and the name of the place became known to far countries. Thus Gurando Kuen's fragrant name thundered not only in all the States of America, but also in old countries of the Occident. Even the other continents admired his virtue. On the contrary, Taitoryo Jonson Shi,

since the settlement of the war, hated deeply the men of the South, and punished with unusual strict law. But Gurando Kuen, advising him in various ways, saved the Southern Sho<sup>5</sup> from ten thousand deaths, and punished lightly those Southern rebellious men who would otherwise have been put to death.

Jonson, contrary to his previousness,<sup>6</sup> began to communicate most deeply with the men of the South. The nation began to doubt, and they thought that it was strange that Jonson was so intimate with the men of the South, and began to lose their respect for him, and wished to take him out of the office, and put Gurando Kuen there instead. In 1868, by a great majority of votes, he was at last elected Taitoryo, and in the 3d month of the following year he took the executive power of the United States. But the warlike spirit was not lost, and occasionally some tangling of the States occurred, thus creating difficulties for the Government. Gurando Kuen, crushing his heart,<sup>7</sup> quieted in various ways the mind of men, and conducted the government solely in a benevolent way.

Consequently his popularity increased continually, and everything became peaceful. During the previous war Igrisu<sup>8</sup> loaned to the Southern States ammunition. Gurando Kuen, instead of appealing to war to settle this trouble, asked the governments of various countries in Yoropa their black and white,<sup>9</sup> and by the joint judgment of the various states he re-

<sup>1</sup> Villain.

<sup>2</sup> Stabbed.

<sup>3</sup> Vice-President.

<sup>4</sup> Commander-in-chief.

<sup>5</sup> General.

<sup>6</sup> Previous

course. <sup>7</sup> Being anxious. <sup>8</sup> England. <sup>9</sup> Their decision.



ceived from Igrisu a proper compensation. In 1872 Gurando Kuen's term was completed. At the next presidential election he was elected again, by the greatest number of votes which had never been since the opening of this country. Many persons, being perfectly devoted to Kuen's virtue of benevolence and righteousness, sang of peace to the country; but Kuen, not forgetting the time of war in the time of peace, trained soldiers and encouraged industry, rectified loss and lightened punishments. There was not one fault in his executive government. He was respected as the father of the country. Even a three-year-old child admired his virtue. The four years of his second term having been completed in 1876, in the 7th month of the 11th year of Meiji of Dai Nippon<sup>1</sup> he retired from the office of Taitoryo, and insisted on returning quietly to the house in Pointo Puranto<sup>2</sup> in Monto Gori,<sup>3</sup> in the State of Ohayo;<sup>4</sup> and, gazing upon the moon, looking at flowers, enjoying the mountains and waters, and thus resting from labor of many years, he thought best to make a circuit around the world. In the autumn of the same year, in company with his wife and child and others, he left his native place, rode in a train of great railroad, and wanted to see the countries of Yoropa first. Many men, coming to see him depart for his trip round the world, desired him to return early, and all wet their hankechi with their tears.

In Gurando Kuen's dealing with men in war, he makes the enemy of a hundred thousand man to shudder with fear; in the time of peace even a child may be intimate with him. He never loses the sense of respect before men. He treats them like his own blood relations. Therefore, wherever he went, men, having heard of his benevolence and righteousness, admired his virtue. A man like him is a real hero, such as is rarely seen in the world. He also can be said to be a wise man of benevolence and righteousness.

[Here follow descriptions of General Grant's travels in England and France.]

#### THE RECEPTION IN JAPAN.

Noin ho shi,<sup>5</sup> who sang,

From the Miyako<sup>6</sup> I go,  
As the mist doth disappear  
When the autumn breezes blow  
By the Shirakawa<sup>7</sup> near,

was worried at the thought of a journey of a few ri, so he hid himself in his house, and re-

fused to meet callers, pretending that he had gone out to visit the famous places and the old remains. But this fact was known, and caused ill comment. This story has become widely known in the society of Fuga.<sup>8</sup> Judging the conservative spirit of the ancient times from the condition of to-day, it is more than deplorable to see our state. No longer standing alone in the midst of the ocean, without



SCENE FROM A MILITARY DRAMA PLAYED BEFORE GENERAL GRANT IN TOKIO.

knowing the outside world, now, the light of civilization beginning to shine upon the globe, we go to their country and they go to our country, and friendly communication is increasing widely and more intimately.

Gurando Kuen, having left his own land and having crossed the eastern countries Afurika and Indo, having gone around the eastern part of Ashia and Shina,<sup>9</sup> has arrived at Yokohama of our Dai Nippon, in the first part of the 7th month of this year. The Nippon government, having decided to extend him an extraordinary reception, sent to Yokohama, on that day, Choku, So, and Han, officials of the Departments of the Foreign and Interior Intercourse, and received him at the station of Tokio Shim-bashi, and treated him most kindly, receiving him as equal to the royal rank. The people

<sup>1</sup> Great Japan. <sup>2</sup> Point Pleasant. <sup>3</sup> Monroe County. <sup>4</sup> Ohio. <sup>5</sup> Name of a Buddhist monk.

<sup>6</sup> The capital city—i. e., any city where the emperor is present. <sup>7</sup> A river of Japan. <sup>8</sup> Convivial persons who enjoy life without laboring. <sup>9</sup> China.

at large are commanded by the government to show their thick will.<sup>1</sup> To receive Gurando Kuen [they] hung lanterns at each door, with the flags of Nippon and America on both sides of the street. The bridges of great roads fluttered with the flags of both countries as if it were the feast-day of Ubusuna.<sup>2</sup>

Since Gurando Kuen arrived, his residence at a palace at Shibama, and a reception was provided, in charge of a committee. Gurando

Kuen, with his wife and son, went around to see different official buildings, factories, museums, and parks, and greatly admired the rapid progress of our country. They visited the imperial palace, and saw the Shujo and Kwogo,<sup>3</sup> and received most kindly words from them. It was an honor to them.<sup>4</sup> On the other hand, it is a beautiful lifting<sup>5</sup> of our intercourse, for our country to make intimate acquaintance with such a renowned Shi.<sup>6</sup>

[The translation here ends in the middle of Volume VIII, which, with Volume IX, is devoted principally to the military dramas and amusements with which General Grant was entertained in Japan.]

<sup>1</sup> Kind feeling. <sup>2</sup> A local god, supposed to govern one or more streets. <sup>3</sup> Emperor and empress.

<sup>4</sup> That is, to Grant and party. <sup>5</sup> Undertaking or event. <sup>6</sup> Gentleman.



PICTURE FORMED BY UNITING THE COVERS OF VOLUMES NINE, EIGHT, AND SEVEN: PORTRAITS OF GENERAL AND MRS. GRANT. JAPANESE GIRLS DANCING IN THE AMERICAN COLORS TO ENTERTAIN GENERAL GRANT.

## AFTER YEARS.

"GIVE back my child!" I plead that day,  
My face against the coffin-lid.  
"Here is his place, upon my breast;  
Not there, in cold and darkness hid.  
Why, he had just begun to live —  
To know my face, to laugh, to reach  
His hands to meet my lips, and make  
Sweet essays at some unknown speech!

"Untrodden round his baby feet  
The whole fair realm of childhood lay;  
Nor stones nor thorns to make them bleed —  
My hand had smoothed them all away.  
No wind of heaven had buffeted  
His sunny head with cruel breath —  
My arms had safely sheltered him.  
Give him to me, O Death!"

Now, standing by that little grave  
Where in and out the passing years  
Weave tapestries of green and gold,  
I smile, remembering my tears.  
I lay my gray head on the mound  
That drank my tears, and 'neath my breath  
I whisper: "It is better so!  
Keep him, O gentle Death!"

*Julia Schayer.*

## PERSONAL MEMORIES OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

**I**N setting down my recollections of Louis Stevenson, I desire to confine the record to what I have myself known and seen. His writings will be mentioned only in so far as I heard them planned and discussed. Of his career and character I shall not attempt to give a complete outline; all I purpose to do is to present those sides of them which came under my personal notice. The larger portrait it will be his privilege to prepare who was the closest and the most responsible of all Stevenson's friends; and it is only while we wait for Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography that these imperfect sketches can retain their value. The most that can be hoped for is that they may have a niche in his gallery. And now, pen in hand, I pause to think how I can render in words a faint impression of the most inspiring, the most fascinating human being that I have known.

### I.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since I first saw Stevenson. In the autumn of 1870, in company with a former school-fellow, I was in the Hebrides. We had been wandering in the Long Island, as they name the outer archipelago, and our steamer, returning, called at Skye. At the pier of Portree, I think, a company came on board — "people of importance in their day," Edinburgh acquaintances, I suppose, who had accidentally met in Skye on various errands. At all events, they invaded our modest vessel with a loud sound of talk. Professor Blackie was among them, a famous figure that calls for no description; and a voluble, shaggy man, clad in homespun, with spectacles forward upon nose, who, it was whispered to us, was Mr. Sam Bough, the Scottish Academician, a water-color painter of some repute, who was to die in 1878. There were also several engineers of prominence. At the tail of this chatty, jesting little crowd of invaders came a youth of about my own age, whose appearance, for some mysterious reason, instantly attracted me. He was tall, preternaturally lean, with longish hair, and as restless and questing as a spaniel. The party from Portree fairly took possession of us; at meals they crowded around the captain, and we common tourists sat silent, below the salt. The stories of Blackie and

Sam Bough were resonant. Meanwhile, I knew not why, I watched the plain, pale lad who took the lowest place in this privileged company.

The summer of 1870 remains in the memory of western Scotland as one of incomparable splendor. Our voyage, especially as evening drew on, was like an emperor's progress. We stayed on deck till the latest moment possible, and I occasionally watched the lean youth, busy and serviceable, with some of the little tricks with which we were later on to grow familiar — the advance with hand on hip, the sidewise bending of the head to listen. Meanwhile darkness overtook us, a wonderful halo of moonlight swam up over Glenelg, the indigo of the peaks of the Cuchullins faded into the general blue night. I went below, but was presently aware of some change of course, and then of an unexpected stoppage. I tore on deck, and found that we had left our track among the islands, and had steamed up a narrow and unvisited fiord of the mainland — I think Loch Nevis. The sight was curious and bewildering. We lay in a gorge of blackness, with only a strip of the blue moonlit sky overhead; in the dark a few lanterns jumped about the shore, carried by agitated but unseen and soundless persons. As I leaned over the bulwarks, Stevenson was at my side, and he explained to me that we had come up this loch to take away to Glasgow a large party of emigrants driven from their homes in the interests of a deer-forest. As he spoke, a black mass became visible entering the vessel. Then, as we slipped off shore, the fact of their hopeless exile came home to these poor fugitives, and suddenly, through the absolute silence, there rose from them a wild kerning and wailing, reverberated by the cliffs of the loch, and at that strange place and hour infinitely poignant. When I came on deck next morning, my unnamed friend was gone. He had put off with the engineers to visit some remote lighthouse of the Hebrides.

This early glimpse of Stevenson is a delightful memory to me. When we met next, not only did I instantly recall him, but, what was stranger, he remembered me. This voyage in the *Clansman* was often mentioned between us, and it has received for me a sort of consecration from the fact that in the very last letter that Louis wrote, finished on the day of his death, he made a reference to it.

## II.

IN the very touching "Recollections" which our friend Mr. Andrew Lang has published, he says: "I shall not deny that my first impression [of Stevenson] was not wholly favourable." I remember, too, that John Addington Symonds was not pleased at first. It only shows how different are our moods. I must confess that in my case the invading army simply walked up and took the fort by storm. It was in 1877, or late in 1876, that I was presented to Stevenson, at the old Savile Club, by Mr. Sidney Colvin, who thereupon left us to our devices. We went down-stairs and lunched together, and then we adjourned to the smoking-room. As twilight came on I tore myself away, but Stevenson walked with me across Hyde Park, and nearly to my house. He had an engagement, and so had I, but I walked a mile or two back with him. The fountains of talk had been unsealed, and they drowned the conventions. I came home dazzled with my new friend, saying, as Constance does of Arthur, "Was ever such a gracious creature born?" That impression of ineffable mental charm was formed at the first moment of acquaintance, and it never lessened or became modified. Stevenson's rapidity in the sympathetic interchange of ideas was, doubtless, the source of it. He has been described as an "egotist," but I challenge the description. If ever there was an altruist, it was Louis Stevenson; he seemed to feign an interest in himself merely to stimulate you to be liberal in your confidences.

Those who have written about him from later impressions than these of which I speak seem to me to give insufficient prominence to the gaiety of Stevenson. It was his cardinal quality in those early days. A childlike mirth leaped and danced in him; he seemed to skip upon the hills of life. He was simply bubbling with quips and jests; his inherent earnestness or passion about abstract things was incessantly relieved by jocosity; and when he had built one of his intellectual castles in the sand, a wave of humor was certain to sweep in and destroy it. I cannot, for the life of me, recall any of his jokes; and written down in cold blood, they might not be funny if I did. They were not wit so much as humanity, the many-sided outlook upon life. I am anxious that his laughter-loving mood should not be forgotten, because later on it was partly, but I think never wholly, quenched by ill health, responsibility, and the advance of years. He was often, in the old days, excessively and delightfully silly — silly with the silliness of an inspired school-boy; and I am afraid that our laughter sometimes sounded ill in the ears of age.

A pathos was given to his gaiety by the fra-

gility of his health. He was never well, all the years I knew him; and we looked upon his life as hanging by the frailest tenure. As he never complained or maundered, this, no doubt, — though we were not aware of it, — added to the charm of his presence. He was so bright and keen and witty, and any week he might die. No one, certainly, conceived it possible that he could reach his forty-fifth year. In 1879 his health visibly began to run lower, and he used to bury himself in lonely Scotch and French places, "tinkering himself with solitude," as he used to say.

My experience of Stevenson during these first years was confined to London, upon which he would make sudden piratical descents, staying a few days or weeks, and melting into air again. He was much at my house; and it must be told that my wife and I, as young married people, had possessed ourselves of a house too large for our slender means immediately to furnish. The one person who thoroughly approved of our great, bare, absurd drawing-room was Louis, who very earnestly dealt with us on the immorality of chairs and tables, and desired us to sit always, as he delighted to sit, upon hassocks on the floor. Nevertheless, as arm-chairs and settees straggled into existence, he handsomely consented to use them, although never in the usual way, but with his legs thrown sideways over the arms of them, or the head of a sofa treated as a perch. In particular, a certain shelf, with cupboards below, attached to a book-case, is worn with the person of Stevenson, who would spend half an evening, while passionately discussing some great question of morality or literature, leaping sidewise in a seated posture to the length of this shelf, and then back again. He was eminently peripatetic, too, and never better company than walking in the street, this exercise seeming to inflame his fancy. But his most habitual dwelling-place in the London of those days was the Savile Club, then lodged in an inconvenient but very friendly house in Savile Row. Louis pervaded the club; he was its most affable and chatty member; and he lifted it, by the ingenuity of his incessant dialectic, to the level of a sort of humorous Academe or Mouseion.

At this time he must not be thought of as a successful author. A very few of us were convinced of his genius; but with the exception of Mr. Leslie Stephen, nobody of editorial status was sure of it. I remember the publication of "An Inland Voyage" in 1878, and the inability of the critics and the public to see anything unusual in it.

Stevenson was not without a good deal of innocent oddity in his dress. When I try to conjure up his figure, I can see only a slight, lean lad, in a suit of blue sea-cloth, a black



shirt, and a wisp of yellow carpet that did duty for a necktie. This was long his attire, persevered in to the anguish of his more conventional acquaintances. I have a ludicrous memory of going, in 1878, to buy him a new hat, in company with Mr. Lang, the thing then upon his head having lost the very semblance of a human article of dress. Aided by a very civil shopman, we suggested several hats and caps, and Louis at first seemed interested; but having at last hit upon one which appeared to us pleasing and decorous, we turned for a moment to inquire the price. We turned back, and found that Louis had fled, the idea of parting with the shapeless object having proved too painful to be entertained. By the way, Mr. Lang will pardon me if I tell, with an added detail, a story of his. It was immediately after the adventure with the hat that, not having quite enough money to take him from London to Edinburgh, third class, he proposed to the railway clerk to throw in a copy of Mr. Swinburne's "Queen-Mother and Rosamond." The offer was refused with scorn, although the book was of the first edition, and even then worth more than the cost of a whole ticket.

Stevenson's pity was a very marked quality, and it extended to beggars, which is, I think, to go too far. His optimism, however, suffered a rude shock in South Audley street one summer afternoon. We met a stalwart beggar, whom I refused to aid. Louis, however, wavered, and finally handed him sixpence. The man pocketed the coin, forbore to thank his benefactor, but, fixing his eye on me, said in a loud voice, "And what is the other little gentleman going to give me?" "In future," said Louis, as we strode coldly on, "I shall be 'the other little gentleman.'"

In those early days he suffered many indignities on account of his extreme youthfulness of appearance and absence of self-assertion. He was at Inverness,—being five or six and twenty at the time,—and had taken a room in a hotel. Coming back about dinner-time, he asked the hour of table d'hôte, whereupon the landlady said, in a motherly way: "Oh, I knew you would n't like to sit in there among the grown-up people, so I've had a place put for you in the bar." There was a frolic at the Royal Hotel, Bathgate, in the summer of 1879. Louis was lunching alone, and the maid, considering him a negligible quantity, came and leaned out of the window. This outrage on the proprieties was so stinging that Louis at length made free to ask her, with irony, what she was doing there. "I'm looking for my lad," she replied. "Is that he?" asked Stevenson, with keener sarcasm. "Weel, I've been lookin' for him a' my life, and I've never seen him yet," was

the response. Louis was disarmed at once, and wrote her on the spot some beautiful verses in the vernacular. "They're no bad for a beginner," she was kind enough to say when she had read them.

The year 1879 was a dark one in the life of Louis. He had formed a conviction that it was his duty to go out to the extreme west of the United States, while his family and the inner circle of his friends were equally certain that it was neither needful nor expedient that he should make this journey. As it turned out, they were wrong, and he was right; but in the circumstances their opinion seemed the only wise one. His health was particularly bad, and he was ordered, not West, but South. The expedition, which he has partly described in "The Amateur Emigrant" and "Across the Plains," was taken, therefore, in violent opposition to all those whom he left in England and Scotland; and this accounts for the mode in which it was taken. No one would give him any money to be spent in going to California, and it was hoped that the withdrawal of supplies would make the voyage impossible. But Louis, bringing to the front a streak of iron obstinacy which lay hidden somewhere in his gentle nature, scraped together enough to secure him a steerage passage across the Atlantic.

The day before he started he spent with my wife and me—a day of stormy agitation, an April day of rain-clouds and sunshine; for it was not in Louis to remain long in any mood. I seem to see him now, pacing the room, a cigarette spinning in his wasted fingers. To the last we were trying to dissuade him from what seemed to us the maddest of enterprises. He was so ill that I did not like to leave him, and at night—it was midsummer weather—we walked down into town together. We were by this time, I suppose, in a pretty hysterical state of mind, and as we went through Berkeley Square, in mournful discussion of the future, Louis suddenly proposed that we should visit the so-called "Haunted House," which then occupied the newspapers. The square was quiet in the decency of a Sunday evening. We found the house, and one of us boldly knocked at the door. There was no answer and no sound, and we jeered upon the door-step; but suddenly we were both aware of a pale face—a phantasm in the dusk—gazing down upon us from a surprising height. It was the caretaker, I suppose, mounted upon a flight of steps; but terror gripped us at the heart, and we fled with footsteps as precipitate as those of schoolboys caught in an orchard. I think that ghostly face in Berkeley Square must have been Louis's latest European impression for many months.



## III.

ALL the world now knows, through the two books which I have named, what immediately happened. Presently letters began to arrive, and in one from Monterey, written early in October, 1879, he told me of what was probably the nearest approach of death that ever came until the end, fifteen years later. I do not think it is generally known, even in the inner circle of his friends, that in September of that year he was violently ill, alone, at an Angora-goat ranch in the Santa Lucia Mountains. "I scarcely slept or ate or thought for four days," he said. "Two nights I lay out under a tree, in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat-bells ringing and the tree-toads singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad." Then an old frontiersman, a mighty hunter of bears, came round, and tenderly nursed him through his attack. "By all rule this should have been my death; but after a while my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success."

Late in the winter of 1879, with renewed happiness and calm of life, and also under the spur of a need of money, he wrote with much assiduity. Among other things, he composed at Monterey the earliest of his novels, a book called "A Vendetta in the West," the manuscript of which seems to have disappeared. Perhaps we need not regret it; for, so he declared to me, "It was about as bad as Ouida, but not quite, for it was not so eloquent." He had made a great mystery of his whereabouts; indeed, for several months no one was to know what had become of him, and his letters were to be considered secret. At length, in writing from Monterey, on November 15, 1879, he removed the embargo: "That I am in California may now be published to the brethren." In the summer of the next year, after a winter of very serious ill health, during which more than once he seemed on the brink of a galloping consumption, he returned to England. He had married in California a charming lady whom we all soon learned to regard as the most appropriate and helpful companion that Louis could possibly have secured. On October 8, 1880,—a memorable day,—he made his first appearance in London since his American exile. A post-card from Edinburgh had summoned me to "appoint with an appointment" certain particular friends; "and let us once again," Louis wrote, "lunch together in the Savile Halls." Mr. Lang and Mr. Walter Pollock, and, I think, Mr. Henley, graced the occasion, and the club cellar produced a bottle of

Chambertin of quite uncommon merit. Louis, I may explain, had a peculiar passion for Burgundy, which he esteemed the wine of highest possibilities in the whole Bacchic order; and I have often known him descant on a Pommard or a Montrachet in terms so exquisite that the listeners could scarcely taste the wine itself.

Davos-Platz was now prescribed for the rickety lungs; and late in that year Louis and his wife took up their abode there, at the Hôtel Buol, he carrying with him a note from me recommending him to the care of John Addington Symonds. Not at first, but presently and on the whole, these two men, so singular in their generation, so unique and so unlike, "hit it off," as people say, and were an intellectual solace to each other; but their real friendship did not begin till a later year. I remember Stevenson saying to me next spring that to be much with Symonds was to "adventure in a thornwood." It was at Davos, this winter of 1880, that Stevenson took up the study of Hazlitt, having found a publisher who was willing to bring out a critical and biographical memoir. This scheme took up a great part of Louis's attention, but was eventually dropped; for the further he progressed in the investigation of Hazlitt's character the less he liked it, and the squalid "*Liber Amoris*" gave the *coup de grâce*. He did not know what he would be at. His vocation was not yet apparent to him. He talked of writing on craniology and the botany of the Alps. The unwritten books of Stevenson will one day attract the scholiast, who will endeavor, perhaps, to reconstruct them from the references to them in his correspondence. It may, therefore, be permissible to record here that he was long proposing to write a life of the Duke of Wellington, for which he made some considerable collections. This was even advertised as "in preparation," on several occasions, from 1885 until 1887, but was ultimately abandoned. I remember his telling me that he intended to give emphasis to the "humour" of Wellington.

In June, 1881, we saw him again; but he passed very rapidly through London to a cottage at Pitlochry in Perthshire. He had lost his hold on town. "London," he wrote me, "now chiefly means to me Colvin and Henley, Leslie Stephen and you." He was now courting a fresh literary hare, and set Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Saintsbury, and me busily hunting out facts about a certain Jean Cavalier, a romantic eighteenth-century adventurer whose life he fancied that he would write. His thoughts had recurred, in fact, to Scottish history; and he suddenly determined to do what seemed rather a mad thing—namely, to stand for the Edinburgh professorship of history, then just vacant. We were all whipped up for testi-

monials, and a little pamphlet exists, in a pearl-gray cover,—the despair of bibliophiles,—in which he and a strange assortment of his friends set forth his claims. These required nimble treatment, since, to put it plainly, it was impossible to say that he had any. His appeal was treated by the advocates, who were the electing body, with scant consideration, and some worthy gentleman was elected. The round Louis was well out of such a square hole as a chair in a university.

But something better was at hand. It was now, and in the peace of the Highlands, that Louis set out to become a popular writer. The fine art of "booming" had not then been introduced, nor the race of those who week by week discover coveys of fresh geniuses. Although Stevenson, in a sporadic way, had written much that was delightful, and that will last, he was yet—now at the close of his thirty-first year—by no means successful. The income he made by his pen was still ridiculously small; and Mr. John Morley, amazing as it sounds to-day, had just refused to give him a book to write in the "English Men of Letters" series, on the ground of his obscurity as an author. All this was to be changed, and the book that was to do it was even now upon the stocks. In August the Stevensons moved to a house in Braemar—a place, as Louis said, "patronized by the royalty of the Sister Kingdoms—Victoria and the Cairngorms, sir, honouring that country-side by their conjunct presence." Hither I was invited, and here I spent an ever memorable visit. The house, as Louis was careful to instruct me, was entitled, "The Cottage, late the late Miss McGregor's, Castleton of Braemar"; and so I obediently addressed my letters until Louis remarked that "the reference to a deceased Highland lady, tending as it does to foster unavailing sorrow, may be with advantage omitted from the address."

To the Cottage, therefore, heedless of the manes of the late Miss McGregor, I proceeded in the most violent storm of hail and rain that even Aberdeenshire can produce in August, and found Louis as frail as a ghost, indeed, but better than I expected. He had adopted a trick of stretching his thin limbs over the back of a wicker sofa, which gave him an extraordinary resemblance to that quaint insect, the praying mantis; but it was a mercy to find him out of bed at all. Among the many attractions of the Cottage, the presence of Mr. Thomas Stevenson—Louis's father—must not be omitted. He was then a singularly charming and vigorous personality, indignantly hovering at the borders of old age ("Sixty-three, sir, this year; and, deuce take it! am I to be called 'an old gentleman' by a cab-driver in the streets of Aberdeen?"), and, to my grati-

tude and delight, my companion in long morning walks. The detestable weather presently brought all the other members of the household to their beds, and Louis in particular became a wreck. However, it was a wreck that floated every day at nightfall; for at the worst he was able to come down-stairs to dinner and spend the evening with us.

We passed the days with regularity. After breakfast I went to Louis's bedroom, where he sat up in bed, with dark, flashing eyes and ruffled hair, and we played chess on the coverlid. Not a word passed, for he was strictly forbidden to speak in the early part of the day. As soon as he felt tired—often in the middle of a game—he would rap with peremptory knuckles on the board as a signal to stop, and then Mrs. Stevenson or I would arrange his writing-materials on the bed. Then I would see no more of him till dinner-time, when he would appear, smiling and voluble, the horrid bar of speechlessness having been let down. Then every night, after dinner, he would read us what he had written during the day. I find in a note to my wife, dated October 3, 1881: "Louis has been writing, all the time I have been here, a novel of pirates and hidden treasure, in the highest degree exciting. He reads it to us every night, chapter by chapter." This, of course, was "Treasure Island," about the composition of which, long afterward, in Samoa, he wrote an account in some parts of which I think that his memory played him false. I look back to no keener intellectual pleasure than those cold nights at Braemar, with the sleet howling outside, and Louis reading his budding romance by the lamp-light, emphasizing the purpler passages with lifted voice and gesticulating finger.

#### IV.

HARDLY had I left the Cottage than the harsh and damp climate of Aberdeenshire was felt to be rapidly destroying Louis, and he and his wife fled for Davos. Before the end of October they were ensconced there in a fairly comfortable chalet. Here Louis and his stepson amused themselves by setting up a hand-press, which Mr. Osbourne worked, and for which Louis provided the literary material. Four or five laborious little publications were put forth, some of them illustrated by the darling hand of Stevenson himself. He complained to me that Mr. Osbourne was a very ungenerous publisher—"one penny a cut, and one halfpenny a set of verses. What do you say to that for Grub street?" These little diversions were brought to a close by the printer-publisher breaking, at one fell swoop, the press and his own finger. The little "Davos Press"

issues now fetch extravagant prices, which would have filled author and printer with amazement. About this time Louis and I had a good deal of correspondence about a work which he had proposed that we should undertake in collaboration—a retelling, in choice literary form, of the most picturesque murder cases of the last hundred years. We were to visit the scenes of these crimes, and turn over the evidence. The great thing, Louis said, was not to begin to write until we were thoroughly alarmed. “These things must be done, my boy, under the very shudder of the goose-flesh.” We were to begin with the “Story of the Red Barn,” which indeed is a tale preëminently worthy to be retold by Stevenson. But the scheme never came off, and is another of the dead leaves in his Vallombrosa.

We saw him in London again, for a few days, in October, 1882; but this was a melancholy period. For eight months at the close of that year and the beginning of 1883 he was capable of no mental exertion. He was in the depths of languor, and in nightly apprehension of a fresh attack. He slept excessively, and gave humorous accounts of the drowsiness that hung upon him, addressing his notes as “from the Arms of Porpus” (Morpheus) and “at the Sign of the Poppy.” No climate seemed to relieve him, and so, in the early spring of 1883, a bold experiment was tried. As the snows of Davos were of no avail, the hot, damp airs of Hyères should be essayed. I am inclined to dwell in some fullness on the year he spent at Hyères, because, curiously enough, it was not so much as mentioned, to my knowledge, by any of the writers of obituary notices at Stevenson’s death. It takes, nevertheless, a prominent place in his life’s history, for his removal thither marked a sud-

den and brilliant, though only temporary, revival in his health and spirits. Some of his best work, too, was written at Hyères, and one might say that fame first found him in this warm corner of southern France.

The house at Hyères was called “La Solitude.” It stood in a paradise of roses and aloes, fig-marigolds and olives. It had delectable and even, so Louis declared, “sub-celestial” views over a plain bounded by “certain mountains as graceful as Apollo, as severe as Zeus”; and at first the hot mistral, which blew and burned where it blew, seemed the only drawback. Not a few of the best poems in the “Underwoods” reflect the ecstasy of convalescence under the skies and perfumes of La Solitude. By the summer Louis could report “good health of a radiant order.” It was while he was at Hyères that Stevenson first directly addressed an American audience, and in writing for an American review I may record that, in September, 1883, he told me to “beg G—— your prettiest for a gentleman in pecuniary sloughs.” Mr. G—— was quite alive to the importance of securing such a contributor, although when the Amateur Emigrant had entered the office of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* in 1879 he had been very civilly but coldly shown the door. (I must be allowed to tease my good friends in Union Square by recording that fact!)<sup>1</sup> Mr. G—— asked for fiction, but received instead “The Silverado Squatters,” which duly appeared in the magazine.<sup>2</sup>

It was also arranged that Stevenson should make an ascent of the Rhone for *THE CENTURY*, and an artist was to accompany him to make sketches for the magazine. But Stevenson’s health failed again: the sudden death of a very dear old friend was a painful shock to him, and the winter of that year was not productive of disastrous things in his own proper person, and not by proxy, that keep him in a perpetual state of anxiety, and make him waste precious time over possible angel Gabriels who are so often nothing but poor (literary) sinners.

Shall the present writer ever forget the bad quarter of five minutes that Stevenson once gave him, out of pure devilry? “Now whom *did* you see there that day, Stevenson?” said he. Stevenson looked his questioner straight in the face. “Come to think of it, I believe it was you. Yes, it *was* you!” If ever blood ran cold, it did then. “Now let us get at the date,” quoth the accused. Ah, the date! That settled it! A protracted sick-leave, a European “alibi,” released his victim from torment!

It was during that same visit abroad that the writer first heard of Stevenson, and, fitly enough, from Gosse himself. If a happy fate ever brings him back to London, he thinks he can go to the very spot in the very street where the author of these “Personal Memories” spoke to him the name of his friend, with quiet and sure conviction of his unique genius. It is a pleasure to remember that *THE CENTURY* was the first American monthly magazine to welcome him to its pages.

—R. W. G.

<sup>2</sup> See *THE CENTURY* for Nov. and Dec., 1883.

<sup>1</sup> Since our friend Mr. Gosse has mentioned the matter, let us once for all correct this unpleasing error. Before starting across the continent, Stevenson spent one wet and dreary day in New York in the manner described in “The Amateur Emigrant.” He went, unknown, to several publishing houses, but describes his visit to only one book-store, where he was first treated brusquely by a clerk, and then most cordially. This is not the visit (referred to by Mr. Gosse) to the office of the old “Scribner’s,”—now *THE CENTURY*,—on the upper floors of 743 Broadway. What happened there the present writer once tried to find out from Stevenson himself.

He seems to have appeared at a small window in the business department, and asked a clerk whether he might write for the magazine. He brought no credentials or manuscripts. If he saw any of the editorial corps, none of them had any remembrance of it, nor did he seem himself to have carried away any impression of any editorial conversation. Certainly he remembered no rudeness.

Doubtless the angel Gabriel may any day suffer the same fate at any little window of any publisher’s, and no one be to blame.

It is just such a possibility as this, however, and the fact that every editor knows in his heart how often he

pitious. Abruptly, however, in January, 1884, another crisis came. He went to Nice, where he was thought to be dying. He saw no letters; all his business was kindly taken charge of by Mr. Henley; and again, for a long time, he passed beneath the penumbra of steady languor and infirmity. When it is known how constantly he suffered, how brief and flickering were the intervals of comparative health, it cannot but add to the impression of his radiant fortitude through all these trials, and of his persistent employment of all his lucid moments. It was pitiful, and yet at the same time very inspiring, to see a creature so feeble and so ill equipped for the struggle bear himself so smilingly and so manfully through all his afflictions. There can be no doubt, however, that this latest breakdown vitally affected his spirits. He was never, after this, quite the gay child of genius that he had previously been. Something of a graver cast became natural to his thoughts; he had seen Death in the cave. And now for the first time we traced a new note in his writings—the note of "*Pulvis et Umbra*."

After 1883 my personal memories of Stevenson became very casual. In November, 1884, he was settled at Bournemouth, in a villa called Bonaltie Towers, and there he stayed until in March, 1885, he took a house of his own, which, in pious memory of his grandfather, he named Skerryvore. In the preceding winter, when I was going to America to lecture, he was particularly anxious that I should lay at the feet of Mr. Frank R. Stockton his homage, couched in the following lines:

My Stockton if I failed to like,  
It were a sheer depravity;  
For I went down with the "Thomas Hyke,"  
And up with the "Negative Gravity."

He adored these tales of Mr. Stockton's, a taste which must be shared by all good men. To my constant sorrow, I was never able to go to Bournemouth during the years he lived there. It has been described to me, by those who were more fortunate, as a pleasure that was apt to tantalize and evade the visitor, so constantly was the invalid unable, at the last, to see the friend who had traveled a hundred miles to speak with him. It was therefore during his visits to London, infrequent as these were, that we saw him at his best, for these were made at moments of unusual recovery. He generally lodged at what he called the "Monument," this being his title for Mr. Colvin's house, a wing of the vast structure of the British Museum. I recall an occasion on which Louis dined with us (March, 1886) because of the startling interest in the art of strategy which he had developed—an interest which delayed the meal with arrangements of serried bottles coun-

terscarped and lines of cruets drawn up on horseback ready to charge. So infectious was his enthusiasm that we forgot our hunger, and hung over the embattled table-cloth, easily persuaded to agree with him that neither poetry nor the plastic arts could compete for a moment with "the finished conduct, sir, of a large body of men in face of the enemy." It was a little later that he took up the practice of modeling clay figures as he sat up in bed. Some of these compositions—which needed, perhaps, his eloquent commentary to convey their full effect to the spectator—were not without a measure of skill of design. I recollect his saying, with extreme gravity, "I am in sculpture what Mr. Watts is in painting. We are both of us preoccupied with moral and abstract ideas." I wonder whether any one has preserved specimens of these allegorical groups in clay.

The last time I had the happiness of seeing Stevenson was on Sunday, August 21, 1887. He had been brought up from Bournemouth the day before in a wretched condition of health, and was lodged in a private hotel in Finsbury Circus, in the City, ready to be easily moved to a steamer in the Thames on the morrow. I was warned, in a note, of his passage through town, and of the uncertainty whether he could be seen. On the chance, I went over early on the morrow, and, very happily for me, he had had a fair night, and could see me for an hour or two. No one else but Mrs. Stevenson was with him. His position was one which might have daunted any man's spirit, doomed to exile, in miserable health, starting vaguely across the Atlantic, with all his domestic interests rooted up, and with no notion where, or if at all, they should be replanted. If ever a man of imagination could be excused for repining, it was now. But Louis showed no white feather. He was radiantly humorous and romantic. It was church time, and there was some talk of my witnessing his will, which I did not do, because there could be found no other reputable witness, the whole crew of the hotel being at church. This set Louis off on a splendid dream of romance. "This," he said, "is the way in which our valuable city hotels—packed, doubtless, with rich objects of jewelry—are deserted on a Sunday morning. Some bold piratical fellow, defying the spirit of Sabbatarianism, might make a handsome revenue by sacking the derelict hotels between the hours of ten and twelve. One hotel a week would suffice to enable such a man to retire into private life within the space of a year. A mask might, perhaps, be worn for the mere fancy of the thing, and to terrify kitchen-maids, but no real disguise would be needful to an enterprise that would require nothing but a brave heart and a careful study of the



City Postal Directory." He spoke of the matter with so much fire and gallantry that I blushed for the youth of England and its lack of manly enterprise. No one ever could describe preposterous conduct with such a convincing air as Louis could. Common sense was positively humbled in his presence.

The volume of his poems called "Underwoods" had just appeared, and he inscribed a copy of it to me in the words "at Todgers's, as ever was, chez Todgers, Pecksniff street." The only new book he seemed to wish to carry away with him was Mr. Hardy's beautiful romance, "The Woodlanders," which we had to scour London that Sunday afternoon to get hold of. In the evening Mr. Colvin and I each returned to "Todgers's" with the three volumes, borrowed or stolen somewhere, and wrapped up for the voyage next day. And so the following morning, in an extraordinary vessel called the *Ludgate Hill*, as though in compliment to Mr. Stockton's genius, and carrying, besides the Stevensons, a cargo of stallions and monkeys, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne steamed down the Thames in search of health across the Atlantic and the Pacific. The horses, Louis declared, protruded their noses in an unmannerly way between the passengers at dinner, and the poor little gray monkeys, giving up life as a bad job on board that strange, heaving cage, died by dozens, and were flung contemptuously out into the ocean. The strangest voyage, however, some time comes to an end, and Louis landed in America. He was never to cross the Atlantic again; and for those who loved

him in Europe he had already journeyed more than half-way to another world.

## v.

It is impossible to deal, however lightly, with the personal qualities of Robert Louis Stevenson without dwelling on the extreme beauty of his character. In looking back over the twenty years in which I knew him, I feel that, since he was eminently human, I ought to recall his faults, but I protest that I can remember none. Perhaps the nearest approach to a fault was a certain want of discretion, always founded on a wish to make people understand each other, but not exactly according to wisdom. I recollect that he once embroiled me for a moment with John Addington Symonds in a manner altogether bloodthirsty and ridiculous, so that we both fell upon him and rended him. This little weakness is really the blackest crime I can lay to his charge. And on the other side, what courage, what love, what an indomitable spirit, what a melting pity! He had none of the sordid errors of the man who writes — no sick ambition, no envy of others, no exaggeration of the value of this ephemeral trick of scribbling. He was eager to help his fellows, ready to take a second place, offended with great difficulty, perfectly appeased by the least show of repentance. Stevenson was the most exquisite English writer of his generation; but those who lived close to him are apt to think less of that than of the fact that he was the most unselfish and the most lovable of human beings.

Edmund Gosse.

## THE PASSING OF THE SPIRIT.

THE wind, the world-old rhapsodist, goes by,  
And the great pines, in changeless vesture gloomed,  
And all the towering elm-trees, thatched and plumed  
With green, take up, one after one, the cry;  
And as their choral voices swell and die,  
Catching the infinite note from tree to tree,  
Others far off, in long antistrophe,  
With swaying arms and surging tops reply.  
So to men's souls, at sacred intervals,  
Out of the dust of life takes wing and calls  
A spirit that we know not, nor can trace;  
And heart to heart makes answer with strange thrill:  
It passes, and a moment, face to face,  
We dream ourselves immortal, and are still.

Archibald Lampman.



## PICTURING THE PLANETS.

### PORTRAITS OF JUPITER, MARS, AND SATURN, AND HOW THEY WERE MADE AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY.



NOTWITHSTANDING the successes which have been achieved by photography in the pictorial representation of various classes of celestial objects, there is one part of this field, and that an important one, in which the older methods still maintain their ascendancy. For representing the surface features of a planet, recourse must still be had to the pencil guided by ocular observation, although there is abundance of light for affecting the photographic plate. It is not difficult to see why this is so. In dealing with a faint object, such as a nebula, no advantage is gained by the eye in long-continued gazing; but it is exactly in such a case as this that the camera finds its most successful application. The effect upon the photographic plate is cumulative, and the impression which is not produced in one hour's exposure may appear in two or three. The difficulty in photographing a planet arises from the close juxtaposition of the markings on its disk, and their slight contrast in brightness.

Unavoidable spreading of the photographic image is one source of indistinctness, relatively important in so small an image;<sup>1</sup> moreover, on account of atmospheric disturbances, the details are continually blurring and overlapping in the tremulous image formed by the lens, and, as the exposure must continue for a considerable part of a minute, a correspondingly blurred picture is the result. The eye seizes some minute detail which is visible only for an instant, perhaps, in the course of an hour's steady gazing, and even if an "instantaneous" exposure were possible, this detail would appear upon a photograph only in case it had been taken at that particular instant.

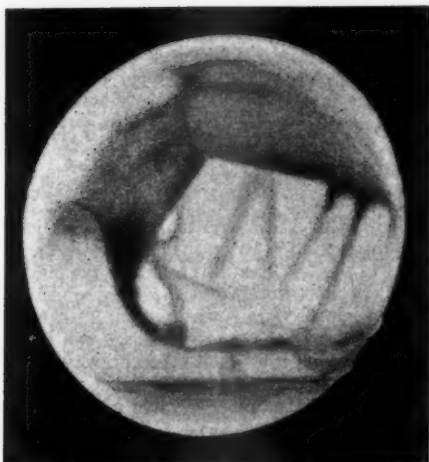
But progress is rapid. The success with which the moon can now be photographed has already been made known to the readers of THE CENTURY, and really useful photographs of Jupiter have been obtained at the Lick observatory. There is every reason to expect that with improvements in apparatus and methods, and the selection of the best sites for purposes of observation, photography of the planets will soon have passed the experimental stage.

<sup>1</sup> The image of Jupiter in the focus of the photographic lens of the Lick telescope is only a little more than one eighth of an inch in diameter; and although

For the brief researches of the average Saturday-night visitor who makes the ascent of Mount Hamilton to gratify his curiosity in regard to the far-off worlds in space, the planets offer the most inviting field. They are members of our own family, and yet our knowledge of their personal characteristics is still so incomplete that they excite the curiosity which we feel in regard to strangers. In the telescope they are brilliant objects, visible without effort on the part of the observer. To many persons who have never before looked through a telescope, the view with the great instrument on Mount Hamilton is disappointing; the beauty and size of the object fall far below their expectations, and it occasionally happens that a dissatisfied visitor indignantly declares his conviction that the whole institution is a fraud.

A large part of this disappointment is due to lack of experience in observing, as well as to exaggerated expectations. To see with a telescope, simple as the operation appears to be, is an art which is not immediately acquired. In illustration of this may be mentioned the fact that the majority of visitors who look at the rings of Saturn with the great telescope fail to see the broad black line or division which was discovered by Cassini in 1675 with one of the imperfect telescopes of that time. Some experience in observation, and some knowledge of the object observed, are necessary in order to appreciate the powers of a great telescope.

Only three of the planets—Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn—exhibit surface-markings sufficiently definite to engage the attention of the astronomical draftsman. Mercury and Venus, whose orbits lie within the orbit of the earth, are sometimes marked by very faint spots, but they are so vague and indefinite in character that even yet the rotation times of these planets are subjects of dispute. Faint belts have been suspected on Uranus, but the evidence of their existence is far from satisfactory; while Neptune, the farthest of the planets, shows a pale, uniformly illuminated disk, on which the most powerful telescopes have failed to show the slightest trace of details. The three planets first mentioned, however, exhibit a vast variety of intricate and often highly perplexing detail, taxing to the utmost the skill of the draftsman, the image may be enlarged some ten times by suitable apparatus, all the difficulties mentioned are not overcome in this way, and some new ones are introduced.



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.

MARS, JULY 6, 1890. 9 HOURS 25 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME.  
THE LONGITUDE OF CENTRAL MERIDIAN IS ABOUT  $320^{\circ}$ .

and offering abundance of material for profitable study.

The drawings which accompany the present article were made from sketches and measurements with the Lick telescope, and they fairly represent what is shown by the instrument under good conditions. It may be well to mention here that in an astronomical drawing the prominence of the markings must be exaggerated, for otherwise those details which are of the last degree of faintness could not be shown at all. The amount of exaggeration must depend upon the taste and judgment of the draftsman, but it certainly should not be carried so far as to offend the cultivated eye, and the same scale of relative intensities must be preserved throughout.

What the various spots and markings shown in the drawings really mean can seldom be determined by simple inspection with the telescope. Their changes, if any, must be studied; they must be viewed under all possible differences of position resulting from the planetary motions; and information derived from all the branches of astronomy must be taken into consideration. In some cases, as for instance in the question as to the constitution of Saturn's rings, rigid mathematical analysis is applicable, and our interpretation must not conflict with its conclusions.

Taking the three planets mentioned in the order of their distance from the sun, let us first consider the two drawings of Mars. In both

drawings the axis of the planet is vertical, and the south pole is at the top.<sup>1</sup> The dark spots are regarded as representing oceans, and the light spots continents; but it should be borne in mind that even in making this first assumption, which is evidently of fundamental importance, we are passing beyond the bounds of certain knowledge. If erroneous, all our speculation on the meaning of the fainter markings must be futile. However, in thus pointing out the lack of certainty in the assumption, I would by no means deny the probability of its correctness. Adopting this interpretation, we may regard indentations of the outlines of the bright spots as "bays," and small bright spots surrounded by a dark shading as "islands." The principal markings have been named in accordance with this view.

At each pole of Mars is a brilliant white spot, generally a very conspicuous feature of the surface; and from the way in which these spots increase and diminish with the changing Martian seasons, we conclude that they are snow-caps, similar to the great masses of ice and snow which surround the poles of the earth. In the drawings the northern or lower snow-cap is inclined slightly toward the observer, but in 1890 it was not strongly marked. The limb or edge of Mars is bright, and the snow-cap is lost in the general brightness of the limb.

The ruddy color of Mars is due to the continents. The oceans are not red, but gray, with occasionally a greenish shade. That it is not the atmosphere of Mars which imparts the red color to the continents we know from the fact that the snow-caps are white, notwithstanding the great depth of atmosphere through which the light reflected from them must pass to reach our eye.

On both drawings are shown faint dark lines connecting dark spots on different parts of the planet. When Professor Schiaparelli, the eminent Italian astronomer, following out the system of nomenclature which has already been referred to, gave the name of "canals" to these faint lines, he probably did not perceive the mischief which lurked within the name. "Oceans" and "continents," although perhaps suggesting more than is strictly justified by our present knowledge, imply the action of natural causes only, but the term "canal"<sup>2</sup> implies the work of intelligent beings like ourselves. Hence has probably arisen the impression, which, judging from the inquiries of visitors who come to Mount Hamilton, is very widely spread, that Mars is actually known to be inhabited. As these markings must have a width of at least

<sup>1</sup> Because in an astronomical telescope objects are always seen inverted.

<sup>2</sup> It should be mentioned, however, that the Italian word *canale*, used by Schiaparelli, signifies a canal,

channel, pipe, or conduit, and hence has a broader meaning than the English "canal," into which it has been translated.

twenty miles in order to be visible at the distance of the earth, and have been observed by Professor Schiaparelli to change in the course of a single day to a pair of parallel lines from one hundred to two hundred miles apart, it is evident that they have very little resemblance to our terrestrial canals. According to Schiaparelli, whose visual powers for detecting such faint tracings seem to be extraordinary, these canals cover the whole surface of the Martian continents with a complicated network. He has suggested that they are natural waterways, following the course of cracks in the original surface, by which the polar floods find a passage toward the equator. The "geminations" of the canals has been observed at Mount Hamilton and at other observatories, but its nature is still a profound mystery.

The dark, funnel-shaped bay shown in the drawing of July 6 is one of the strongest and most easily recognized on Mars, and it is shown in the drawings of the earliest observers. It is called the Syrtis Magna by Schiaparelli, who has replaced the names of persons given to the markings on the planet by English astronomers by names drawn from classical geography—a change which will commend itself to unprejudiced students. All the main outlines shown in this drawing are closely in accordance with Schiaparelli's maps, although differences exist in some of the minor details. On the left of the Syrtis Magna, at its bell-shaped 'mouth,' is the region called Libya, one of those curious regions which are sometimes bright, like the continents, and sometimes dark, like the oceans, and which may therefore be regarded as low tracts of land occasionally inundated with water. It is in this undated condition that Libya is shown in the drawing.

One of the large continents of Mars occupies the central part of the disk. On its southern shore is a strongly marked forked bay the middle point of which is just on the equator, and which, on account of its definiteness, has been chosen as the starting-point from which to reckon Martian longitudes. A straight canal, the Gehon, extending inland from the right-hand fork of this bay, was, at the time of the drawing, one of the most distinct on the planet. From the other fork of the bay extends a somewhat similar canal, the Hiddekel. The straight canal extending horizontally from the head of the Syrtis Magna toward the right is called the Protonilus. All these canals are shown much wider than they are drawn by Schiaparelli.

The most novel feature of the drawing is a pair of white spots projecting from the east

limb, or right-hand edge, of the planet. These spots were first noticed by a visitor who was looking at Mars on one of the public nights at the observatory. On the next night, Mars having made one revolution in the mean time, they appeared again at the same place, and the drawing was then made. It will be noticed that in this drawing Mars has a gibbous phase, a portion of the disk being unilluminated, and the spots are on the "terminator," or boundary between the bright and obscure portions. The most obvious interpretation of the phenomenon is that the spots are projections above the surface of Mars, and, as the elevation necessary to produce such an appearance is very considera-



MARS. MAY 21, 1890. 22 HOURS 30 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME. THE LONGITUDE OF THE CENTRAL MERIDIAN IS ABOUT 60°.

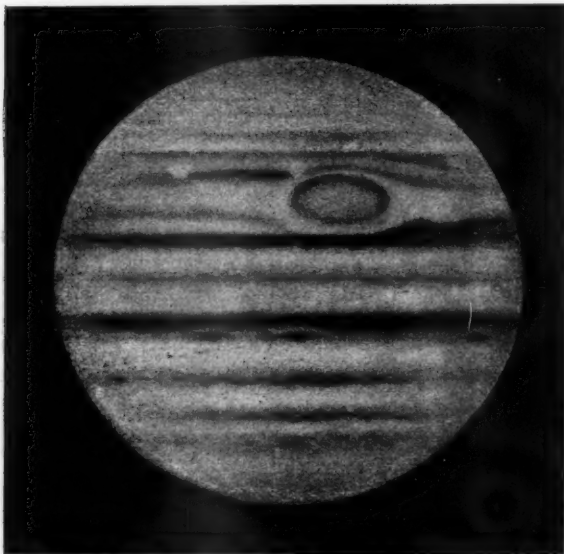
ble, that they are clouds floating high in his atmosphere. The drawing is the first known record of an appearance of this kind.

The drawing of May 21 was made when Mars was nearly in opposition, and the disk is round and fully illuminated. The forked bay from which longitude is reckoned is on the extreme left, on the point of passing out of view by the rotation of the planet. Just to the right of it is a larger bay, the Margaritifer Sinus. A curious marking, shaped like a horseshoe, in the southeast quadrant, is one of the most interesting regions on Mars. The central dark spot, or Solis Lacus, is seen at all oppositions, but the surrounding bright ring seems to change in a remarkable manner, being at some oppositions broad and bright, at others narrow and dim, sometimes traversed by canals connecting the central lake with the ocean outside, and sometimes forming a complete annulus in which the eye can perceive no break. These changes

can be accounted for if we suppose the land in this region to be low and flat, so that a comparatively slight change in the water-level would have a great effect upon the configuration of the coast-line. We can picture to ourselves how greatly the shape of Florida would be changed if the ocean were to rise only ten feet. It is true that on the earth such enormous inunda-

motest bounds of possibility. But, taking into account all that has been learned of this planet by years of study, the nearest approach that can be made to an answer is that Mars may possibly be habitable. This is certainly unsatisfactory, but no statement more definite is justified by the evidence; and while we may amuse ourselves by speculating on the character of the hypothetical inhabitants, and computing their stature from the known gravitational force at the surface of the planet, it is well to remember the slightness of the foundation on which our superstructure is reared.

Passing outward three hundred and forty millions of miles beyond the orbit of Mars, we come to the planet Jupiter, the largest in the solar system. All the evidence so far collected goes to show that this immense planet is still intensely heated, possibly to a point almost approaching self-luminosity. The water which at some future time will make the Jovian oceans cannot therefore exist in the liquid form, but is vaporized by the heat, and floats above the surface in an impenetrable cloud-envelop, beneath which the solid body of the planet (if it has one) is hidden. In the great telescope the surface of Jupiter *looks* like clouds, and the appearance of



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.

JUPITER. AUGUST 28, 1890. 8 HOURS 14 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME. THE RED SPOT IS ON THE CENTRAL MERIDIAN.

tions are unknown, but the seas of Mars are narrow, and vast volumes of water must be set free by the rapid melting of the polar ice.

Referring again to the drawing of May 21, the dark spots on the lower part of the disk are the Nilacus Lacus and the Acidalium Mare. In the center of the disk is the Juventæ Fons, a small, round, isolated dark spot. A little below this, toward the northeast, is the Lunæ Lacus, which seems to be the point of crossing of several canals. The two satellites of Mars are not represented. On the scale of the drawings they would be no more than pin-points. Small as they are, their eclipses in the shadow of Mars were observed at Mount Hamilton in 1890, and again during the opposition of 1892.

Before leaving Mars, a few words may be devoted to the much-discussed question, whether Mars is inhabited by beings like ourselves. No question in astronomy excites so much popular interest as this, and none would be of more absorbing interest to astronomers if a definite answer appeared to be within even the re-

the gray and white belts on the northern hemisphere of the planet is beautifully reproduced in the sea of terrestrial clouds which, under a clear sky and bright sun, sometimes pours through the valley west of Mount Hamilton, far below the level of the observatory.

Jupiter turns on its axis in a few minutes less than ten hours, and this swiftness of rotation makes the task of drawing its surface a very difficult one. In a single minute the motion can be detected; five minutes later the relative position of the markings has changed very perceptibly; and at the end of fifteen minutes a drawing can no longer be continued. At his first attempt the draftsman simply despairs; but he soon learns to prepare for his work by marking on an outline sketch the features which do not change,—such as the general position, width, and direction of the belts,—and then, at a noted instant, he rapidly sketches in the more prominent markings, completing the drawing with reference to the points so established.

Like the sun, Jupiter has no *definite* period of rotation, the equatorial portions moving



more swiftly than those nearer the poles. A comparison of the accompanying drawings will show this peculiarity very clearly. The motion of the surface is from right to left. In the drawing of August 28, a small black spot on the lower of the two strong equatorial belts is just on the point of crossing the central meridian, and so is the remarkable large oval spot some distance above. In the second drawing, made five weeks later, the small spot is again central, the planet in the interval having made eighty-seven complete revolutions; but the great oval spot has not yet reached the central meridian, while still other markings, which were formerly in the same longitude, have passed it, and therefore rotate more rapidly than the small spot chosen as a reference-point. It is not surprising that mere cloud-forms should be so loosely coherent, but the progressive change of their drift from the equator toward the poles has never been satisfactorily explained. It is evidently connected with the internal heat of the

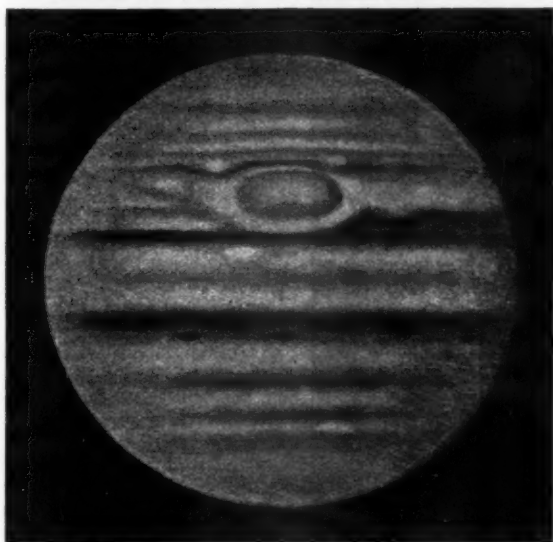
ally extended inward, and deepened until it became a full Indian red, and this marking has ever since been known as the great red spot. After some years it became pale again, and in 1884 could hardly be distinguished. In 1890 the color was deeper, particularly around the edges, and the spot had again assumed the aspect of an oval ring. It rotates more slowly than any other marking on Jupiter, so that all other spots drift by it toward the west, or toward the left hand in the drawings. The length is somewhat variable, but at the time of the drawings it was about 18,500 miles.

The delicate colors of the different belts of Jupiter add greatly to the beauty of the view with a telescope, but they cannot be shown in a drawing in black and white, and they must be supplied by the imagination of the reader. The narrow stripe which is nearly on the planet's equator is salmon-pink, and on each side are brilliant white clouds, forming what is called the equatorial zone. Beyond this, one on each

side, are the red belts, the color of which is indicated by the name, and between the red belts and the poles are a number of parallel belts, alternately white and gray. Pale lilac, olive, and slate-color are frequently met with. This has been the general arrangement for several years, but space does not permit a description of the smaller details which can be seen on a fine night with the thirty-six-inch refractor on Mount Hamilton. Attention must be called, however, to the remarkable small spots on the lower red belt. They were first discovered at the Lick Observatory in April, 1890, when their color was a very deep red. Two more of these spots on the other side of the planet are, of course, not shown in the drawings. It frequently happens that such spots spread, become paler and more diffuse, and, blending together, add a new dark belt to the surface ornamentation of Jupiter.

The view represented in the third drawing owed much of its beauty to the small white spots in the southern hemisphere, and to the curious symmetry with which they were grouped. Long white streamers are seen in this drawing, extending from the equatorial zone into the red belts. They are perhaps cloud-masses projected outward from the equatorial zone, and drawn out into their characteristic shape by the current due to the relative drift.

Ever since its discovery the red spot has



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.  
JUPITER. OCTOBER 3, 1890. 7 HOURS 35 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME. THE RED SPOT APPROACHING THE CENTRAL MERIDIAN.

planet, and probably analogous to the similar drift which we observe on the surface of the sun.

The aspect of Jupiter is not only continually changing in consequence of the drift just described, but the general character of the markings changes greatly from year to year. The feature which shows the greatest permanence is the large oval spot shown in the drawings of August 28 and October 3. It was first seen in 1878, as a pale pinkish ring. The color gradu-



been the object of a great deal of study. In June, 1890, an English observer, Mr. Stanley Williams, called attention to a large dark spot which was drifting down on the great red spot from the east, and if in no way diverted would pass directly over it during the month of August. It was obviously of great interest to see what would happen. Cloudy weather, most unusual at that season, prevented observation at the Lick Observatory until August 28, so that what happened when the contact occurred was lost; but the subsequent history is clearly shown in the two drawings of August 28 and October 3, which were indeed made specially for this purpose. In the first drawing we see Mr. Williams's spot lengthened out into a narrow dark stripe, and so far diverted from its course that it lies above and entirely clear of the red spot. In the other drawing the spot has drifted still farther westward, but it has not returned to its original line of travel; its latitude has been permanently altered.

These interesting observations, as well as others which have been made at Mount Hamilton, show that the clouds which form the belts of Jupiter flow around the great red spot, as foam

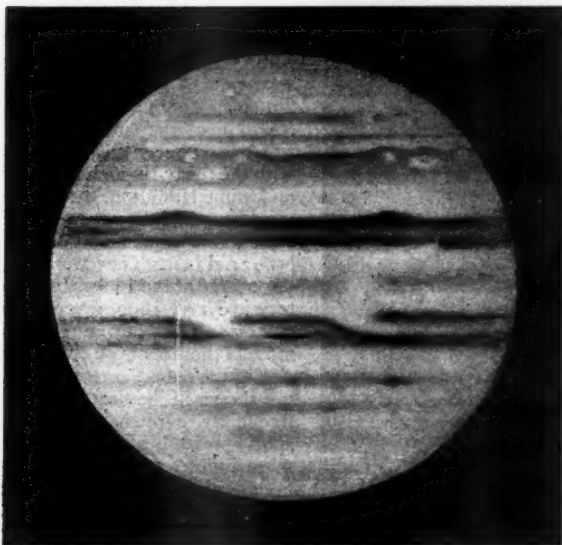
What is the nature of this remarkable object? Is it really a projection of the more solid interior portion of the planet above the general level of the surface? If so, the projection is too slight to be noticeable when the red spot passes around the limb, although it is true that it might amount to several miles without being visible at this distance. At any rate, no explanation of the red spot more probable than this has been given, and we may accept it provisionally while waiting for the light of future discovery.

In connection with Jupiter, one of the special triumphs of the great telescope has to be mentioned. On the evening of September 9, 1892, Mr. Barnard was examining the sky close to Jupiter, keeping the planet just outside the eyepiece in order to prevent its light from overpowering any faint object in the field. He soon detected a tiny point of light, which was visible for a short time, and then disappeared in the glare of the planet. Subsequent observations showed that it was a new satellite, with an estimated diameter of only one hundred miles, revolving around Jupiter in a period of about twelve hours.

The last of the preceding achievements of this nature was the discovery of the satellites of Mars by Hall, in 1877. It has been mistakenly supposed that both of these telescopic discoveries were accidental. Both were, on the contrary, the reward of a deliberate search for just such objects as were actually found. It would be almost impossible to make an accidental discovery of a new satellite, for the reason that an object so conspicuous as to attract the attention of an observer engaged in other work would have been found long ago as the result of a special search with smaller instruments.

From the micrometric measurements which have been made, it appears that the new satellite revolves nearly in the plane of Jupiter's equator. A body which had recently entered the system from without

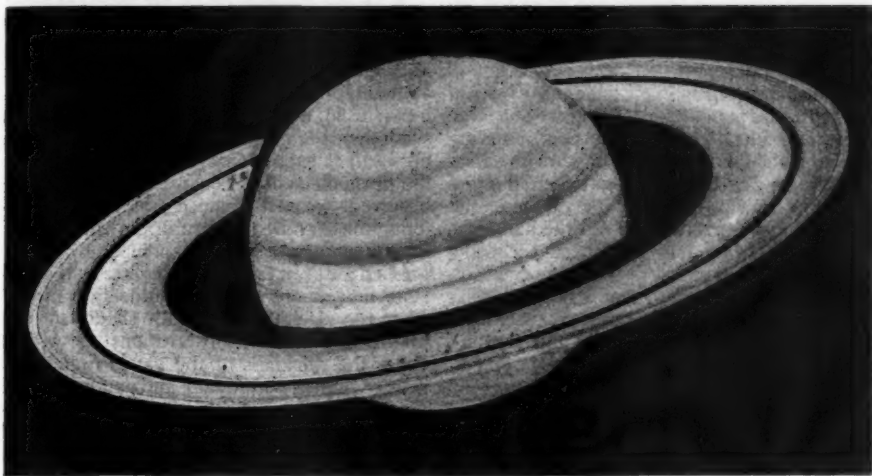
could move in this way only by the merest chance. It is practically certain, therefore, as Mr. Barnard has pointed out, that the new satellite has been revolving in its present orbit for ages. It is not some eccentric asteroid which has been drawn out of its path and adopted into the family of the great planet,



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.

JUPITER. JULY 10, 1889. 10 HOURS 2 MINUTES PACIFIC TIME. THE RED SPOT IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLANET.

floating on the surface of a river flows around a sand-bank in the stream. By applying a scale to the drawings we find that the rate of drift is 18,000 miles in about five weeks, or about twenty miles an hour. Evidently it is no gentle current that flows past the shores of the great red spot.



DRAWN BY J. E. KEELER.

SATURN. JANUARY 7, 1858.

but an own brother to the satellites discovered by Galileo.

Four hundred million miles beyond Jupiter is the planet Saturn, which is represented in the drawing as it was seen under the most favorable conditions, shortly after the great telescope was erected. The body of the planet is marked with belts like those of Jupiter, but there is an absence of detail, and indeed it is seldom that any spot appears on Saturn sufficiently definite to serve as a mark for measuring the rotation of the planet. We notice on the drawing the same darkening and indistinctness at the limb that characterize the disk of Jupiter. The general color, which again must be supplied by the imagination, is golden yellow, the belts exhibiting various faint shades of gray, dove-color, and pink.

The most interesting feature of Saturn is of course the great flat ring by which it is encircled—an object at which every telescope in the world has been leveled, and which has furnished material for the profoundest researches of philosophers. It is now certain that the rings are nothing more or less than a swarm of small bodies, too minute to be separately distinguished, revolving around Saturn in orbits like satellites, but doubtless jostling one another rudely on the way. For convenience of reference, astronomers divide the ring into three components, designated by the letters A, B, and C. The outermost ring, A, is separated from B by a black gap 1600 miles wide, known as the Cassini division. The innermost ring, C, is often called the gauze, or dusky ring, on account of its hazy appearance and partial transparency. Here the particles of the swarm

are thinly scattered, and some light passes between them.

Close to the outer edge of ring A, the drawing shows a very fine line or division, which is distinct from the line or shading usually seen either near the middle of the ring, or a third of the way from the outer edge. It was discovered with the great telescope on the night of the drawing, and has since been seen occasionally with the same instrument, but it is beyond the power of the smaller (twelve-inch) telescope. It is not quite certain that this marking is a permanent division; still, its appearance remained the same for two years after discovery. Outside this fine division was the brightest part of ring A, but the difference in brightness was very slight, and it is necessarily much exaggerated in the drawing. The darkest part of the ring was a little way inside the division.

The outer edge of ring B is the brightest part of the whole system of Saturn. In many drawings this ring blends gradually into the gauze ring, but in the Lick telescope the boundary has always appeared sharp. Another feature of the view with this instrument is the uniform tint of the gauze ring, which is frequently drawn notched, mottled with black spots, or otherwise singularly marked.

This brings up the case of large versus small telescopes, on which much argument was once expended. Are the appearances (always at the limit of perception) seen with small instruments and not confirmed by large ones illusory, or is the large telescope inferior in defining power to the small one? As the question is purely one of instruments, and not of the relative skill of observers, only those who have

used both classes of instruments have the opportunity to form an unbiased judgment, and such observers invariably put their faith in the large telescope.

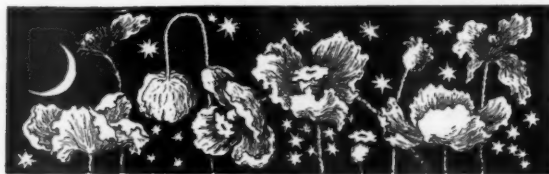
In the following incident, which may be considered a case in point, the advantage of a large aperture is illustrated. I was once observing Saturn with the smaller telescope of the Lick Observatory, and noticed that (as often represented in drawings) the shadow of the planet on the ring was convex toward the ball, contrary to what it should have been according to geometrical principles. The abnormal appearance was so marked that with much difficulty I opened the great dome (the machinists were still working on the floor and shutter), and turned the thirty-six-inch telescope on Saturn. The shadow at once appeared curved in the proper direction, while the superiority of the view left no doubt as to which aspect was the true one. In this case, if no appeal to a higher court had been possible, it would have been necessary to abide by the decision of the inferior instrument, and the result shows with what caution abnormal appearances should be accepted when they are nearly at the limit of distinct perception.

The partial transparency of the gauze ring is shown by the fact that the limb of the planet can be seen through it, and still better by an interesting observation with the great telescope on the night of April 9, 1890. On this evening the satellite *Japetus* emerged from behind Saturn, crossed the dark space between the body of the planet and the gauze ring, and passed behind the latter, through which it was distinctly visible as a bright knot on the surface of the ring, until it was lost behind the inner edge of ring B. With the smaller telescope the satellite was at all times invisible.

A unique observation by Mr. Barnard gives us the only information we possess in regard to the distribution of particles in the gauze ring, and again the satellite *Japetus* is the bearer of the information. On the night of November 1, 1889, this satellite passed through the shadow of the gauze ring, from its inner edge outward, at such a distance from Saturn that the phenomena of the eclipse could readily be observed. What happened was this: on entering the shadow, the light of the satellite was greatly reduced, but not completely extinguished; it grew fainter and fainter as the satellite moved onward, and suddenly vanished when the satellite entered the shadow of the bright ring. These observations show that either the thickness of the gauze ring, or its density, increases gradually and uniformly from the inner to the outer edge, and that the supposed interruptions in the ring already referred to have no real existence.

These are some of the instances of observations at Mount Hamilton which throw light on the problems set before us in the other worlds of the solar system. Many more might be mentioned, but those already given are sufficient to show what has been done, and what may be hoped for in the future. The field is interesting and still a large one. The wonders, undreamed of twenty years ago, brought to light in Mars by the researches of Schiaparelli, show that surprises may yet be in store for us. In the abundance of light supplied by a great lens familiar features take on a new aspect, and suggest new ideas, and while a startling revelation of novelties is not to be expected, careful and systematic study can hardly fail to add surely, if slowly, to our store of information; and this is the more usual method of progress in the advance of knowledge.

*James E. Keeler.*



## A SYLVAN FANTASY.

HERE in the deep heart of the wood,—  
Beyond whose marge the sunset pales,—  
While virgin Twilight dons her hood,  
Slowly the wind of evening trails  
Above the dank and darkened ground  
The soft, invisible skirts of Sound.

*William Hamilton Hayne.*

## TWO VICE-PRESIDENTS.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE AND HANNIBAL HAMLIN.



JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE was the first of ten of the public men of the country whose occupancy of the Vice-Presidency has given me an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of their personal characteristics, as well as some judgment of their ability and merit as statesmen. He was elected Vice-President, with Mr. Buchanan as President, in 1856, the year in which I entered the public service at Washington. He had been four years a member of the House of Representatives from Kentucky, having been elected to that body in 1851. He was, in person, an elegant, high-bred Kentucky gentleman, over six feet in height, straight and lofty in his carriage, youthful and dashing—more like a Highland chieftain than a grave legislator. He was exceedingly affable, pleasant, and polished in his intercourse with his fellows, except under the excitement of heated debate. He would then bound over all barriers, as a knight rushing upon his foe, regardless of personal peril, and intent only on the blood of his victim. This impetuosity of temper in debate frequently involved him in personalities which required settlement outside of the House.

Near the end of his service in the House this uncontrollable fire resulted in a serious quarrel with Francis B. Cutting of New York, and a challenge passed between them. Breckinridge spent a week or ten days in unknown retirement at Silver Spring, the house of Francis P. Blair, senior, five miles out of Washington, in preparation for the encounter, which, however, never came off. The friendship which Mr. Blair showed to the young Kentuckian at this time was remembered, years afterward, when Jubal Early and Breckinridge halted their rebel army for the night at Silver Spring, on their way to attack Washington. They burned to the ground the house of Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General under Lincoln, but they spared that of his father, although they drank up all the wines and ate all the good things they found in it, celebrating in advance the sure victory of the morrow, which their tarry for the night turned into defeat.

Mr. Breckinridge had in a remarkable degree the characteristics of his blood. He was born of one of the oldest and most celebrated

families of Kentucky, and he and his admirers were wont to boast that in him had been bred the blood of those families to a higher perfection than in any other of her sons then in public life. He was a genuine Kentucky thoroughbred, and exhibited in a marked degree the points of his lineage. He was distinguished more for personal impressiveness of speech and manner, of figure and address, than for intellectual power, and would be classed, not with the constructors of institutions, but rather with those who fashion and polish what others design and rough-hew.

He was, however, notwithstanding these pretensions, a general favorite. Everybody likes a full-blooded Kentuckian. After four years' service in the House of Representatives he was appointed minister to Spain; he was elected Vice-President at thirty-five, was the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency at thirty-nine, and was elected senator at forty. In the Confederacy, after he was expelled from the United States Senate for disloyalty, he was a major-general the same year, and secretary of war about four years later.

He was an honorable and (if there is any distinction in the two words) an honest man, and was conscientious in the discharge of every official duty, never betraying a trust and never doing a mean thing to advance a cause, however infatuated and blinded in its espousal. When the time came, as it did at last, that his convictions would no longer permit him to stand with the Union, he did not sneak away like a thief, as did Floyd and Thompson when they could no longer serve the rebellion in the official robes and with the official opportunities of the Union. Nor did he follow Twiggs in the footsteps of Arnold, in a traitorous surrender of the post he had been intrusted to defend; but openly, before the world, he announced his convictions, and left the office and the cause he could no longer serve for the field, taking up the sword, as a soldier might, for what he deemed the right.

While he was yet Vice-President, the opportunity came to him which came to no other man during the war, to turn order into chaos and to wreck the Union by the forms of an official edict. Nevertheless, though all his sympathy and nearly all his blood were on the side of the Confederacy, he resisted the temptation, and



discharged, with Roman fidelity, the duty imposed on him by the Constitution, and the nation was saved. This act, in my judgment, goes far to condone the errors of his after life.

The occasion to which I refer was when the time had arrived for determining officially whether Lincoln was elected — over whose election the South had already gone to war. There had been a wide-spread conviction during the whole winter that there existed a conspiracy to prevent, by fraud or violence, a declaration of the result by the Vice-President in the presence of the two Houses, as provided by law. The very uncertainty as to what means would be resorted to — whether the certificates would fail to appear upon that day; whether they would be wrested by violence from the hands which bore them across the rotunda from the Senate-chamber to the hall of the House, or would be manipulated or suppressed by the only official who could open them, that official being himself a candidate, and known to be in sympathy with the rebellion; or whether, at the last moment, he would refuse to declare the result — all this contributed to fill every patriotic heart with anxiety and fearful forebodings. But Mr. Breckinridge, whatever part he may have resolved ultimately to take if the war should continue, turned a deaf ear to those who tempted him to betray this sacred official trust. A breathless silence, painfully intense, pervaded the crowded chamber as he arose to make declaration of the result of the election. It was a supreme moment. The galleries were packed with hostile conspirators, but, interspersed among them, unknown to them and to the Vice-President, were a hundred armed policemen, selected from those most trusty in New York and Philadelphia. The Vice-President was pale and a little nervous, but firm on his feet and unfaltering in his utterance. With a voice which dispelled the oppressive stillness, he said, "I therefore declare Abraham Lincoln duly elected President of the United States for the term of four years from the fourth day of March next." And thus the dead-point of peril was passed in safety.

Mr. Breckinridge continued in the service of the Union a few months longer as a senator during the extra session in July called by Mr. Lincoln after the rebels fired on Sumter. During that brief session he strove to satisfy the public judgment that the South had just ground for its course, and that, under the Constitution, there was no remedy for it, or help for the Union. He satisfied only himself, and sadly failed to convince others. One of the debates in which he took part in that session was so dramatic in some of its features that the impression it made upon me is still vivid. It oc-

curred a few days before the disaster at Ball's Bluff, in which the lamented Baker, one of the most effective orators who ever sat in the Senate, was killed. Breckinridge had taken the position in debate that the Constitution had made no provision for the exigency which confronted us, and was pressing for an answer to his question. "What will you do with us if you do conquer us? We can still vote. What hinders the vanquished from marching from the battle-field in solid column to the ballot-box, and beating you there, if we shall number there more than you do? You may defeat us in the field, but you cannot disfranchise us till after conviction and judgment of court; and you cannot do that till you have tried us by twelve of our own peers in the very State whose people have themselves revolted. So while you may conquer us in arms, we will afterward conquer you at the ballot-box." At that moment Baker entered the Senate-chamber in full uniform, fresh from his command at Ball's Bluff, and, placing his sword across his desk, plunged at once into the debate. The garb of the warrior in which he stood strangely emphasized the words of the legislator when he fiercely hurled back the answer, "We will govern you as conquered provinces." These men parted for the last time that day. A few days later one sealed his devotion to the Union with his life-blood. It had been better for the other if he had not survived him.

Mr. Breckinridge did not greatly distinguish himself in the service of the Confederacy, into which he entered immediately after the close of this short extra session, and in which he became a major-general, and afterward secretary of war. The downfall of that government was the downfall of all his ambitions, and he had no courage thenceforth for new undertakings. His spirits seemed utterly to forsake him, and he withdrew from the world, living several years in retirement abroad, and returning to his old home at Lexington only a few years before his death, which took place in 1875, — a sad failure of a life of rare promise and of exceptional opportunities.

A scene at his death-bed was too full of pathos, and too replete with lessons taught by the mysterious mutability of human affairs, to pass unnoticed. His last illness was a long and lingering one, and his light went out slowly. It happened that, shortly before his death, Henry Wilson, then himself Vice-President, was making political speeches in the vicinity of Lexington; and it came to the ear of Breckinridge that he had made kind and tender inquiry concerning his former associate in the public service. The sick statesman was deeply moved by this manifestation of regard on the part of an old political opponent, and caused it to be understood that a visit would give him plea-



sure. Mr. Wilson accordingly made a detour for that purpose. It is related that the scene at the bedside as the two—each, as it proved, within almost a handbreadth of the end of his career—took each other by the hand, and spoke of the past, its successes on the one hand and its failures on the other, was exceedingly touching. I will not attempt to describe it: it was a scene for a painter.

I know of no two lives in all American history which have been ordered in such sharp and instructive contrast from beginning to ending as the lives of these two men. One of them sprang from one of the proudest and most aristocratic, as well as ablest and most powerful, of the ruling families of Kentucky; the other was of an origin so humble and obscure that it could hardly be traced. One was born at the open gate of fortune, influence, and opportunity; the other was born in the lap of squalid want. Both set out in life under the influence of a controlling ambition. One thirsted for glory and power and fame; the other to be emancipated from poverty and neglect. The career of Breckinridge lay along an even pathway lighted up from the outset with the encouraging smiles of influential friends, and overhung with tempting prizes, which he gathered thick and fast at every step; while Wilson began the ascent of a steep and rugged mountain-path alone, and toiled upward without help, beset by discouragements, confronted all the way with difficulties, and cheered by no light ahead or reward in sight. The Vice-Presidency came to Breckinridge almost by force of gravity, as ripe fruit drops into a basket ready to receive it; it came to Wilson as tribute to a life of toil spent in the uplifting of down-trodden humanity. A just people has placed the cypress upon the grave of one, and the laurel on the grave of the other.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN, Vice-President under Lincoln, was as unlike his predecessor in office in all the characteristics for which men are remembered as could well be. He was the son of a simple, plain farmer, of no pretensions, of scanty means, toiling hard to wring out of an unwilling soil the precarious subsistence of a numerous family. He had no other pedigree to show than that of hard-fisted, clear-headed, honest progenitors, as far back as the record goes. By the death of his father he was compelled to take entire charge of the farm during his minority, and thus lost the chance of a college education, for which he had made some preparation. Afterward he took up the law. He was not, therefore, a man of such culture as comes from classical education, or study of books, or contact with scholars and learned men. His long public career, however,

brought him so constantly into daily intercourse with public men that the instincts of a true gentleman were developed in a remarkable degree. Never losing that plain, simple, unaffected manner which belonged to the life his fathers had lived before him, he nevertheless acquired an ease, almost reaching gracefulness, in his converse with men and women, which came to be quite charming. He was a true gentleman—not a handsome, elegant gentleman like his predecessor, but one that every one recognized had no alloy in his composition, nothing but genuine sincerity in the hand he offered. Mr. Hamlin was a little under six feet in height, stocky in his build, and unusually swarthy in his complexion. Although always neat and tidy in his attire, he seemed entirely indifferent to fashion or style in his dress. He wore all his life just such clothes as he was wearing when I first knew him forty years ago. I never saw him except in a black swallow-tailed coat, and without an overcoat; and he clung to the old-fashioned stock long after it had been discarded by the rest of mankind. He was an inveterate smoker, using a clay pipe in his room, and cigars only when abroad where others used them. He played cards incessantly—old sledge, whist, and euchre—till the day of his death, whenever he could find those who would join him in the game; but he would never gamble. He was no student of books—such men never are; but he was ever studying men and things, and few knew them better. His conversation was piquant, crisp, and pungent, but there never was any sting in it.

Hamlin was fond of a joke, and never spared an opportunity. He confessed, however, that a joke once cost him a United States senatorship. It happened in this way, he said. He was Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, and one day, during a very dull debate, as he sat listless in his chair, his eye fell on a prim, dapper little gentleman who had got himself up with unusual care, even for him, and had smoothed down his hair with pomatum till every hair was straight and fast. For the fun of it, Hamlin sent a page, with the compliments of the Speaker, to inform him that one of the hairs on the top of his head had got out of place and was lying crosswise. The member was angry, and sent back word that he would take no such insult from any man. No apology, no atonement, would appease him. The next year there was a vacancy in the Senate, and Mr. Hamlin came within one vote of election. That vote he could never obtain. It was the insulted member who refused to the end to vote for him, and his party was compelled to take another man. A few years later, however, another va-

cancy occurring, he was elected, the irate member having in the mean time disappeared.

Mr. Hamlin was always a favorite with the people of Maine. Poor, and without family or other influence to advance him, he was elected, to the legislature at twenty-seven, three years after he was admitted to the bar; was reelected four times, for three years of which he was Speaker of the House; was elected to Congress at thirty-four, and to the Senate at thirty-eight; was reelected in 1851; resigned in 1857 to be candidate for governor, and, after being elected, was reelected as his own successor. He was elected Vice-President in 1860, and was again senator in 1869, serving till 1881, when he declined reelection. In addition to these elective offices, he held, by appointment under Johnson, the collectorship of the port of Boston, resigning it after one year; and after he left the Senate, the post of minister to Spain under Garfield, resigning that office after two years' service, and retiring in 1883 to private life at his old home in Bangor, where he continued to live till his death in 1891. His public service of forty-seven years has few parallels. In every place to which he was called he acquitted himself with credit and without reproach.

Mr. Hamlin made no pretensions to oratory, but nevertheless he was a debater of uncommon force and skill. He was distinguished for the cleverness and the directness of his statement. His style was terse and crisp, with a good deal of the Yankee in the quaintness and aptness of his way of putting things. His long service and absolute integrity added great weight to his opinions and judgment. He, however, spoke rarely; but in all legislative business—of far more importance at all times than oratory—he ranked among the first, and as a political adviser he was a leader.

He was the soul of honor, as well in his private relations and public duties as in all political transactions. He was born a democrat, and remained through life democratic in every fiber and impulse. He identified himself at the outset with the political party which bears that name, and was brought into public life by it as a favorite of promise, of whom it was justly proud. He continued to act with it till the Kansas-Nebraska struggle of 1852, although always a hater of slavery, and chafing more and more every year under the increasing domination of the slave power. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise was the last straw with him. He was at that time chairman of the committee on naval affairs in the Senate, and, as such, in some sense the official mouthpiece of the administration in all matters pertaining to the navy which came before the Senate. Finding that he could not follow the administration in the course it was pursuing,

he refused to occupy an equivocal position, and in a speech of exceedingly broad statesmanship as well as political philosophy he pointed out the necessity of his retirement from the official relationship which he then held toward the administration. Thereupon he joined the minority, carrying with him the respect as well as the sincere regret of those he left. Among the early acts of Andrew Johnson after he became President was the appointment, as collector of the port of Boston, of the man to whose place as Vice-President he had, under an inscrutable dispensation of Providence, succeeded. But scarcely a year had elapsed before Johnson had so far departed from the principles of the political party which elected him as to be at open war with it. Mr. Hamlin had not a pulsation in common with Johnson in this struggle; but believing that the office he held was of such a character as entitled the President to a representative of his own political views, he unhesitatingly tendered his resignation.

His swarthy complexion, which his political opponents made use of in the South during the presidential campaign of 1860 to arouse and intensify the prejudice they had engendered against the "Black Republicans," did not annoy him. He was too much of a man to be troubled by such trifles. Yet on one occasion a speaker declared that "the Black Republicans had nominated a nigger for Vice-President." This was done in the presence of a former associate of his in Congress, then a personal and political friend, who sat on the platform, but who, when he followed, had neither the manliness nor the courage to rebuke or correct the slanderer of his friend. Mr. Hamlin publicly denounced this meanness.

In 1871, I was traveling with friends in California, and was induced to go on a two days' journey into the interior to see a petrified forest, with a promise that I could stop for the night at Calistoga,—a Californian resort,—where I could partake of chicken broth flowing perpetually from one spring, and fresh soda-water from another, and gather ink enough from a third to supply the world. On reaching this wonderful half-way station, and going to the hotel register, I found the names of Hannibal Hamlin and Horace Maynard on the record of the day before. Commenting with my friend upon these names, I was overheard by the landlord behind the counter. "Hannibal Hamlin," said he—"Hannibal Hamlin! It seems to me I have heard that name before. Did n't he run for some office somewhere once?" On my representing to him the distinguished character of the guests he had been entertaining, he gave me a look as much as to say, "You can't palm off any Cali-

fornia yarn on me"; and then broke out in a very uncomplimentary comment on the two strangers, one of whom he took to be a negro and the other an Indian. In a moment he saw that he had been saying something offensive; so he instantly apologized, and ended by inviting me to repair to the spring and take a bowl of chicken broth with him.

Mr. Hamlin was a true gentleman. Punctilious himself in the observance of all the requirements of gentlemanly intercourse, he was equally exacting of every courtesy due him from others. He permitted no man to be rude to him, or to assume the attitude of a superior. On one occasion one of the able men and leaders of the Senate, distinguished for a self-conscious, lordly air in his deportment, in the change of seats which occurs once in two years in the Senate-chamber had gained a seat by the side of Mr. Hamlin, and began at once to practise upon him those little exactions and annoyances which he had been accustomed to impose upon others. After a few days of yielding to these encroachments, Mr. Hamlin turned, and in a tone that did not require repetition said, "Sir, if you expect to be treated like a gentleman, you must prove yourself one." There was never occasion afterward to repeat the admonition.

The nomination of Mr. Hamlin for Vice-President came to him unsought and unexpected. We at Washington had no other thought but that Mr. Seward would head the ticket, and that Mr. Lincoln or some other Western man would be selected for the second place. Our hearts were broken with disappointment. The news of Mr. Lincoln's nomination reached Washington in the afternoon, that of Mr. Hamlin late in the evening. The intermediate time was spent in nursing our anger. But when the nomination of Mr. Hamlin was announced, a stormy multitude crowded his hotel, and forced him out upon the balcony. The night was gloomy, and the crowd was more so. But his first sentence, "What is one man in this crisis?" lifted the cloud, and let in the light. Before he ceased we were ready to lay aside our idol, and pledge our loyalty to a new leader.

The displacement of Mr. Hamlin and the substitution of Andrew Johnson on the ticket at Mr. Lincoln's renomination caused much discussion at the time, which was renewed with some bitterness upon the death of Mr. Hamlin. There was no mystery about it in Washington when it was done, and there would have been no dispute over it afterward had not the result proved so disastrous. Mr. Lincoln, from the beginning of his administration, felt the necessity of securing and preserving the support of the War Democrats; and with that end in view he was ever seeking place and oppor-

tunity for all of them who could be induced to take active part in the work he had on hand. Specially did he desire to broaden the base of the party which was maintaining the Union; and therefore a Unionist from the South had a double welcome. These views led him, with entire respect for Mr. Hamlin, and with the highest appreciation of his worth, nevertheless to think it wise that a more pronounced and recent War Democrat should be associated with him on the ticket. And when the way seemed to his friends to be open, in the person of Mr. Johnson, to secure this, and at the same time to refute our opponents' charge of sectionalism by a ticket from the North and the South combined, as had formerly been the usage, he felt that those who had brought it about, without any agency of his, had acted wisely in the selection which was finally made.<sup>1</sup> Just at that time, too, Johnson was a hero in the eyes of all Union men. He had fought in the Senate a terrific fight for the Union, and his life had been openly threatened on the floor of the Senate. A single incident will show how great was the confidence Northern men reposed in him. The Massachusetts delegation to the convention at Baltimore, which nominated him in the place of Hamlin, were supposed to have contributed to the result. Two of them visited Washington after it was over. They called on me, and I took the liberty of deprecating the action of the convention in this respect in as strong language as I could command. They went from my room to call upon Mr. Sumner, and brought back this message from his lips: "I only wish the ticket had been turned round." Hamlin's rejection wounded deeply a faithful public servant. But the wound bled only internally, for no visible sign of it was ever revealed to the public.

Mr. Hamlin was sent back into public service in the Senate by his State at the first opportunity, and continued, as senator and as foreign minister, till his voluntary retirement in 1883. The remainder of his life was spent at his home in Bangor with that dignity and simplicity of deportment which became his character and service, and with the esteem of his fellow-citizens.

His death occurred on the 4th of July. What could be more fitting than that such a life should come to a close on that day? He was the third of those who had held the Vice-Presidency whose lives ended upon the nation's birthday.

<sup>1</sup> For other views of Mr. Lincoln's attitude toward this nomination, see "Abraham Lincoln," by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, Vol. IX, page 73, and "Two War-Time Conventions," by Noah Brooks, in *THE CENTURY* for March, 1895.—EDITOR.

## DANIEL WEBSTER AGAINST NAPOLEON.

FROM WEBSTER'S UNPUBLISHED DRAFT FOR A SPEECH IN CONGRESS.

### PREFATORY NOTE.

IN the fourth volume of that curious old publication, "Niles's Weekly Register," on page 257, is a brief abstract of Webster's first speech in Congress, delivered on June 10, 1813, at the beginning of the Thirteenth Congress, when Mr. Webster rose to offer and defend his resolutions on the French decrees. It would appear that no fuller text of that speech has ever seen the light. The subjoined text, printed from Mr. Webster's manuscript, is evidently either a draft of the speech actually delivered, or the "little speech" referred to in his letter to his brother Ezekiel of June 28, 1813 (quoted in Curtis's Webster, Vol. I, page 111), in which he says: "You have learned the fate of my resolutions. We had a warm time of it for four days, and then the other side declined further discussion. I had prepared myself for a little speech, but the necessity of speaking was prevented." The latter hypothesis would account for the omission of this text from his published speeches. In some unknown manner the manuscript, with other papers of Mr. Webster's, found its way to a junkshop, where it was discovered about 1875 by the father of the writer. Accompanying it was a short draft of its headings.

In order to make clear the state of affairs at the time, it is necessary to go back a little to the diplomatic relations leading to the War of 1812, in which preliminaries France rather than Great Britain was the chief offender against the United States.

In 1806, while Napoleon was in the full tide of the Continental wars, Great Britain had declared a blockade of the coast from Brest to the Elbe. As a pretended act of retaliation, Napoleon, on November 21, 1806, issued the "Berlin Decree," by which he declared that the British Isles were in a state of blockade, that all commerce and correspondence with them were prohibited, and that all merchandise belonging to England, or coming from its manufactories or colonies, was lawful prize. This drew out the famous "Orders in Council" of November 11, 1807, by which Great Britain totally prohibited neutral trade with any port in Europe from which the British flag was excluded. This, therefore, allowed the United States direct trade with Sweden only, although after duty was paid on goods in English ports they could be reexported. Napoleon retorted by the "Milan Decree" of 1807, which treated

as good prize any vessel which had submitted to search by Great Britain, which had paid any duty to the British Government, or which should come from or be sailing for that country or its colonies. The United States consequently found it most difficult to preserve her neutrality, and Mr. Jefferson's peace policy was forced to struggle for existence.

Therefore Congress, in 1807, passed the "Embargo Act," vainly hoping that the loss of our trade would compel the belligerents to withdraw the obnoxious decrees. This act Napoleon presumed to enforce by the "Bayonne Decree" of April 17, 1808, by which he ordered the seizure and sale of American vessels arriving in his ports in violation of it. The "Enforcement Act" passed by Congress in January, 1809, provided for the forfeiture of ship and cargo, and prescribed other severe penalties for an evasion of the act. The embargo proved disastrous. The "Non-Intercourse Act" of 1809 gave the President power, on the repeal of either French or English edicts, to suspend non-intercourse with the one so acting. In 1810 followed the "Rambouillet Decree," under the provision of which 132 American vessels, valued at \$8,000,000, were condemned and sold. Congress fell into its own innocently devised snare, for the American minister (Mr. Joel Barlow) was soon informed by Napoleon (on August 5, 1810) that his decrees were revoked. At the same time he instructed his admiralty officers to pay no attention to this. On April 28, 1811, the Berlin and Milan decrees were declared repealed. On May 10, 1812, Mr. Barlow was so informed by the Duke of Bassano. On May 12 he wrote home news of it, which the American government received on July 13. Mr. Barlow also wrote of it to Mr. Russell, chargé d'affaires of the United States in France. Mr. Monroe, then secretary of state, informed Congress that it was from Barlow and Russell that the United States got all its knowledge of the alleged repeal. The Duke of Bassano asserted that in May, 1811, he had sent a copy of the decree to the French minister for transmission to the United States government. This, however, was never heard from. Mr. Russell communicated the repeal to the British government in May, 1812, urging a corresponding repeal of the Orders in Council; but England delayed



more than a month, really and rightly suspecting the sincerity of France. President Madison, in his message to Congress, gave several reasons why the subsequent repeal of the orders was not grounded on the French repeal. Meanwhile, on June 18, 1812, war had been declared, and on June 23 the Orders in Council were repealed. Therefore affairs were on a war footing before either repeal was known.

Mr. Webster offered his five resolutions, not for the purpose of embarrassing the administration, but in order to draw from the President an expression of the proximate causes of the war. They were requests for information—

(1) Of the sources of the first information to the Government of the decree of April 28, 1811, purporting to be a repeal.

(2) On the Russell correspondence in the matter.

(3) On any correspondence of the United States government with the French minister.

(4) Of any further correspondence concerning the announcement of the alleged repeal.

(5) Whether any explanation of the delay in communicating the repeal had been given,

or asked, or whether remonstrance had been made. (Annals XIII Congress, page 150.)

Niles says that the six days' discussion seemed to be occupied with the past, present, and future of politics. The resolutions were passed on June 21, and on July 12 Mr. Madison sent a full answer to them, through Mr. Monroe, in an elaborate defense of the war.

Mr. Everett, in his edition of Webster's works (Vol. I, page xxxvii), says of the speech delivered: "It is known only from extremely imperfect sketches contained in the contemporaneous newspaper accounts of the proceedings of Congress, from the recollections of those who heard it, and from general tradition. . . . It was marked by all the characteristics of Mr. Webster's maturest parliamentary efforts—moderation of tone, precision of statement, force of reasoning, absence of ambitious rhetoric and high-flown language, occasional bursts of true eloquence, and, pervading the whole, a genuine and fervid patriotism."

The subjoined text is well worth study as showing the fondness of Mr. Webster for classical allusion, his strength and dignity of expression, and his supreme love of the national honor.

*Abby Barstow Bates.*

#### MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

NOTES AND MEMORANDA FOR A SPEECH ON MY RESOLUTIONS. SPRING SESSION OF 1813.

ENOUGH is apparent on the face of the late correspondence between the French government and Mr. Barlow to mark at once the sovereign contempt of France for all rights of ours, and the peaceable and forbearing temper [with] which that contempt is received on our part.

Mr. Barlow arrived in France as the Representative of the American People, in September, 1811. His instructions told him that the United States had claims on France which it was expected her Government would satisfy to their full extent, and without delay. Among other causes of complaint he was instructed that our commerce had been subjected in France to the most oppressive restraints. Among these, were the vessels and cargoes seized under the Berlin and Milan Decrees; under the Bayonne Decree; under the Rambouillet Decree, which, to use the Secretary's own words, made a sweep of all American property within the reach of French power. (W: 7. 3 vol.) In all the countries to which the power of France has extended, says Mr. Monroe, her influence has been exerted to the injury of the United States. (W. 7.)

The wanton burning of merchant-ships, often without reason or apology, had been the settled practice of French cruisers. This was allowed to be the most distressing mode, etc. There was another class of grievances, not so much wrongs

against our property, as against our aspirations. They were injuries tending to degrade and disgrace us in the view of the world. As early as January, 1808, the French Emperor proclaimed a Declaration of War between us and England. War in fact exists between England and the United States (Same words as the War Act). He had told us that we were without honor, without energy, without just views, that we are as much a colony as Jamaica, that we should be compelled to fight for interest though we would not fight for honor, etc.

What would have been the language and the conduct of a representative of the Roman Republic under circumstances like these? No messenger from that Republic would have approached a Court under circumstances like these. Rome would have sent an Embassy of Arms. She never would have bent her stern Republican virtue, even to treat of matters of interest while such foul aspersions lay against her honor. Her right hand would have rested on the hilt of her half-drawn sword, while a moment—and but a moment—should be allowed to inflated arrogance [and] tyranny, to make its peace with offended independence and insulted dignity.

But we do not live in the days of the Romans.

Not only had she not sent her Envoy to such a Court, in such a case, with olive-branches in



both his hands. She would have blocked the avenues to her capitol — her Senators had sat like so many blocks of marble, deaf alike to entreaty and dead to considerations of interest till such a blot had been effaced from the national escutcheon.

The minister was received in France with all imaginable respect and graciousness. The Emperor, unluckily, was not in his capital, but his faithful representative, the Duke of Bassano, hastened to tender him the homage of his high consideration. He was anxiously desirous of seeing the minister as soon as possible, and with as little ceremony. He said the most flattering things from the Emperor, relative to his appointment. The Emperor had expected his arrival with solicitude for several months, and such was his imperial disposition towards us, he was absolutely willing to do anything to maintain a good intelligence. Seizing the auspicious moment and availing himself of the present glorious opportunity, the Minister, on the tenth of November, communicated in form the claims of his country. Passing over the charge of colonial submission, taking no notice of the Emperor's declaration of war for us, and regarding only rights of property, the Envoy urged :

(1) Ships and cargoes under seizure to be delivered up.

(2) Property confiscated and sold to be paid for, in some manner least onerous to the French treasury.

(3) Project of a Commercial treaty.

Now no one surely doubts that propositions as reasonable as the two first should remain without instant compliance on their part. The claim is so just, the minister so accessible, the Emperor so ready to yield anything or do anything to secure a friend, that one can almost now see the American sailor unfurling that sail, that has been wrapped around his spars, by seizure, for so many months. The stars and stripes begin to open and display themselves in the ports of France; the treasury unlocks its coffers, and a just compensation [is made] to them whose ships and cargoes, having been sold, are not capable of being restored. This is delusion — it is unreal mockery. Not indeed that the Minister was rejected with asperity; not that anything less smooth than the general courtly unvaracity was indulged [in]. On the contrary, the Minister assures us, in his Despatch of the 19th of December, that the French minister always treats the subject with candor and solicitude; that the Emperor is under a weight of obligation to the Minister for the exposition he has given of our affairs; that he never understood American affairs in the light [in which] they now appear. The Emperor said he had read the claim repeatedly and with great atten-

tion. The reasoning he said was everywhere just, and the conclusions undeniable. Then of course we look for the compliance. — Nothing like it. There is one obstacle: Our claim cannot be reconciled with his Majesty's continental system. Yes, while your claim was acknowledged to be just, while the injury in all its extent is admitted, the French government meets you and dashes in your face the insolent avowal that she will sacrifice your rights to her convenience.

I demand to know in what tone your Government has replied to this, to know whether this insufferable contempt of us is received as if it were the salutary chastisement of a parent's hand. As one of the People of the Country, and as the Representative of others, I desire to be informed if we are now lying under the scorching shame of this avowal. Neither in the subsequent correspondence, nor in any diplomatic communication do I find the emission of one feeble breath of dissatisfaction at the language of the Government of France in this particular.

But we should not have been so passive in all cases. Would such an answer have been endured from any other Court of Europe? Suppose that in answer to our demand for a revocation of the Orders in Council, England had replied in the spirit of the French Government, "True, these Orders in Council are unjust and injurious. We do not attempt to palliate or justify them. Your reasoning in relation to them is everywhere just, and your conclusions undeniable. But what then? That which you ask is inconvenient to us. It is inconsistent with our maritime pretensions. We claim to be sovereign of the seas — this is our system — we must expel you from them." I need not say that no party in this country would have endured this language for a moment — yet it is the precise language we have borne and are bearing from France.

Nor is this all. A Bill was before this House for admitting English goods contracted for before the non-importation law went into operation. The Minister assures us that the Emperor did not like the Bill. "I was questioned on the bill," says the Minister, "with a good deal of point. I gave such explanations," etc.

Of what, Sir, was his Imperial and Royal Majesty suspicious? Suspicion implies an expected violation of some obligation, or omission of some duty. Had we a treaty with France? Had we entered into any compact to which she was a party, that we would shut our ports against all English productions, and bear our part in the great and glorious continental system? And was his Imperial Majesty suspicious that we should violate his [*sic*] plighted faith?

We have departed from our character of neutrality. We have extinguished the benefits and blessings of that character, and have become parties to the War that has so long afflicted Europe. It is of the highest importance to know whether this change in our condition has necessarily resulted from a due regard to our own interest and an enlightened and impartial regard to our foreign relations, and whether it has been produced by the management and intrigue of one belligerent seeking to bring aid to itself in the coöperation of another power against its adversary. It never can be either too early or too late to make this inquiry. It may indeed be too late—it is now too late—to prevent the calamity by a seasonable exposure of the true cause. But still it is an inquiry at all times fit to be made, on account of the essential importance which at

all times belongs to it. The People expect this at our hands. They expect an investigation into a matter which bears so heavily on [their] interests. I may venture to say that nothing would be more acceptable to the People of this Country than a plain and undisguised view of our relations with France. I do not speak of an occasional publication of scraps and "extracts" of diplomatic correspondence. I do not speak of patent "preparations" and essences of any sort; but the full, ample exhibition of the wrongs we have suffered and the claims for redress which we have made and the contempt and scorn with which those claims have been repelled. This I hold to be necessary, if it is expected to give to this War the character of an American War, or to engage in its prosecution the real American feeling of the country.

*Daniel Webster.*

## "WHEN IN THE NIGHT WE WAKE AND HEAR THE RAIN."

WHEN in the night we wake and hear the rain  
Like myriad merry footfalls on the grass,  
And, on the roof, the friendly, threatening crash  
Of sweeping, cloud-spiced messengers, that pass  
Far through the clamoring night; or loudly dash  
Against the rattling windows; storming, still  
In swift recurrence, each dim-streaming pane,  
Insistent that the dreamer wake, within,  
And dancing in the darkness on the sill:  
How is it, then, with us—amidst the din,  
Recalled from Sleep's dim, vision-swept domain—  
When in the night we wake and hear the rain?

When in the night we wake and hear the rain,  
Like mellow music, comforting the earth;  
A muffled, half-elusive serenade,  
Too softly sung for grief, too grave for mirth;  
Such as night-wandering fairy minstrels made  
In fabled, happier days; while far in space  
The serious thunder rolls a deep refrain,  
Jarring the forest, wherein Silence makes  
Amidst the stillness her lone dwelling-place:  
Then in the soul's sad consciousness awakes  
Some nameless chord, touched by that haunting strain,  
When in the night we wake and hear the rain.

When in the night we wake and hear the rain,  
And from blown casements see the lightning sweep  
The ocean's breadth with instantaneous fire,  
Dimpling the lingering curve of waves that creep  
In steady tumult—waves that never tire  
For vexing, night and day, the glistening rocks,  
Firm-fixed in their immovable disdain  
Against the sea's alternate rage and play:

Comes there not something on the wind which mocks  
The feeble thoughts, the foolish aims that sway  
Our souls with hopes of unending gain —  
When in the night we wake and hear the rain?

When in the night we wake and hear the rain  
Which on the white bloom of the orchard falls,  
And on the young, green wheat-blades, nodding now,  
And on the half-turned field, where thought recalls  
How in the furrow stands the rusting plow,  
Then fancy pictures what the day will see —  
The ducklings paddling in the puddled lane,  
Sheep grazing slowly up the emerald slope,  
Clear bird-notes ringing, and the droning bee  
Among the lilacs' bloom — enchanting hope —  
How fair the fading dreams we entertain,  
When in the night we wake and hear the rain!

When in the night we wake and hear the rain  
Which falls on Summer's ashes, when the leaves  
Are few and fading, and the fields forlorn  
No more remember their long-gathered sheaves,  
Nor aught of all the gladness they have worn;  
When melancholy veils the misty hills  
Where somber Autumn's latest glories wane;  
Then goes the soul forth where the sad year lays  
On Summer's grave her withered gifts, and fills  
Her urn with broken memories of sweet days —  
Dear days which, being vanished, yet remain,  
When in the night we wake and hear the rain.

When in the night we wake not with the rain —  
When Silence, like a watchful shade, will keep  
Too well her vigil by the lonely bed  
In which at last we rest in quiet sleep;  
While from the sod the melted snows be shed,  
And spring's green grass, with summer's ripening sun,  
Grows brown and matted like a lion's mane,  
How will it be with us? No more to care  
Along the journeying wind's wild path to run  
When Nature's voice shall call, no more to share  
Love's madness — no regret — no longings vain —  
When in the night we wake not with the rain.

*Robert Burns Wilson.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A Cheap-Money Convalescence.

OUR readers will remember that in our "Cheap-Money"<sup>1</sup> series of 1891 we gave a detailed account of the experience of the Argentine Republic between 1884 and 1890. Down to 1884 that country was on a gold basis, and had been extremely rich and prosperous. It is a country of great natural resources, and its rise into commercial importance had been phenomenally rapid. When, in 1884, several severe checks were felt to its prosperity, the cry for more money was heard, and the nation plunged headlong into the business of loaning money on land, issuing a great volume of paper money based on most exaggerated land values. This flood of paper was swelled till it reached a total of \$380,000,000—a *per capita* of \$100 for every man, woman, and child in the republic, all irredeemable, and worth only about twenty-five cents on a dollar. In 1890 the collapse came: the republic went into bankruptcy, banks were left without a penny, land was unsalable at any price, business came to a standstill, and the *per capita* money circulation of \$100 gave way to a *per capita* debt of more than the same amount.

During the five years which have passed since this collapse the republic has been trying to recover its lost prosperity. The task has been a discouragingly slow one, for in no quarter of the world could its government find credit. A report published recently by the British vice-consul in the republic, Mr. Gastrell, gives many interesting details of this struggle. He says that while there are symptoms of improvement in some directions, the general situation of affairs is unsatisfactory, with but little prospect of substantial recovery, or of a return of national prosperity. He says the government is determined to do all it can to restore credit, and is endeavoring to reduce the outstanding volume of paper money—still more than \$300,000,000—by enforcing a law which calls for the cancellation of \$8,000,000 yearly; but the process is a very slow one. While trade shows some improvement, constant fluctuations in the value of the paper money stand seriously in the way of business. For the first time since 1884 the government has begun to pay its debts with hard cash, instead of with the proceeds of foreign loans; and cash payments to the extent of \$2,000,000 per annum have been made on railway guarantees. These signs of returning honesty in public dealings have had a good effect; but investors are still very shy of trusting the republic with their money, and without the aid of foreign capital the nation cannot recover for a very long period.

The sudden development of the country was due to a great influx of European capital. When the people repudiated their obligation to pay this back, they cut off the very breath of their national life, for they destroyed their own credit. The vast resources of their country had been only partly developed when they stopped all progress by their financial folly. Hundreds of thousands of square miles of virgin territory await

only the hand of cultivators to yield rich harvests. The mineral wealth of whole provinces remains untouched because of the lack of foreign capital and energy to bring it out. "Of what avail," says a recent writer, "all these resources if they remain undeveloped? At present, taking the entire population of the country and its total area, there are not four human beings to the square mile. In order that these vast tracts of uncultivated territory may be made to yield their abundance, there must be population; and to attract population there must be absolute and undoubted security for the safety and well-being of the settler. Until this can be guaranteed the emigrant will avoid Argentina as he would Hades."

That tells the whole story. A new country, whose development depends upon money and immigration from other countries, cannot commit a more deadly mistake than to destroy its credit by repudiating its just debts. No form of cheap money has ever been invented and allowed to have unimpeded sway in a country without bringing that country to repudiation, bankruptcy, dishonor, and wholesale disaster. It is departure from a sound money standard which constitutes the first step. After that the downward plunge is rapid and irresistible. When the inevitable collapse arrives, and the cheap money becomes worthless, the worst sufferer is always the poor man, the laborer, in all occupations. He, being usually in new countries an immigrant, carries back to his native land the story of his wrongs and sufferings, and the country which inflicted them upon him is shunned by all emigrants thenceforward. So the investors of capital who lose their money make it known to all the world that the country which has broken faith with them is not to be trusted. Mr. Gastrell shows that this is the fate of the Argentine Republic. "There appears to be," he says, "small hope in the near future of much improvement, either in finance or commerce; and it will require many years of good administration and financial ability to enable the republic completely to recover from the overwhelming difficulties into which reckless speculation and financial mismanagement have inevitably plunged a naturally rich country."

Great, rich, and resourceful as is the United States, we should be brought to the same condition as the Argentine Republic were we to follow the same reckless and dishonest policy. If we were to repudiate our solemn obligations, were to pass from a gold to a silver standard, thus repudiating at a single stroke over half of our debts, the flow of capital and labor from abroad into our land would cease at once. The mere possibility that we might do it, a few months ago, sent American securities which were held abroad rushing across the Atlantic to be sold here in such volume as to turn the tide of gold to Europe in alarming quantities. Nothing but President Cleveland's prompt and determined action to uphold the national credit at all cost checked the calamity of national bankruptcy at that time. We must not make the mistake which the Argentine Republic

<sup>1</sup> See "Cheap-Money Experiments," The Century Co.

made of thinking we are great and rich enough to stand anything. No nation has ever lived, or will ever live, great and rich enough to be foolish, foolhardy, or dishonest without suffering the consequences.

#### The Civic Revival.

THE wide-spread interest in the improvement of local government is the most conspicuous sign of the times. Students of the religious history of our own country tell us that every period of financial depression has been accompanied by a great revival of religion. It is the civic conscience which seems at this time to have experienced an awakening. The evangelistic impulse has not gone astray. Whoever comes preaching repentance can find no more wide-branching iniquity at the root of which to lay the ax of his denunciations than our civic misgovernment. More of the selfishness, the infidelity, the cowardice, the perfidy of our best citizens finds expression in our city governments than in almost any other social aggregation. Our city governments furnish the mirror into which American citizens must look if they wish to know what manner of men they are. The governments are strictly representative. If the superior city officials are utterly neglectful of duty, if they are wont to put all the labor and care of their offices upon their subordinates, that is practically what the average voter has taught them to do. The efficient deputy in an important city office was asked the other day how much would be added to his labor if the work of his chief should all be put upon him. He replied that one hour a week would suffice for its performance. This is the common practice in city offices. The heads of departments do the honors and draw the salaries; the work does not greatly interfere with their outside cares and recreations. Why should it? Does not the sentiment of the community warrant them in judging that public duty is a matter of small consequence? If the average voter possesses but a rudimentary political conscience, why should we expect the average officeholder to have a keen sense of responsibility? If the average voter habitually sacrifices the welfare of the state to his covetousness or his ambition, why should we look for any other rule of conduct in the average official?

The truth is that the source of all this bad city government is in the hearts of the people who live in the best residence quarters, and do business in the tall buildings, and sit in the best seats of our churches. A great many of them are directly interested in the perpetuation of bad city governments; assessors who could not be bribed, and city councils that would not give away franchises, are precisely what they do not covet. But those who are not so directly implicated are either so busy with their own affairs that they wholly neglect their most solemn obligations, or else so sordid and so cowardly that they are unwilling to risk gain or popularity by openly opposing the evil. It is not so much by what these "best citizens" have done as by what they have failed to do that our cities are humiliated. There is a terrific parable of the judgment in which the damned are consigned to the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. What had they done? Nothing. "*Inasmuch as ye did it not*" was the ground of their condemnation.

There is good reason, therefore, why John the Bap-

tist should lift up his voice in every city, preaching a baptism of repentance; good reason why multitudes, in a new Pentecost, should be pricked in their hearts, and should be crying one to another, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The first answer to this question is very clear. The men of the city must attend to their political duties. They must give to the business of governing the city the time and thought and care that are necessary. It is, far and away, the most difficult business intrusted to them; they cannot transact it in the few minutes which they give once a year to the marking of a ticket in an election booth. It will take a great deal of labor—unrewarded labor—and sacrifice from every intelligent citizen. For there is a great multitude of voters who are not intelligent, and who need to be educated and guided. The failure to control these elements means bribery, corruption, malfeasance, and final anarchy. These elements can be controlled by intelligence and genuine patriotism. But it will take time and patience, and courage and tact, and faith in democracy. Whether the men who live in our cities are willing to pay this price for good government yet remains to be seen. They will get it at no cheaper rate.

It is evident, then, that what is called for in the present municipal agitations is something very like a genuine religious revival. If it means anything permanent, this movement means a less selfish and a more consecrated spirit on the part of the average citizen. It means the subordination of personal and private aims to the common welfare. If the command to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness were translated into the language of this generation, would it not include, as one of its first implications, the diligent and conscientious discharge of our civic duties? It must not be believed that motives adequate to the thorough reformation of municipal abuses can be drawn from the inspection of tax bills, or from the figures which show the increase of municipal indebtedness. There must be some conception of the sacredness of the interests which are involved in good city government, some comprehension of the ideal aims which inspire a genuine civic patriotism. We do not state the case fully when we say that the government of a great city is a purely "business" matter. It ought not to be suffered to fall below the standards of good business management; but unless it is lifted above them it will fall below them. It is a matter of sentiment, as well as of business—nay, in the truest sense of the word, it is a matter of religion. In London, where no suspicion of jobbery attaches to the municipal legislature, and where there has been, within the last few years, a remarkable awakening of civic consciousness, one of the newspapers, in a recent campaign, lifted the battle-cry, "For a Nobler London." Not until such sentiments begin to stir the hearts of the dwellers in American cities—and there are multitudes who are ready to work for the welfare of the city with the zeal and enthusiasm which are born of lofty civic ideals—shall we witness any permanent gain in the struggle for municipal reform.

#### Bicycle Problems and Benefits.

As a revolutionary force in the social world the bicycle has had no equal in modern times. What it is doing is, in fact, to put the human race on wheels for the first time in its history. The proportion of people



who are riding bicycles in nearly every community is astonishingly large. In many instances it may be said that nearly every able-bodied man, woman, and child has a wheel, and is a regular rider. When we consider the increase in rapidity of locomotion which is attained, and the fact that it is self-supplied with such ease, it is not surprising that the changes required to meet the demands of the new order of things are so many and so radical as to amount virtually to making the world over again, so far as traveling is concerned.

This is peculiarly the case in the great cities. In and about New York, for example, there are at present something like half a million bicycle-riders. In the city itself, on pleasant holidays, they swarm like flies upon all the parkways and other thoroughfares having asphalt or macadam pavement. It is very clear that sooner or later they or the vehicles must give way, for both cannot find room to remain with safety. Indeed, there have been many fatal accidents already, some of them shocking in the extreme. The dangers increase as the number of wheelmen multiplies. In a collision with any kind of vehicle drawn by a horse the bicycle-rider is certain to get the worst of it. His vehicle, instead of being in any way a protection to him, is a menace to his welfare the moment it comes in contact with any other moving body. The fact that he cannot stand still for a moment is also an element of additional danger. These conditions make it an absolute necessity that in all communities in which there are large numbers of wheelmen there should be separate roadways set apart for their especial use. No city park should be laid out in future without its bicycle pathway, nor is it likely to be. The need of a separate roadway for horseback-riders has been recognized in all our great parks, yet in a roadway filled with carriages an equestrian is much safer from harm than a bicycle-rider. At present the wheelmen outnumber the horsemen a hundred or more to one, and the need of separate provision for them is consequently too obvious to be questioned.

But it is not in the parks alone that such accommodation is necessary. There has been much discussion in the New York press for some months past about providing a suitable roadway for bicycles from one end of the city to the other, so that riders may pass to and from their business on their wheels. It has been urged that the covering with asphalt of a continuous or connected line of streets would supply this; but this is doubtful. The chances would be that heavy wagons and carriages of all kinds would seek the same line of travel because of the superior road-bed, and that it would become too crowded to be either a safe or a speedy thoroughfare for bicycles. It is not impossible that in time we may see in all our great cities lines of streets reserved for bicycles. This might be done were all the streets of the city paved equally well, and it is one of the most beneficent effects of the bicycle that it is making the advent of this condition of our city streets certain in the near future. There are enthusiasts also who predict that in New York it will not be many years before a lightly built elevated structure will be run through the streets on the water-front for the exclusive use of wheelmen.

If separate thoroughfares of any kind are set apart for this use, the result will be a considerable loss of income to the street transit companies. It is a fact that many trolley lines running between Western cities and their suburbs have suffered serious financial loss through the use of the bicycle, since thousands of persons travel to and fro between their offices and their homes on wheels. But while the transit companies have been injured in this way, the whole country has been the gainer by means of the wide-spread demand for good roads which the advent of the bicycle has aroused. Many States, led by Massachusetts and New Jersey, have taken up the subject seriously and systematically, and the next few years are certain to see great progress in this direction. Massachusetts, in 1893, appropriated \$300,000 to be expended by a highway commission in scientific road-building, and about forty sections of such roads are now under construction. New Jersey has spent many thousands of dollars in the same way, and its number of good roads is increasing year by year, each new one being the most persuasive kind of argument for others. The recent legislature of New York State recognized the needs of wheelmen more specifically by passing a bill authorizing the construction of a bicycle roadway upon the top of the Croton aqueduct, running for forty miles through a beautiful part of the country north of the city.

An interesting effect of the new order of things is the revival which has been started in the old wayside tavern business. Within the next few years we are certain to see comfortable inns spring up along all the roads which are suitable for bicycle-riding. The wheelman cannot carry much luggage, and is especially unable to find accommodation for food. His ability to travel easily fifty or seventy-five miles a day makes comfortable lodging-places at night and comfortable eating-places by day great desiderata along his pathway. There are old inns within a radius of fifty miles of New York city that have known scarcely more than a customer a week for years which are now overrun with wheelmen, and are adapting themselves rapidly to the new situation. Good inns, like good roads, will add immeasurably to the attractiveness of the country, and will spread a love for country life among the dwellers in cities which will be in all ways a benefit to us as a people.

The bicycle is, in fact, the agent of health and of a wider civilization. It will give stronger bodies to the rising generation than their fathers have had, and it will bring the city and the country into closer relations than have existed since the days of the stage-coach. What the summer boarder has been doing for the abandoned farms and deserted villages of New England, the wheelman is doing for the regions surrounding our great cities. He is distributing through them modern ideas and modern ways of living, and is fructifying them with gentle distillations of city wealth. Above all, he is teaching their people that a sure way to prosperity lies before them in the beautifying of the country in which they live, and in the preservation of all its attractive natural features.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### *The Works of Lincoln as a Political Classic.*

DURING the academic year 1894-5, at the University of Pennsylvania, perhaps for the first time in this country, the "Speeches, State Papers, and Miscellaneous Writings" of Abraham Lincoln were made the basis of a special course for graduate students in the constitutional history of this country, from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1850 to the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution in 1870. Of the course of American government, commonwealth and national, during this period, relatively far less is known than of its course during the entire preceding period of our history. Nor is this strange. The political ideas of our earlier statesmen, Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Marshall, and of their immediate successors, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton, have been accessible in their published works. But of the ideas of the succeeding generation of our public men but little is now known. After 1850 the histories of the United States become military records: the evolution of American government is imperfectly traced in the best of them. Military history has little place in a course of study outside of a military school. There is not at present a constitutional history of the United States during the most critical period of our history—from 1850 to the close of the era of reconstruction. There is, however, a vast mass of material comprising the documentary record of American government, commonwealth and national, during this period, in the various departments—legislative, judicial, executive, and administrative. This material, comprising about thirty thousand volumes, has never been collected in one library, and it is impossible for any other than the wealthiest universities to possess even a portion of it. Most American schools, in the courses in American history and government which they offer, must be satisfied to use the works of American statesmen and the treatises prepared by specialists.

During this critical period of our nineteenth-century history, Abraham Lincoln bears a part and serves a function comparable only to Washington's in the eighteenth century. The publication of the complete works of Lincoln by The Century Co. in 1894 is the most important contribution of our times to a just conception of the evolution of American democracy during this period. In the debates with Senator Douglas, Lincoln is the voice of American democracy. He is not then the Lincoln whom we now know; he is the Lincoln of political debate, not the Lincoln of national administration. He grew in thought as the people grew. In his state papers this growth is recorded; and it is undoubtedly true that in no other records of the time is the course of public opinion in America so accurately traced as in the speeches, in the state papers, and in the miscellaneous writings of this man. His political ideas are, in our day at least, authoritative and classic, and the exhaustive study of them is the natural course for any person who expects to understand the political evolution since his death. Aside from the fascinating character of the man

himself, the study of his notions of representative government, in correlation with the course of events in which his was individually the leading mind, is an equipment for American citizenship; and such equipment was never more needed than at the present time.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. *Francis N. Thorpe.*

### *Zachariah Chandler in Lincoln's Second Campaign.*

MR. NOAH BROOKS, in his admirable article on "Two War-Time Conventions," in the *MARCH CENTURY*, dwells on the intense depression that was felt during the summer months preceding President Lincoln's reelection, and especially on the Wade-Davis manifesto, which, coupled with Frémont's nomination, represented the hostility of the radical Republicans. It is now evident that Mr. Lincoln would have been reelected in spite of the Frémont-Cochrane movement and the Wade-Davis defection; but all writers agree that the uncertainties of that summer of 1864 were such as to imperil the chances of success for the Republican party.

It is known that later in the campaign Senator Wade took the stump for Mr. Lincoln; that Henry Winter Davis suddenly dropped his destructive pen; and that General Frémont, forgetting his former biting criticisms, withdrew from the contest, and came out in favor of the Baltimore ticket. It is also known that during the campaign Mr. Lincoln asked for the resignation of his postmaster-general, Montgomery Blair. That all these changes came about as the result of negotiations undertaken by Senator Chandler of Michigan is not generally known; and so far as I can discover, none of the biographers of Lincoln has undertaken to connect the resignation of Blair with the withdrawal of Frémont and the conversion of Senator Wade and Representative Davis.

Zachariah Chandler had been one of a trio (Cameron and Wade being the others) who, before the war, had agreed to take up one another's quarrels in case of an insult from a Southern senator; and the knowledge of this combination had secured a considerable degree of respect on the part of the Democratic majority in the Senate prior to 1861. As a result of this early friendship, Mr. Chandler was in a position to appeal to Wade to withdraw his opposition to Mr. Lincoln. Moreover, the two men were much alike, both being quick-tempered, rough-spoken, and aggressive. The interview took place at Mr. Wade's home, near Ashtabula, Ohio; and Mr. George Jerome of Detroit, who accompanied Mr. Chandler, describes the meeting as rather titanic in its nature. Mr. Wade finally gave as his ultimatum the withdrawal from the cabinet of Montgomery Blair, whom the entire radical faction of the Republican party believed to be at heart a Democrat, and against whom they had worded one of the planks in the Baltimore platform.

Going directly from Mr. Wade to the President, Mr.

Chandler secured from Mr. Lincoln the pledge that if the negotiations he had undertaken should prove successful, Mr. Blair would be retired—a move Lincoln had twice before declined to make. Going next to Mr. Davis at Baltimore, Mr. Chandler persuaded that gentleman to fall in with the large plan of withdrawing all the elements of opposition.

Next, Mr. Chandler turned his attention to the withdrawal of the Frémont-Cochrane ticket, and with this end in view established headquarters at the Astor House, New York, in September, 1864. In a talk with General Frémont, on March 4, 1889, I learned from him that his confidence in the patriotism of Mr. Chandler, and his reliance on Mr. Lincoln's promise to retire Montgomery Blair (General Frémont explained at length the feud between his family and the Blairs), led him to consent to withdraw, provided Mr. Chandler could arrange matters with the supporters of the movement. Hon. E. O. Grosvenor of Jonesville, Michigan, who was a guest at the Astor House during the negotiations, says that he had daily knowledge of the progress made, and that the utmost delicacy and firmness were required in order to handle the disaffected elements that had kept the Frémont ticket in the field as a rallying-point for nominating General Grant, and thus forcing Lincoln out of the contest, if possible. In these negotiations George Wilkes, of the "Spirit of the Times," who had already made a reputation as a war correspondent, developed marked diplomatic and political abilities as Mr. Chandler's sole assistant.

On September 22, Mr. Chandler, accompanied by Mr. David H. Jerome, afterward governor of Michigan, had a private interview with Mr. Lincoln, to announce the complete success of his labors. That afternoon the Washington papers contained Frémont's card of withdrawal; and on the 23d Mr. Lincoln asked for and received the resignation of Montgomery Blair.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Charles Moore.

#### Reforesting Michigan Lands.

I HAVE read with great interest the articles upon Prof. Sargent's plan for the preservation of the public forests by military control, but have seen no communication from Michigan, a State which has been the greatest pine-producer in the Union, and still has immense quantities to come to market. I am impressed with the necessity of including in the whole scheme a systematic policy of reforestation in the several States.

Michigan owns hundreds of thousands of acres of land which were formerly covered with pine, but which, having been denuded, have been allowed by their owners to revert to the State, not being considered worth the taxes assessed against them. Mr. Austin Carey of Bangor, Maine, special expert in the employment of the Agricultural Department, has been engaged during the past winter in inspecting the denuded regions in this peninsula, with a view to the possibility of replanting them with pine. After carefully going over the whole ground, taking into consideration the conditions of soil and climate, measuring the annual growth of trees of known age, etc., Mr. Carey has come to the conclusion that white and Norway pine can be easily and readily grown on the lands from which they have been cut, and that nothing is necessary but to

guard the young shoots carefully from fires and from the ravages of sheep and cattle. His figures show that the denuded pine lands can be reforested with a pine growth that in forty years will yield merchantable timber.

Here, then, is an opportunity. We have at Lansing perhaps the best agricultural college in the United States, where young men are being trained in arboriculture. Let a special branch of forestry be established, and let the State make the experiment of planting each year a specific acreage of denuded lands with white and Norway pine. Let the students in the forestry branch be required to make reports on the growth of these trees from year to year, with special reference to soil, climatic conditions, humidity, etc. In this way a fund of information on this subject would be gathered that would soon be invaluable. Should the experiment prove a success, it would induce individual owners of cut lands to begin planting trees, and in a comparatively short time our peninsula would be in as good condition as ever as regards forest growth.

MANISTEE, MICHIGAN.

A. R. Ferguson.

#### The Tool-house at Home.

I WISH to present a plea for a "tool-house" at home for the young people, and one well stocked with the best tools. A great deal of creditable work has doubtless been done with a jack-knife and an old cross-cut saw, reinforced, possibly, with a half-worn-out smoothing-plane, a rusty bit or two, and, perhaps, a chisel; and a certain amount of ingenuity has unquestionably been developed by the adaptation of these tools to the work in hand. But, after all, the best that can usually be said of such work is that it is very well done considering the means. The edges are rarely square and true, the joints are rarely well made, and the time consumed on the "job" is apt to be unduly prolonged, so that the work, if intended for something more than a mere makeshift, becomes wearisome before it is completed. A necessary consequence is that the boy (or girl, for there is no reason why a girl should be ignorant of the use of tools) becomes discouraged with his work, and decides that his forte is in some other direction. If, on the other hand, a boy once becomes familiar with the use of good tools,—tools such as an artisan would use for the same work,—the knowledge stands by him, and is a source of constant pleasure and often of some profit. When a boy can "square up" the edges of two boards, each ten feet long and an inch thick, so that on laying these edges snugly together the line of contact is visible only on close examination, he has got his eye and hand under such control that he can do a workmanlike piece of carpentry at any time. But a true straight edge cannot well be made with a short smoothing-plane. To forestall a remark sometimes heard, let me add here that the boy who can make a good joint with a fore-plane will, if circumstances compel, do better work with a smoothing-plane than can be done by the boy who has never made a good joint at all. I do not think it true, as is often implied, that a knowledge of good tools makes a man less ingeniously effective in cases where good tools are not to be had. I have seen a man exert considerable energy, and exercise some ingenuity, in searching for a board of the proper width to piece out the cover to a

box, when he could have ripped up the first board he took hold of with the cross-cut saw he held in his other hand, at an expenditure of much less time and labor, and his ingenuity could have been reserved for some more propitious occasion. It is needless to say that he had never used a rip-saw. In a few words, to make use of a Western expression, the best tools ought not to be "too rich for the blood" of any intelligent American boy over fourteen years of age.

Bayard T. Putnam.

The Century's American Artists Series.

SERGEANT KENDALL. (SEE PAGE 425.)

IN this day, when even steam is growing old-fashioned, and electricity is taking its place, it is not surprising that much of the work of our younger artists should resemble the telegram. To the past belong the well-turned phrases, the courtly elegance of the leisurely letter-writer; to transmit the essential thought is the object of to-day. Hence the "advanced" picture. The graceful drawing of a Vandyke, the masterly delineation of a Dürer, we look for in vain; in their place we find the telegram utterance, short, nervous, incisive, spoken with a dash and go which seem to imply: "I have no time to linger on the curves of those lips, on the turn of that eyebrow, and neither have you. You must take my picture for what it is, a reflex of the time in which I live. I have uttered the essential thought; you may fill in the rest." Mr. Kendall's later work is mainly of this order, and his portraits are instinct with this telegram quality. What he considers the essentials are set down with verve and precision, and they appear to be painted with facility.

Although Mr. Kendall leans to impressionism, he is not, in the real sense of the term, an impressionist. Indeed, he cannot be said to belong to any school; he is simply a thoughtful, well-trained artist, honestly searching for his place in art. The "St. Yves," painted when he was only twenty-two, is a well-studied, carefully painted picture which shows the influence of that excellent teacher Thomas Eakins. His later compositions possess the qualities of his portraits; and bizarre, even, as some of them are, they show a quality of artistic perception which gives fair promise of a successful art career. To sum up, his brush work is distinguished, his color lifelike and harmonious; his work shows earnestness of purpose, true art instincts, and, as is natural in a man of twenty-six, an unsettled condition of artistic development.

William Sergeant Kendall is a native of New York city. In 1883, when only fourteen years of age, he began his art studies under Thomas Eakins at the Brooklyn Art Guild, continuing them under the same master at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Later, he entered the Art Students' League of New York, having for his instructors Beckwith and Mowbray. In 1888 he entered the studio of Luc-Olivier Merson in Paris, and the following year began the study of modeling in the evening classes at the École des Beaux-Arts. The same year he was a student under Lucien Doucet at the Julien Academy. His first *envoi* to the

Salon was in 1891; his second in the following year, when, for his "St. Yves, priez pour nous!" (the picture on page 425), he gained an honorable mention. The same picture obtained for him a medal at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and in 1894 the Lippincott prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

W. Lewis Fraser.

Tote Roads.

IN an article on "Folk Speech in America," in THE CENTURY for October, 1894, Dr. Eggleston, quoting Mr. C. A. Stephens, says, "Certain old portage roads, now abandoned, bore the name of 'tote roads' in Maine."

Now the word "tote," instead of being an obsolete word, or applied only to abandoned roads, as this would seem to imply, is regularly and universally used for both old and new supply-roads in our lumber regions. One might visit every one of the hundreds of logging-camps which every winter sees scattered over all parts of our great Maine woods, and he would find each one furnished with its separate "tote road," "tote-team," and "toter." In fact, though I have had the experience of a lifelong residence in this region, and frequent winter hunting-trips among the woodsmen, I have never heard any other word used to signify the conveyance of supplies to the camps. A veteran lumberman of my acquaintance assures me that it was in general use, with the same meaning, eighty years ago.

Dr. Eggleston, in the same article, refers to the use of the word "swamp" as a substantive and also as a verb synonymous with "hide." This word also forms a good and staple part of our "wood English" as a verb meaning "to clear of brush, trees, and other obstructions." To "swamp a road" is, in fact, to make a lumber road through the woods.

GARLAND, MAINE.

F. A. C. Emerson.

A Word on Religion and the Public Schools.

By all means let our schools teach morality and ethics, or, rather, let them lead out (*educere*) the inherent morality which lies in every rational human being; but let them do it without the aid of any of the various creeds which have for so many ages assumed to contain in themselves all morality and all virtue. True morality is not from without, but from within; it should not be pumped into the pupil as are his geography and his algebra, but, rather, trained and developed in him as are his muscles and his mind. Whatever aid may be afforded in the home life of the pupil by religious teaching should be gladly welcomed, whether that aid comes from the Episcopal Church or from the Brahman; but in the school itself the instruction should rest on the broad basis on which all can unite, to which none can object—that it is better for its own sake to do right than to do wrong. This is the beginning of all true morality, and there are not wanting those in whose opinion it is also the end.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Albert G. Davis.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

THE TALL ONE.—Do ye notice, Timothy, that in these railroad smash-ups it's always the last car gets harmed?  
THE SHORT ONE.—I do that, and I'd think as a matter of safety they'd l'ave it off intoirly.

### Outlines.

A MAN worked at a problem in figures. The result came bad for his hopes. Sighing, he said to his friend, "If that 6 had been 7, all the figures that followed would have been different, and the result would have been good."

Said his friend, "If that 6 had been 7, all that preceded would have been different, even the very beginning of things."

A GREAT general was born. He was greater than Napoleon, or Caesar, or Alexander. He was born in a hut. He tended sheep. He plowed in the fields. On the Sabbath he sat upon a hard bench in the village church. Thus he lived. One day he came in from the fields, and lay down. The next day they buried him in the potter's field. He was a great general—greater than Napoleon, or Caesar, or Alexander.

A MAN, being shipwrecked, was cast upon an uninhabited island, where he lived alone for many years. When at length he was rescued and had returned home, his friends asked, "Were you not greatly oppressed with the loneliness?" "Not so," said he; "I had a good comrade with whom I talked every day." "Indeed," said they; "who was that?" Said he, "It was the other Me."

FOR some not very grave offense a man sent his boy to bed supperless, and told him he would whip

him on the morrow. But during the night the boy grew to be six feet tall, and stout and strong in proportion. Whereupon, after mature reflection, the man pardoned the boy, and gave him advice instead, showing him how it would have been wiser and of more advantage to him not to have committed the offense.

A CHILD played at make-believe. He drew a circle upon the ground, and said, "This is a magic circle; everything inside of it is a miracle." He did not know that everything outside of it is a miracle also.

A BOY at school did not know his lesson in the geography of Africa. So his teacher kept him in after school to learn it. That night, in going home, the teacher became lost. The boy found him, and guided him home.

A MAN said, "Whatever is, is right; let things be." But his friend said, "Whatever will be, is also right; let us make a change for the better."

ONE loved a woman, but knew not how to make love. Another loved not the woman, nor any one but himself, but he knew how to make love. And the woman loved him. But one was happy in his own love, though unrequited, while the other was miserable in his incapacity for love.

Berry Benson.



"Bob White."

WHEN the sun's gold spears were falling  
On the new-made morn,  
Did I hear a clear voice calling,  
Calling from the corn?  
Did I hear it—dream, or hear it?  
Was I distant, was I near it?  
Was it mortal, was it sprite,  
Calling: "White—Bob White!  
Bob—Bob White—  
Bob White?"

Ah, I hear it, and I see it  
Sitting on the rail.  
Is it real, can it be it,  
My old friend, the quail?  
Out of season, out of cover,  
Turned a migrant, turned a rover,  
Sitting boldly in my sight,  
Calling: "White—Bob White!  
Bob—Bob White—  
Bob White!"

Not at hand, my gun and setter;  
Left at rest till fall.  
Out of service, and it's better—  
Better, after all.  
He has changed his covey habits,  
In the rag-weeds with the rabbits,  
And the manner of his flight,  
And he calls: "Bob White!  
Bob—Bob White—  
Bob White!"

But it's he of mottled hackles,  
On the field-fence rail,  
Out of covey, out of shackles,  
It's the same old quail.  
These are not the sounds he whistles  
'Mid the briars and the thistles,  
In the autumn's yellow blight—  
No not: "White—Bob White!  
Bob—Bob White—  
Bob White!"

Henry T. Stanton.

#### Of Laura's Bonnet.

To see my Laura put her bonnet on,—  
To see her, with demure and roguish grace,  
Coquetting with her own fair, mirrored face,—  
'T were worthy theme to write a sonnet on.  
His Julia's clothes hath Herrick done it on;  
And my love's, too, might claim such honored  
place,  
Since no more dimpled chin may silk embrace,  
Or whiter throat be crossed with Honiton.

I trow no bonnet Petrarch's Laura wore  
Did look so sweet, or ribands had like those  
My Laura's fingers lightly fumble o'er  
Until they turn them into Cupid's bows.  
Then, with half-pouting lips, doth she insist:  
"I'm ready now—all ready to be kissed."

W. D. Ellwanger.

#### The Dilettante: A Modern Type.

HE scribbles some in prose and verse,  
And now and then he prints it;  
He paints a little—gathers some  
Of nature's gold and mints it.

He plays a little, sings a song,  
Acts tragic rôles, or funny;  
He does, because his love is strong,  
But not, oh, not for money!

He studies almost everything  
From social art to science;  
A thirsty mind, a flowing spring,  
Demand and swift compliance.

He looms above the sordid crowd—  
At least through friendly lenses;  
While his mama looks pleased and proud,  
And kindly pays expenses.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

#### "A Little Brother of the Air."

THERE is a bird I know so well,  
It seems as if he must have sung  
Beside my crib when I was young;  
Before I knew the way to spell  
The name of even the smallest bird,  
His gentle, joyful song I heard.  
Now see if you can tell, my dear,  
What bird it is that, every year,  
Sings "Sweet—sweet—sweet—  
very merry cheer."

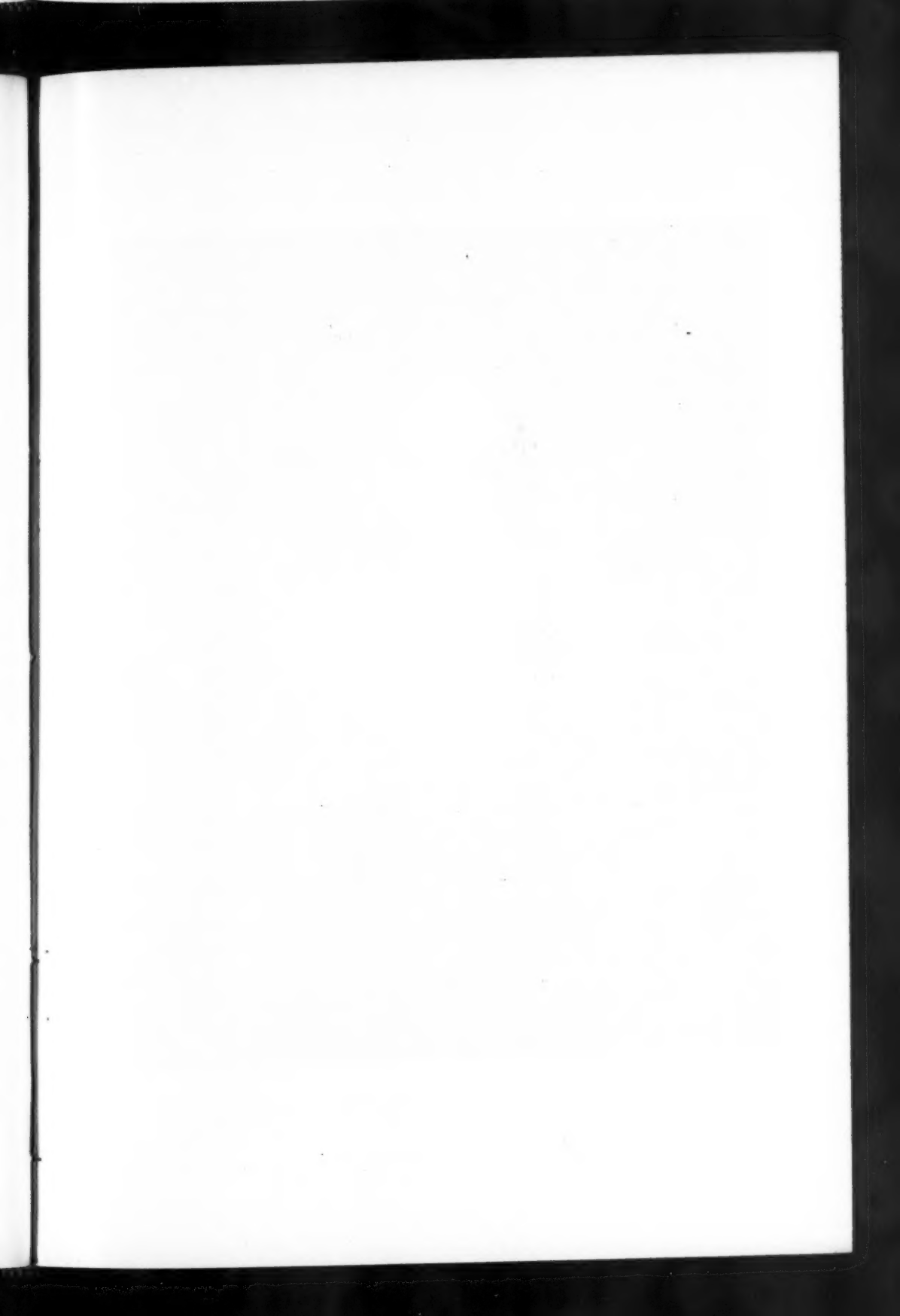
He comes in March, when winds are strong,  
And snow returns to hide the earth;  
But still he warms his heart with mirth,  
And waits for May. He lingers long  
While flowers fade; and every day  
Repeats his small, contented lay;  
As if to say, we need not fear  
The season's change, if love is here  
With "Sweet—sweet—sweet—  
very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's-coat  
Of many colors, smart and gay;  
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,  
With three dark patches at his throat.  
And yet of all the well-dressed throng  
Not one can sing so brave a song.  
It makes the pride of looks appear  
A vain and foolish thing, to hear  
His "Sweet—sweet—sweet—  
very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,  
But sits by choice, and well at ease,  
In hedges, and in little trees  
That stretch their slender arms above  
The meadow-brook; and there he sings  
Till all the field with pleasure rings;  
And so he tells in every ear,  
The lowliest home to heaven is near  
In "Sweet—sweet—sweet—  
very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words;  
They seem so true, so free from art,  
So friendly, and so full of heart,  
That if but one of all the birds  
Could be my comrade everywhere,  
My little brother of the air,  
I'd choose the song-sparrow, my dear,  
Because he'd bless me, every year,  
With "Sweet—sweet—sweet—  
very merry cheer."

Henry van Dyke.





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